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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. Bruce MacVittie and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 11.)

Blues in the Night—Leslie Uggams heads the small cast of this pretend-musical, which has a lot of blues and a lot of night, as the title promises, but not much else to which one need pay attention. (6/14/82) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Jules Feiffer's **A THINK PIECE** makes the story of a married woman, so overwhelmed by her domestic chores and by her jealousy and envy of her unmarried sisters that she goes crazy, into an unfunny, truly hateful non-play. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 11.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Holly Hunter, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNicol, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of seventy-seven male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of three programs. Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8, at 8: "Narukami," "Migawari-Zazen," and "Sumidagawa." . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8, and Saturday, July 3, at 2 and 8: "Kumagai Jinya," "Bo-Shibari," and "Masakado." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 6, and Friday, July 9, at 8, and Saturday, July 10, at 2 and 8: "Kumagai Jinya," "Kanjincho," and "Masakado." Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Herringbone—David Rounds in a one-man musical, based on a play by Tom Cone. Music by Skip Kennon, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh, and book by Mr. Cone. Opens Wednesday, June 30. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jane Avril—A comedy centered on the nineteenth-century dance-hall star and model immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. The author is Jane Marla Robbins, and Kevin O'Connor, Miss Robbins, and Richard Council are the entire cast. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 11: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his

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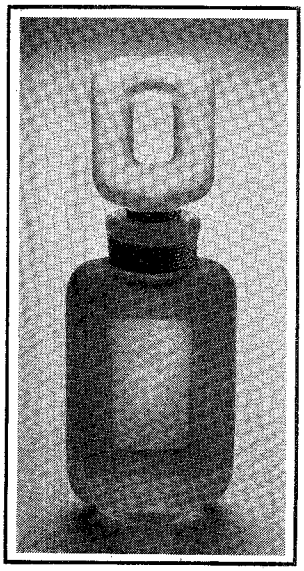

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several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age writer's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **ABERCROMBIE APOCALYPSE**, a play by Paul Carter Harrison. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 757-2410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

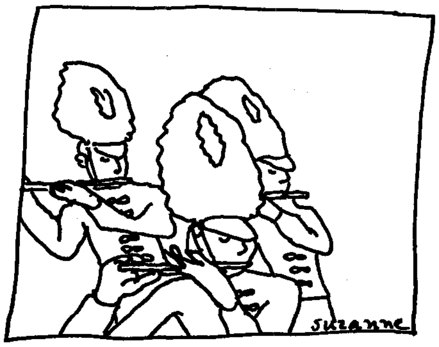
Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesday, July 7, at 2.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers—A musical, starring Debby Boone, based on the 1954 movie. The book is by Lawrence Kasha and David Landay. The score is a combination of the Johnny Mercer-Gene de Paul songs from the film and new songs by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. Previews through Wednesday, July 7. Opens officially on Thursday, July 8. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs—A dramatic curiosity, and a fascinating one, about a Victorian waif who disguises herself as a man and works a lifetime as a waiter in an Irish hotel. The play was adapted from George Moore's short story by Simone Benmussa, of Paris, who directed and designed the beautiful production. Among the good actors are Glenn Close, Pippa Pearthree, and Anna Levine. (6/28/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30. Closes Saturday, July 10.)



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Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** The musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,224 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Final performance Wednesday, June 30, at 7.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch (who has just replaced Lauren Bacall) heads the cast. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes bake a blueberry pie. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season. Wednesday, June 30, at 8: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 8:

"Sonate di Scarlatti," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8: "Agon," "The Cage," "Tango,""Elégie,""Piano-Rag-Music,""Variations," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2: "Agon," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Tango," "Elégie," "Variations," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 1: "Apollo," "Four Chamber Works," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 7: "Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra," "Duo Concertant," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Tango," "Elégie," "Variations," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—Final performances of an unnamed work, "Chanele the Orphan," and "The Tailor's Megillah." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 30-July 3, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Annabelle Gamson—A program of modern dance, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic, conducted by Arnold Gamson. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, July 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, the **BOB CUNNINGHAM** trio will be present, and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, will be turned over to the William Komaiko trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Cool-school trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** is here leading his quartet through Sunday, July 4; on Monday, July 5, Oliver Peters will perform; and starting Tuesday, July 6, **ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, will sing with a backing crew and with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, June 30, rockabilly singer Marshall Crenshaw; Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, Roomful of Blues and **BIG SKY MUDFLAPS,** a Montana-based folk-and-swing sextet that features singer **JUDY RODERICK;** Monday, July 5, pop flutist Tim Weisberg; Tuesday, July 6, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** and **ELVIN JONES & THE JAZZ MACHINE;** Wednesday, July 7, Laura Dean and musicians; and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, singer **BETTY CARTER** and alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his band, Alto Madness. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday decades ago, and who is still pretty wonderful, plays piano with his bass-playing son, **TEDDY WILSON, JR.,** through Saturday, July 3; on Monday, July 5, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music

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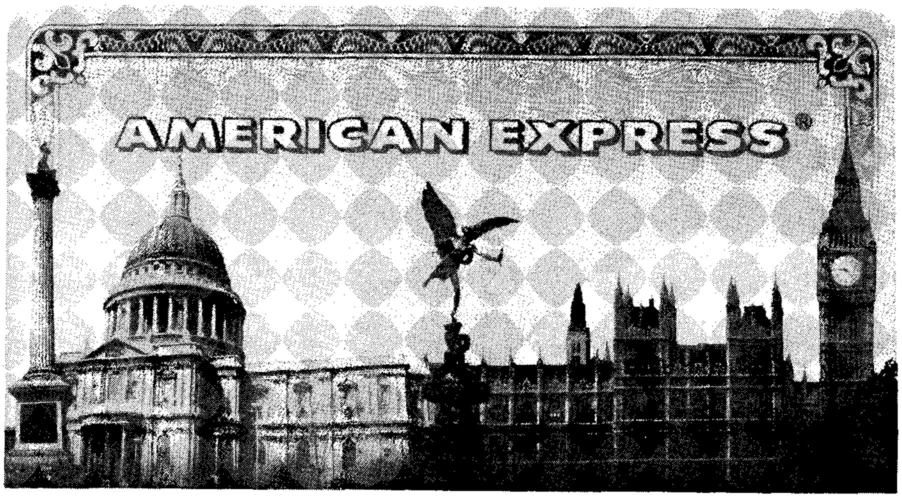


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval.* Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and her bassist, **STEVE LA SPINA,** provide summer music Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a positively Tatum-inspired pianist, is here once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, June 30, at eight-thirty, the Love of Life Orchestra, Randy Gun, and Ned Sublette; Thursday, July 1, Treble Boys, Statix, Beau Jest, and the Bagdads; Friday, July 2, the Breakfast Club and the Vipers; and Saturday, July 3, Racer X, the Youth, Boys Life, and the Corpsicle. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

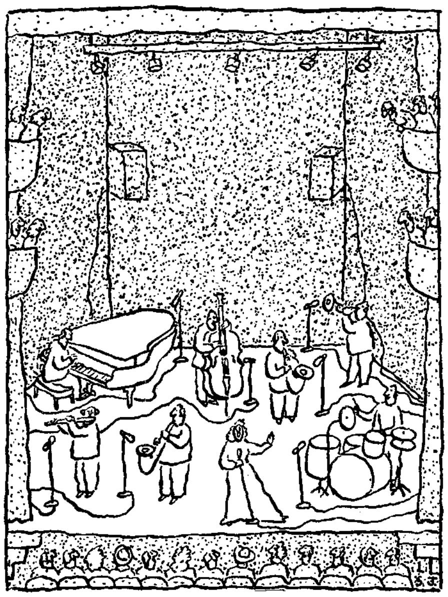
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings Brazilian and American standards as well as an occasional funky number in her cool, clear, non-dramatic voice, can be heard through Saturday, July 3. Tuesday, July 6, will mark the arrival of **SYLVIA SYMS,** whose self-conscious between-songs patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. Shows begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Sundays and Mondays are the property of singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, June 30, Robbie O'Connell and James Keane; Saturday, July 3, **FIDDLE FEVER;** and Saturday, July 10, Major Contay & the Canebrake Rattlers. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet, led by **WILD BILL DAVISON** through Friday, July 2, makes its way through a sure-fire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two nightly, except Sundays. Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, July 4, the **WARREN VACHÉ** quintet will work from a swing repertoire from about nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A mini jazz festival: Wednesday through Friday, June 30-July 2, saxophonist-composer **BENNY GOLSON,** with **ART FARMER, CURTIS FULLER, ALBERT HEATH, MICKEY TUCKER,** and **RUFUS REID;** Saturday, July 3, tenor saxophonists **CLIFFORD JORDAN, DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** and **CHARLIE ROUSE,** with a rhythm section composed of **HANK JONES, RUFUS REID,** and **AL FOSTER;** and on Tuesday, July 6, **TITO PUENTE** will arrive with his timbales, his marimba, and his Latin-jazz band. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, June 30, Magenta Rose, with Helen Hooke and Sindy Scalfi; Thursday, July 1, Ruby and the Snapshots; Friday, July 9, singer and guitarist **PETER ROWAN;** and Saturday, July 10, the Song Project. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.



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GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club *might be called visionary, but in SoHo* it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday, June 30, singer **ETTA JONES** and tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON;** Thursday through Saturday, July 1-3, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe; Monday, July 5, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** dancer Marilyn Worrell, and singer Val Eley; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 6-7, singer Marilyn Redfield; Thursday, July 8, Val Eley; and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose sets can be a celebration of sixties soul music. Sundays are Latin-jazz nights with pianist **JORGE DALTO'S** band. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio; Wednesday through Sunday, June 30-July 4, guitarist Scott Hardy, pianist Harris Simon, bassist Steve Alcott, and singer Alicia Sherman will be present; Wednesday through Sunday, July 7-11, guitarist **AL GAFA,** pianist **ANDY LAVERNE,** bassist Mike Formanek, and Alicia Sherman can be heard. All these bands begin playing about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly except Sundays from five to ten; on Sunday, July 4, singer Kitt Moran and pianist Mike Moran will be on hand.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Wednesday through Saturday, June 30-July 3, pianist Leslie Pintchik heads up a trio; and on Tuesday, July 6, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** trio will move in. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON.**

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** leads a combo on Fridays and Saturdays beginning at eight-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** team up through Saturday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 6, **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** will take on the piano-bass chores. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** provide the piano-bass music on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, June 30, saxophonist **JAMES WHITE** and his two bands, the **BLACKS** and the **FLAMING DEMONICS;** Thursday, July 1, the Pousette-Dart Band; Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, Moonshine Express and Saddletramp; Tuesday, July 6, bluesman **SON SEALS;** and Wednesday, July 7, England Dan. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not *particularly opulent (thank heavens)* but *definitely* lively. Long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his **UNIT** perform through Saturday, July 3; Monday and Tuesday, July 5-6, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** will lead a quartet; and on Wednesday, July 7, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will bring in his Tad Dameron-inspired band, **DAMERONIA,** for four nights. On Sundays, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his macho Latin-jazz quintet have the floor. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **CARMEN MC RAE** through Saturday, July 3. On Monday, July 5, **JOHNNY DESMOND** will begin singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** works with guitarist **JOE PUMA** and humming bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 6, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** perhaps the best singing duo around right now, will come in with a quintet to pay tribute to Stephen Sondheim. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, June 30, Thom Rotella; Thursday, July 1, Wareika, a reggae outfit; Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist; and Thursday, July 8, singer Ebony Jo-Ann. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Sunday and Monday, July 4-5.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, June 30, B. Willie Smith and Nonnie & the Onnies;

Thursday, July 1, Nitesprite and Diana Jones; Friday, July 2, guitarist **EMILY REMLER;** Saturday, July 3, the Aztec Two-Step; Sunday, July 4, Kris Kruse; Tuesday, July 6, Going Straight and Teresa Cake; Wednesday, July 7, Mark Houllif and Sharps & Flats; Thursday, July 8, soul singer **ETTA JAMES** and Lili Anel's band; and Friday through Sunday, July 9-11, the Bill Chinnock blues band. Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Mondays a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Trumpeter **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet through Sunday, July 4; on Tuesday, July 6, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will bring in his orchestra. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Thursday, July 1, the **AVERAGE WHITE BAND;** Friday, July 2, the **BUSH TETRAS** and saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his out-there jazz-funk band, **JUMP UP;** Saturday, July 3, Cameo; Wednesday, July 7, War; and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, the Motels. Shows usually after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, June 30, pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE;** Thursday, July 1, the Harp Band; Friday, July 2, Josie Armstead; Tuesday, July 6, Paradise; Wednesday, July 7, Guanabara, a Brazilian-jazz septet; Thursday, July 8, **DOC POWELL,** a rolling, bluesy guitarist; and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, the **PERSUASIONS,** a sublime a-cappella, street-corner-soul quintet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Monday, July 5.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room with very good weekend music. On Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, Val Eley will sing with a backup band, and on Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, pianist **TEDDY WILSON** will guide a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** has the pleasure of being backed by one of the best rhythm sections around—**KENNY BARRON, BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and **BEN RILEY**—through Saturday, July 3; Sunday and Monday, July 4-5, will belong to a band called Gravity; and on Tuesday, July 6, saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** will bring in his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues club with the only amenity that counts—blues players. The Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, with the Queen Sylvia Embry Blues Band, and on Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8, with the 43rd Street Blues Band. Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, will belong to Chicago-blues great **OTIS RUSH,** and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, to Kansas City-blues great **BIG JOE TURNER.** Shows most nights from about nine.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, June 30, Allan Holdsworth and Knucklehead Smith; Thursday, July 1, Id; Friday, July 2, Park Rowe and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan; Tuesday, July 6, Corps and Unlimited; Wednesday, July 7, the Proof and the Starters; Thursday, July 8, Aris Tyros; Friday, July 9, the Jitterz; and Saturday, July 10, the Privates. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on July 5, there will be two bands, La Sensual and Ismael Miranda & Larry Harlow, and one guest soloist, trombonist **KAI WINDING.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine. Fridays at ten and Saturdays at midnight, comedian David Frye performs in the Top of the Gate.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this, the most famous jazz club in the world. Tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON'S** quartet is here until Sunday, July 4; on Tuesday, July 6, **PHAROAH SANDERS** will descend the stairs with *his* quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, is accompanied by bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** through Sunday, July 4. On Tuesday, July 6, Brazilian guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** will take over. Music from about nine-thirty.

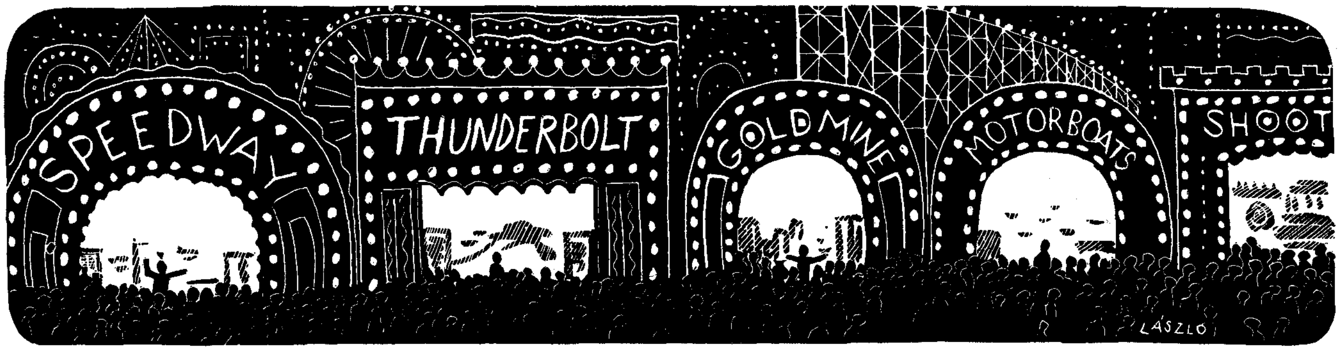
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Kuni Mikami Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Wednesday, June 30, the Victor Lesser quintet occupies the stand; Thursday through Tuesday, July 1-6, **HAROLD ASHBY** will play tenor-sax solos with his combo; and on Wednesday, July 7, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will arrive with his quintet. Music every night from nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, you could find a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the club is a sleek, spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** perform piano-bass duets through Thursday, July 1; Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, **NORMAN SIMMONS** will be at the piano and Phil Flanigan will be at his bass; and on Monday, July 5, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will begin a week with bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON.** Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Kool Jazz Festival—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls around the city, on a Staten Island Ferry, and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 12, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 30, at 5: Hal Schaefer, solo piano. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 5: Paquito d'Rivera, Chico Freeman, Wynton Marsalis, Bobby McFerrin, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 8: Sarah Vaughan and her trio, the Dizzy Gillespie quartet, the Clark College Jazz Ensemble, and Jimmy Owens. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 9: Zoot Sims, Stan Getz, Teddy Wilson, Jo Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, and others in a tribute to Lester Young. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 5: Max Roach, solo drums. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 6: The Heath Brothers; Chico Hamilton, with Kathleen Adair and the Guitar Choir; the James Moody quartet; and Amina Claudine Myers. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 8: "Oscar Peterson Meets Herbie Hancock," an evening of solo piano music. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 11: A benefit for the Musicians Fund in the form of a tribute to Thelonious Monk, with, among others, Teddy Charles, Al Cohn, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Charlie Rouse, and Kai Winding. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 5: Jay McShann, solo piano. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 7 and 10: Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 7 and 11: Spyro Gyra and David Sanborn. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2:30: Bob Wilber in a tribute to Sidney Bechet. (Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: On the Staten Island Ferry—Wild Bill Davison's Dixieland All-Stars and Jay McShann and his Kansas City Stompers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 5: The Tania Maria trio, the Charlie Byrd trio, and the Concord All-Stars. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8: Sylvia Syms, Carmen McRae, Carrie Smith, Shelly Manne, Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims, and others in a tribute to twentieth-century women composers and lyricists. (Avery Fisher Hall.). . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 9: The Modern Jazz Quartet and the Dave Brubeck quartet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: The Daniel Ponce Ensemble, Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society, and the Archie Shepp quintet. (South Street Seaport's Pier 16.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 7 and 10: "The Gospel According to Broadway: A Tribute to Mahalia Jackson," with Chapman Roberts and fifty other musicians and singers. (St. Peter's Church.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8:



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Stan Getz, Arnett Cobb, Freddie Hubbard, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8: The Mel Lewis orchestra, Maynard Ferguson, Anita O'Day, and others in a tribute to Stan Kenton. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

John Kay & Steppenwolf—With Franke & the Knockouts. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, July 1, at 8.)

Afro Brazilian / Indo-Jazz Fusions—Steven Gorn, Stan Strickland, Arooj Lazewal, Mike Richmond, Badal Roy, and Nana Vasconcelos. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, July 2, at 8.)

Jane Olivor—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday through Sunday, July 9-11, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday through, Saturday July 1-3: Woody Shaw quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Janet Lawson quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 8: Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Valery Ponomarev quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday, July 5.)

GALLERIES

Douglas Abdell—Color paintings incorporating the phonetically spelled titles the artist has invented for his sculptures. Through July 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open 11:30 to 4:30.)

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Robert Donley—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Chaim Gross—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through Friday, July 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71) **and Emily Mason**—Abstract paintings by a mother and by her daughter. Through July 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Margaret Priest—Precisionist drawings, in pencil on handmade paper, of architectural subjects. Through Friday, July 9. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

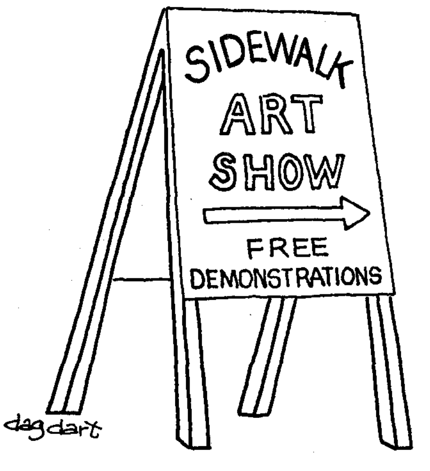
Edward Schmidt—Allegorical paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Al Souza / Mary Stoppert—Boxed assemblages incorporating color snapshots, and works on paper. / A sculptural installation entitled "The Queen's Ring." Through July 29. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens daily, except Sundays, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

St. Clair Sullivan / Hitch Lyman—Oils of dancing figures. / Watercolors of Greece and Turkey. Through Friday, July 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) have been set in place on the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Bill and Mary Buchen, Grace Williams, and Steve Wood. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: Cynthia Carlson, Ira Joel Haber, Jeff Way, and other gallery artists showing new material. Through July 30. . . . **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by almost two dozen artists. Through July 30. . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a number of artists, including Elizabeth Murray, Hap Tivey, and Grover Mouton. Through July 30. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Kiki Smith and Justen Ladda (paintings), Rebecca Howland (sculptures), and John Fekner (small-scale wall pieces fashioned from plaques) are some of the artists whose works are on view; all the works make political statements about the uses and abuses of nature. Through Friday, July 9. . . . **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by nine artists in this summer invitational show: Mike Howard, Ellen Lanyon, Susan R. Laufer, Nachume Miller, and others. Through July 16. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including Stella, Rosenquist, and Lichtenstein. Through Sept. 3. . . . **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: Chinese-American artists showing traditional and nontraditional paintings; photographs of China and Tibet; and other works of art. Through July 16. . . . **THE DAIRY**, in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A changing exhibition of new works by gallery artists. Among the first grouping are a self-portrait by Jack Beal and a painting by Joan Brown. Through Aug. 13. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES**, 24 W. 57th St.: Realist paintings of the forties and fifties by about sixty artists who are either identified with this mode or who experimented with it—Isabel Bishop, Robert Brackman, Philip Guston, Loren MacIver, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Through July 28. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Sculptural works by two artists influenced by Surrealism. "Galaxy," by Frederick Kiesler, who designed it for the opera set of "Le Pauvre Matelot," and nine sculptures in metal and stone by David Hare. . . . ¶ Postcard-size collages by John Stalin, a young British artist. Through Aug. 13. (Open evenings until 7.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, primarily dating from the past couple of years, by Europeans (Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi) and Americans (David Salle, Julian Schnabel). Seventeen artists in all. Through Friday, July 9. . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscape paintings, some reduced to abstraction, by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through July 30. . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St.: Eighteen artists have paintings, drawings, and prints that as a body are described by the gallery as "urban and aggressive." Jane Dickson, Jonathan Borofsky, David Wojnarowicz, others. Through July 16. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Eight artists showing works in various mediums in a summer invitational exhibit. Through July 16. (Opens at noon.). . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by six artists in a new-talent show. Through July 16. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Sculptures in painted paper, balsa wood, Plexiglas, and other materials by eight artists. Through July 20. . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Paintings and large drawings by Rochelle Feinstein, John Lees, David True, and others. Through July 30. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions, including a generous supply of large and small bronzes by Henry Moore and also one or two works each by Degas, Ernst, Hepworth, and others. Through Aug. 27. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists whose abstract paintings are on view. Through July 31.



¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 417 E. 75th St. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 25 W. 56th St. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edouard Boubat—More than seventy prints from the past four decades. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Cas Oorthuys (1908-75)—Photographs taken in Amsterdam, 1944-45, during the German occupation. Through Friday, July 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through Sunday, July 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Fifty photographers have prints in the gallery's tenth-anniversary exhibition. Through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Intentionally—or otherwise—X-rated photographs by George Platt Lynes, Wolfgang von Wamgenheim, Alfred Gescheidt, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through July 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan, but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A display of Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Starts Thursday, July 1. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily

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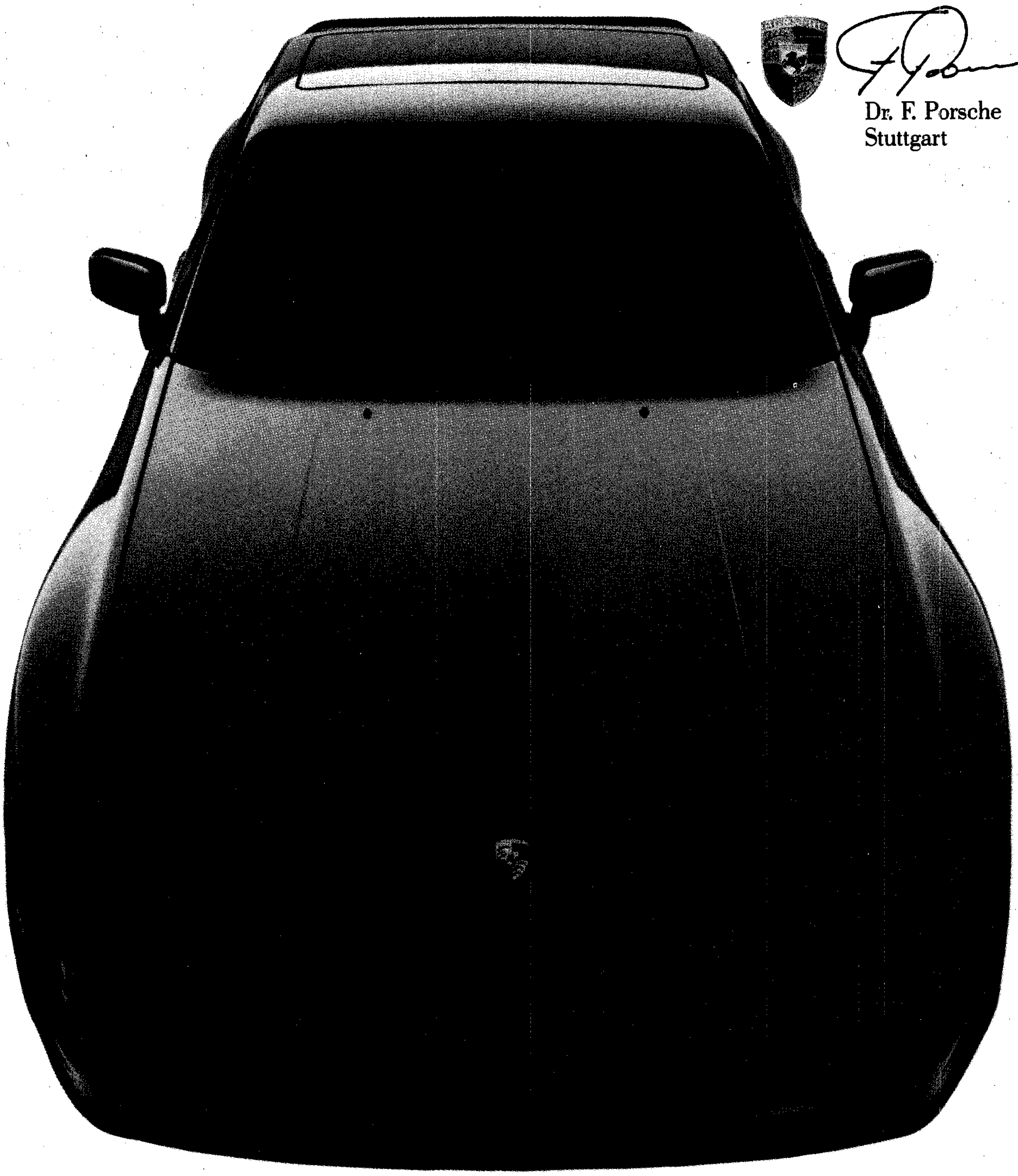

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Tatyana Grosman's Universal Limited Art Editions workshop. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . ¶ A complementary exhibit of U.L.A.E. prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Starts Thursday, July 1. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including July 4, and Monday, July 5, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Starts Saturday, July 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—There are permanent exhibitions throughout the museum. The Hall of the Sun, in the Planetarium, includes an eight-foot model of the sun and films of the sun made both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 4:45; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Sunday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Israel in Antiquity," a new permanent installation of Biblical archeology in which recently excavated jewelry, weaponry, tools, pottery, and other articles dating back as far as three thousand years furnish rooms re-created to resemble those in ancient Lachish and Jerusalem. . . . ¶ A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Sunday, July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of books containing the botanical illustrations of Pierre-Joseph Redouté, the French painter whose patrons included Marie Antoinette. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Japan's Tōkaidō Road as depicted in works by two nineteenth-century artists: Hiroshige's woodcuts and Felice A. Beatos's hand-tinted photographs. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, July 5. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of recently acquired paintings, works on paper, graphics, and photographs by more than twenty-five artists, among them Romare Bearden, Vincent Smith, Edward Clark, Michael Kendall, and Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe. Through July 23. (Open daily except Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 5. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—The opening of the museum's new six-story building is marked by no less than three exhibitions: A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A show of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

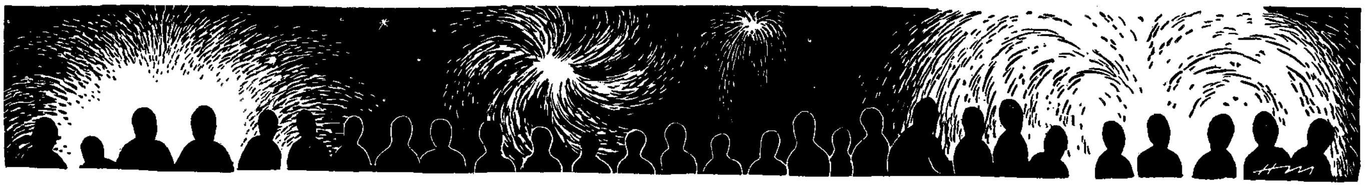
Summermusic at the Y—Five chamber-music programs. The participants include Jaime Laredo, Dong-Suk Kang, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, Walter Trampler, and Michael Tree, viola; Joel Krosnick and Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; Marya Martin and Carol Wincenc, flute; Anthony Newman, harpsichord; and Yefim Bronfman, Claude Frank, and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. Wednesday evening, June 30: An all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 1: A Beethoven-Ravel-Schoenberg program. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 6: A Mozart-Schoenberg-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 7: An all-baroque program. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 8: A Schubert-Beethoven-Dvořák program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8. Each program closes with a work by an American composer to be announced.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 30, at 8.)

Dutch Musicians at Marymount Manhattan Theatre—Tuesday, July 6, and Friday, July 9, at 8: Vera Beths, violin; Reinbert de Leeuw, piano; and Marjanne Kweksilber, soprano, in a program of music by Liszt and Stravinsky, as well as the New York première of Peter Schat's "Canto General." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7, at 8: Miss Beths and Mr. de Leeuw in an all-American program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8: Miss Kweksilber and Mr. de Leeuw in an all-Satie program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 29—Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Mr. Kalish, and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, in an all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Mr. Kalish, and Miss DeGaetani in a Haydn-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, July 4-5, at 8:30: Lena Horne in a performance of the Broadway show "Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Sessions-Beethoven program, with Roberta Alexander, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; James McCracken, tenor; Victor von Halam, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Otmar Suitner conducting a Brahms-Mozart-Wagner program, with Mr. Brendel. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass.



For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 1, at 4:15: Charles Wuorinen conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a program of music by Ravel, Rossini, Mr. Wuorinen (a première), and Gounod, with David Taylor, bass trombone, and Barbara Allen, harp. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-baroque program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a program of music by Copland, Gershwin, Ives, and Scott Joplin, with Randall Hodgkinson, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Vivaldi-Britten-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of music by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Brahms, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Alan Cox, flute; and Naoko Tanaka and Mayuki Fukuhara, violin. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays and Sunday, July 4, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Two twelve-hour offerings of the KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 3, at noon: Didier Lockwood, Oscar Peterson, Count Basie and his orchestra, Maynard Ferguson and his orchestra, Anita O'Day, the L.A. Four, the Roy Haynes Ensemble, and others. . . . Sunday, July 4, at noon: Ella Fitzgerald, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, Andrew Cyrille, the Jay McShann quartet, Gerry Mulligan and his orchestra, the Sonny Fortune quartet, and others. . . . ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the NEW YORK CITY BALLET of a three-week engagement that ends Saturday, July 24. Tuesday, July 6, at 8:15: "Square Dance," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7, at 8:15: "Serenade," "The Magic Flute," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Magic Flute," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:15: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Andantino," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 2: "Serenade," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Andantino," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:15: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival concerts, call 787-2020, in New York. For information about tickets to all other events, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '82—Opening performances of a four-week festival of theatre, dance, and music that will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 8. *Un soupçon:* Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, July 11, at 7:30: The Melbourne Theatre Company production of "Einstein," by Ron Elisha. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:30; Saturday, July 10, at 3 and 8:30; and Sunday, July 11, at 8: Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 6: Benjamin Britten's opera "Noah's Flood," with John Cunningham, June Gable, and Cleavon Little. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 7 and 10: Cayenne, a jazz band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 10:30: Herbie Mann & His Family of Mann, with Larry Coryell. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 3: Miriam Zohar in Bat-Sheva's "The Journey," a one-woman show. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 3: Soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 6-10: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, July 2, at 8:05; Saturday, July 3, at 7:35; and Sunday, July 4, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, July 5-6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, July 9, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, July 10, at 7:35.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The True North Handicap, Saturday, July 3; the Suburban Handicap, Sunday, July 4; the Dwyer, Monday, July 5; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 7; and the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 5, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Monday, July 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Monday, July 5, at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 3.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Saturday, June 30-July 3, at 8; Sunday, July 4, at 6; Monday through Friday, July 5-9, at 1:30; and Saturday, July 10, at 1:30 and 8. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13.

ET ALIA

Museum of Broadcasting—A retrospective of the works of Bob and Ray (see page 38, this issue) is being held through Saturday, July 10. (1 E. 53rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Thursday, July 1, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 30, from 9:30 to 3. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, at 2: American furniture and decorative arts.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Total Eclipse of the Moon—This will occur on Tuesday, July 6, commencing at 1:33 A.M., with the fullest phase beginning at 2:38 A.M.

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store: SATURDAY, JULY 3: Eight-thirty will be the starting time for a ten-thousand-metre running race across the George Washington Bridge to Inwood Hill Park. . . . ¶ The Coast Guard training ship Eagle will be open to the public from eleven to five, and the Navy's guided-missile frigate Jack Williams, L.S.T. Boulder, and helicopter landing ship Saipan will be open from one to four, all docked at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St. . . . SUNDAY, JULY 4: At ten-thirty, at the Battery Park Seawall, a roll call of States, accompanied by a fifty-gun salute, will start the day. . . . ¶ At ten-forty-five, international teams will compete in races on the Hudson River, off the Battery, for the International Lifeboat Race Trophy. . . . ¶ An arts-and-crafts fair will be in effect along Water Street, between Pine and State Streets, from eleven until eight. . . . ¶ A parade of marching bands and floats will take off from Battery Park at noon, heading up Broadway fo City Hall. . . . ¶ The ships Eagle, Jack Williams, Boulder, and Saipan will again be open to the public, the Eagle from eleven to five and all the others from one to four. . . . ¶ A five, Martin Josman will direct the Nationa Chorale in an all-Gershwin program in Battery Park. . . . ¶ The windup, at nine-fifteen will be Macy's fireworks display, set off from barges in the vicinity of the Statue of Liberty. . . . MONDAY, JULY 5: At noon, the ship Eagl will lead a procession of hundreds of sailboat and power boats from the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal to the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. . . . ¶ The ships Jack Williams, Boulder, and Saipan will again be open to the public, from one to four.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Molière's DON JUAN, with John Seitz Roy Brocksmith, and Pamela Payton-Wright The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, excep Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 24 For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday and Saturday, July 2-3 Teruo Nakamura and the Rising Sun Band . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: Dakota Staton. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Randy Weston. (East Rive at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8 through Sunday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society in an all-Irving Berlin program, with a brass ensemble. (Monday July 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Gershwin program. (Saturday, July 10, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of three Verdi opera productions. Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Patricia Corbett, soprano Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Richard Torigi baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:30 "Rigoletto," with Anita Aronoff, soprano Dominic Cossa, baritone; and Vahan Khanzadian, tenor.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28 Wednesday, June 30: Joan Baêz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7: Pat Metheny Group. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: Jean-Luc Ponty, Jeff Lorber Fusion, and Larry Coryell. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Haircut One Hundred and Polyrock. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7 For tickets, call 977-9020.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego July 11 (day). Pittsburgh, July 29-31 (night) and Aug. 1 (d). St. Louis, Aug. 9-11 (n). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, July 15-17 (*night*) and July 18 (day). Seattle, July 19-21 (n). Texas, July 22 (n). California, July 23-24 (n) and July 25 (d). Detroit, July 26-28 (n). Chicago, Aug. 3-4 (twi-night doubleheaders). Texas, Aug. 5-6 (n), Aug. 7 (d), and Aug. 8 (day doubleheader).

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 3-7.)

Racing—At Saratoga: Aug. 4-30.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Montreal, July 14. Portland, July 18. San Diego, July 25. San José, July 28. Montreal, Aug. 1.

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 26-Aug. 1.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Aug. 9-Nov. 6.

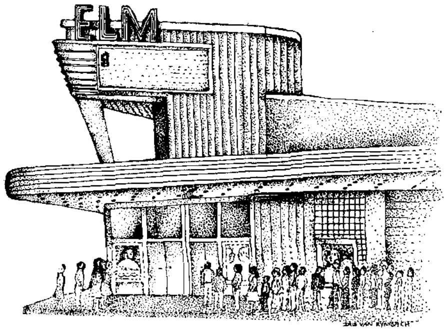
Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 17-24.)

Music—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 12-Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 28-Aug. 14. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 27 and Aug. 9 and 16.

Dance—Netherlands Dance Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 13-24.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

ittle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 4: "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947; directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
From July 6: "Love and Faith of Ogin" (1978; Kei Kumai; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura and Toshiro Mifune.

.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

t. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
July 2-8: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward; and "Jaws" (†).
From July 9: To be announced.

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Bambi" (†).

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. 679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

oews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

4th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rocky III" (†).

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 1: "Fabian" (Wolf Gremm; in German), with Hans Peter Hallwachs.
From July 2: To be announced.

utton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

otham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick.

laza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

anhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

aronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Diner" (†). From July 2: "Dr. Strangelove" (†).
Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

inema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French and English), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

emini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
July 2-8: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
From July 9: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 6: A program of ten new animated British films. From July 7: "The Swiss in the Spanish Civil War" (1974; directed by Richard Dindo; in Swiss dialect), a documentary.
Theatre 2: June 30: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford. July 1-3: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell. July 4-5: "Doctor Zhivago" (†). July 6-7: "Alice's Restaurant" (†) and "Cutter's Way" (†). July 8-10: "Adam's Rib" (†) and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Smash Palace" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura. From July 9 (tentative): "Diner" (†).
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: Through July 8: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe. From July 9 (tentative): "Diner" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Bambi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through July 1: "Missing" (†).
From July 2: "Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: June 30: "Love and Death" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 1-3: "Bananas" (†) and "Sleeper" (†). July 4-5: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†) and "Bananas" (†). July 6: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 7: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†). July 8-10: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.
Theatre 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 8: "Bambi" (†). From July 9: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 8: "Poltergeist" (†). From July 9: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 8: "Rocky III" (†). From July 9: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.
Theatre 2: "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. July 2-8: "Chariots of Fire" (†); and "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From July 9 (tentative): A festival of James Bond films.
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Victor/Victoria" (†); and "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. From July 9: "Quest for Fire" (†); and "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 3: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 4: Through July 8: "The Thing." From July 9: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward; and "Airplane!" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Blade Runner" (directed by Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.
Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 4: Through July 1: "The Secret

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe. From July 2: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 5: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 6: "Porky's."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through July 1: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.
From July 2: "Apocalypse Now" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase; and "Airplane!" (†). From July 2: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 4: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner; and "Terror Train" (1980; Roger Spottiswoode), with Ben Johnson, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Hart Bochner.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 1: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace. From July 2: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Bambi" (†).

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "The Thing."

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975; directed by Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 30: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
July 1: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Quintet" (1979; Robert Altman), with Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey.
July 2-3: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.
July 4-5: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (1981; Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, and John Cleese.
July 6: "The Human Tarantula" (1968; Kogi Yasuda; in Japanese); and "The Scarlet Camellia" (1964; Yoshitaro Nomura; in Japanese).
July 7: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna.
July 8: "Phantom of the Paradise" (†) and "Blow Out" (†).
July 9-10: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 1: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.
July 2-3: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
July 4-5: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Sherritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "How I Won the War" (1967; Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon.
July 6: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
July 7-8: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
July 9: "Suspicion" (†), "Murder, My Sweet" (†), and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (†).
July 10: "Little Woman" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "What Price Hollywood" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 1: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange; and "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
July 2-3: "Fritz the Cat" (1972; X-rated and "Heavy Traffic" (1973; R-rated), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
July 4-6: "Jaws" (†); and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977/1980; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr.
July 7-8: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (†).
July 9-10: "Dr. Strangelove" (†); and "Fail Safe" (1964; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy, Walter Matthau and Frank Overton.

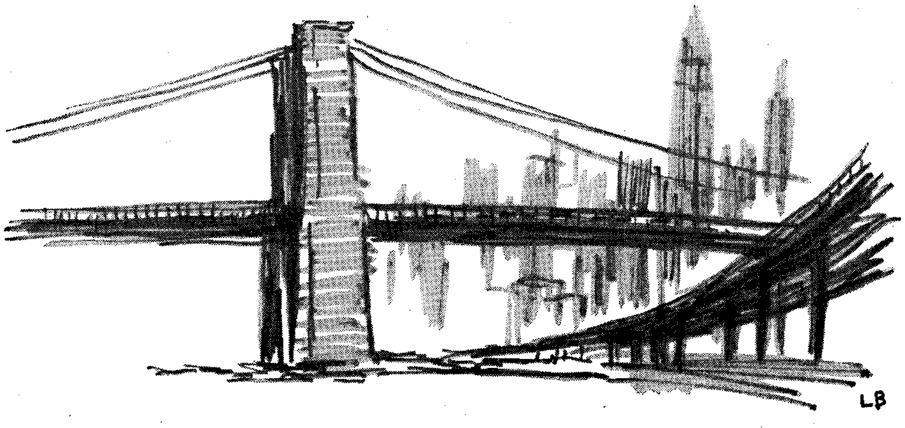
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 1: "Nighthawks" (1979; Ron Peck and Paul Hallam), with Ken Robertson; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.
From July 2: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th (246-0717)
Through July 3: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
July 4-6: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
July 7-10: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 3: "Funny Girl" (1968; William Wyler), with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif; and "Hello, Dolly!" (1969; Gene Kelly), with Barbra Streisand and Walter Matthau.
July 4-6: "The Greatest Show on Earth" (†).
July 7-10: "Pennies from Heaven" (†); and "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 30: "Them" (1954; Gordon Douglas), with James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn, and Joan Weldon; and "Curse of the Demon" (1958; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis.
July 1-3: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
July 4-5: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot.
July 6-7: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
July 8-10: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through July 1: "War and Peace" (1968; Sergei Bondarchuk), with Bondarchuk and Ludmila Savelyeva. Part I will be shown on Wednesday, June 30, and Part II will be shown on Thursday, July 1.
July 2-3: "The Willi Busch Report" (1981; Niklaus Schilling; in German); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.
July 4: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin;



a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Kid" (†).

July 5: "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff; and "Dr. Strangelove" (†).

July 6: A program of Popeye and Betty Boop cartoons.

July 7: "The Wedding Party" (1966; Wilford Leach, Cynthia Munroe, and Brian De Palma), with Jill Clayburgh and Charles Pfluger; "Hi, Mom!" (†); and "Dementia #13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell, Luana Anders, and Mary Mitchel.

July 8: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), a performance, recorded at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), compiled of newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances.

July 9-10: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Zulu Dawn" (1979; Douglas Hickox), with Peter O'Toole, Burt Lancaster, John Mills, and Denholm Elliott.

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June 30: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "Personal Property" (1937; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor.

July 1: "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

July 2-3: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

July 4-5: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

July 6: "Take a Letter, Darling" (1942; Mitchell Leisen), with Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Constance Moore, and Robert Benchley; and "Suddenly It's Spring" (1947; Mitchell Leisen), with Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard.

July 7: "Kitty Foyle" (†) and "Roxie Hart" (†).

July 8: "Wee Willie Winkie" (1937; John Ford), with Shirley Temple; and "Jungle Book" (1942; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke.

July 9-10: "Young and Innocent" (†); and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty-M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently, Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Film Forum; July 8-10.)

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy; through July 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 9.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Film Forum; July 6-7.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little ophans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (5/31/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 6-10.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Embassy 1; starting July 2.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Adapted from Joseph Kesselring's black comedy, this laborious farce was actually made in 1941, but by contract it couldn't be released until the Broadway production—which ran and ran—finally closed. Maybe the success of the play magically rubbed off on the movie, because it has always been inexplicably popular. The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not, either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. His role was shaped as if for Fred MacMurray, and Grant was pushed into overreacting—prolonging his stupefied double takes, stretching out his whinny. Capra's hick jollity turns Grant into a manic eunuch. The hero's aggressive fiancée, here rewritten into a cuddly, innocuous little dear, is played by Priscilla Lane. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff; some people roar at their antics. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Carson, John Alexander, Grant Mitchell, and the famous thirteen corpses. Adapted by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein; score by Max Steiner. (Film Forum; July 8-10.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Gramercy, Guild, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 8.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Lincoln Plaza; July 1-5.)

Blow Out (1981)—It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political thriller. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as an unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of tech-

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nological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (72nd Street East; through July 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; July 2-8.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century, where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 7-10.)

Cutter's Way (1981)—Its original title, "Cutter and Bone," is also the name of Newton Thornburg's 1976 novel, on which it's based. This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California; it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-Fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. Writers who aren't forcibly restrained love to go for "mordant" protagonists, and actors love to play them. Heard gives a stylized performance of a man full of self-lacerating energy; he isn't a character—he's a one-eyed, one-legged literary conceit. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty—she's wound up tight, like an American Glenda Jackson, but without Jackson's shaping and style. The film is packed with symbolic gestures, though they're not quite as effective as the ghostly fiesta scene behind the opening titles, with señoritas dancing to music that's different from the music we hear, and castanets silently clicking. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music is by Jack Nitzsche. (Film Forum; July 6-7.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Baronet; through July 1. . . . ¶ Festival; starting July 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 9, tentative.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Baronet; starting July 2. . . . ¶ Thalia; July 5. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 9-10.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director, David Lean, surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) And in this movie, so full of "realism," nothing really grows—not the performances, not the ideas, not even the daffodils, which are also so "real" they have obviously been planted for us, just as the buildings have been built for us. After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. It's not in itself a disgraceful failure, but it does have one disgraceful effect: the final shot of a rainbow over the huge dam where Zhivago's lost daughter is working. This banal suggestion that it has all been for the best and that tomorrow will be brighter is not only an insult to the audience, it is a coarse gesture of condescension and appeasement to the Russians. Would Lean and Bolt place a rainbow over the future of England? With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski, with his eyes popping and huge veins bulging out of his forehead as he says, "I am the only free man on this train." From the novel by Boris Pasternak; cinematography by Freddie Young production design by the aptly named John Box. (193 minutes.) (Film Forum; July 4-5.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; July 4-5.)

The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)—A huge mawkish, trite circus movie directed by Cecil B. De Mille in a neo-Biblical style. It suggests that the rivalry and love affairs of a couple of trapeze artists (Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde), an assistant to an elephant trainer (Gloria Grahame), the circus manager (Charlton Heston), and a clown (James Stewart) are awesome. Life under this particular big top is awesomely clean and awesomely melodramatic; Stewart isn't just a clown—he's a doctor who's disguised himself as a clown. Also with Dorothy Lamour, Lyle Bettger, Henry Wilcoxon, Lawrence Tierney, Emmett Kelly, and John Ringling North. This cornball enterprise won the Academy Award for Best Picture. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 4-6.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—Robert De Niro is at his most spontaneous in this amazing, freewheeling comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, from a story he concocted with his young producer, Charles Hirsch. It was made in a cabaret style, taking on one social target after another. De Niro—very boyish, with thick, shiny brown hair—does some great, fast, double-talk routines with Allen Garfield; they rattle on together in a fixed frame. (The camera doesn't move—*they* move around in the frame.) De Palma uses a lot of camera gags in this film—he keeps you conscious of the film medium by playing Buster Keaton-like games with it. De Niro is a Vietnam vet who's trying to make out with girls. At first, he wants to shoot Peep Art films (the windows he peeps into become fixed frames); then he begins to see himself with the cuties in those frames, so he goes up, knocks on the doors, talks his way into the pictures, and lives his fantasies. Next, he joins a mostly black theatre-of-cruelty-and-revolt troupe that stages an audience-participation play—"Be Black, Baby." The black actors appear in whiteface and they daub black paint on the faces of the white liberals who attend, telling them that they are going to experience what it means to be black. Then the actors proceed to beat them and rob and rape them. This sequence becomes rather overpowering; conceptually it's satire, but it's too wild and chaotic to be very funny. However, when the liberals call for the police to help them and De Niro comes on as a cop and refuses to believe their stories, the insane comic tone is restored. (Eventually, the guilt-ridden, masochistic audience convinces itself that it has had a worthwhile experience.) When the actors become bored with theatrical approaches to revolution, they become urban guerrillas, and our hero gets closer to his dream of total involvement by setting bombs. De Niro does quirky parody numbers all the way through; when he's a guerrilla living in disguise as a middle-class insurance salesman, he becomes a Harold Lloyd type. He has long scenes with several of the other performers in which he and his partners set the rhythm as they would on a stage (the camera is motionless), and the results are crazily likable timing. The cast includes Jennifer Salt as the dumpling in one of the windows, and Lara Parker, Gerrit Graham, and Ruth Alda. This underground vaudeville show may have been too hip even for 1970; it didn't have the success it deserved. De Palma's dialogue may be the best that he has ever had to work with. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (Thalia; July 7.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. It's a puzzle movie, constructed like a well-made play (such as "Craig's Wife") from the American past, and given the beautiful, solemn visual clarity of a Bergman film, without, however, the eroticism of Bergman. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. (Alvy Singer, the role Woody Allen played in "Annie Hall," was just such a compulsive, judgmental spoilsport, and Allen's original title for that film was "Anhedonia"—the lack of the capacity for experiencing pleasure.) The mother's impoverished conception of good taste is sustained in the style of the film. It's a handbook of art-film mannerisms; it's so austere and studied that it might have been directed by that icy mother herself—from the grave. Her soul is in Woody Allen. He's still having his love affair with death, and his idea of artistic achievement (for himself, at least) may always be something death-ridden, spare, perfectly structured—something that talks of the higher things. People who watch this movie may wonder how Woody Allen can present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies. And maybe they'll wish it were all a put-on. With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Lincoln Plaza; June 30 and July 6.)

Jaws (1975)—It may be the most cheerfully perverse scare movie ever made. Even while you're convulsed with laughter you're still apprehensive, because the editing rhythms are very tricky, and the shock images loom up huge, right on top of you. The film belongs to the pulpiest sci-fi monster-movie tradition, yet it stands some of the old conventions on their head. Although "Jaws" has more zest than a Woody Allen picture, and a lot more electricity, it's funny in a Woody Allen way. When the three protagonists are in their tiny boat, trying to find the shark that has been devouring people, you feel that Robert Shaw, the malevolent old shark hunter, is so manly that he wants to get them all killed; he's so manly he's homicidal. When Shaw begins showing off his wounds, the bookish ichthyologist, Richard Dreyfuss, strings along with him at first, and matches him scar for scar. But when the ichthyologist is outclassed in the number of scars he can exhibit he opens his shirt, looks down at his hairy chest, and with a put-on-artist's grin says, "You see that? Right there? That was Mary Ellen Moffit—she broke my heart." Shaw squeezes an empty beer can flat; Dreyfuss satirizes him by crumpling a Styrofoam cup. The director, Steven Spielberg, sets up bare-chested heroism as a joke and scores off it all through the movie. The third protagonist, acted by Roy Scheider, is a former New York City policeman who has just escaped the city dangers and found a haven as chief of police in the island community that is losing its swimmers; he doesn't know one end of a boat from the other. But the fool on board isn't the chief of police, or the bookman, either. It's Shaw, the obsessively masculine fisherman, who thinks he's got to prove himself by fighting the shark practically single-handed. The high point of the film's humor is in our seeing Shaw get it; this nut Ahab, with his hyper-masculine basso-profundo speeches, stands in for all the men who have to show they're tougher than anybody else. The shark's cavernous jaws demonstrate how little his toughness finally adds up to. This primal-terror comedy quickly became one of the top-grossing films of all time. With Lorraine Gary; Murray Hamilton; Carl Gottlieb—who co-wrote the (uneven) script with Peter Benchley—as Meadows; and Benchley, whose best-seller novel the script was based on, as an interviewer. Cinematography by Bill Butler; editing by Verna Fields; music by John Williams. (St. Marks Cinema; July 2-8. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 4-6.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (Thalia; July 4.)

Kitty Foyle (1940)—Ginger Rogers won the Academy Award for Best Actress for her "serious" performance as a white-collar girl whose baby dies. In Rogers' long career of giving pleasure, this is one of the few occasions when she failed; it isn't her worst acting (that's probably in "Tender Comrade"), but there's nothing in the soggy material to release the distinctive Ginger Rogers sense of fun. Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart adapted Christopher Morley's novel; Sam Wood directed. With Dennis Morgan, James Craig, Gladys Cooper, Florence Bates, Eduardo Ciannelli, Cecil Cunningham, and Nella Walker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Lincoln Plaza; June 30.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 8-10.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Festival; through July 1.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy,

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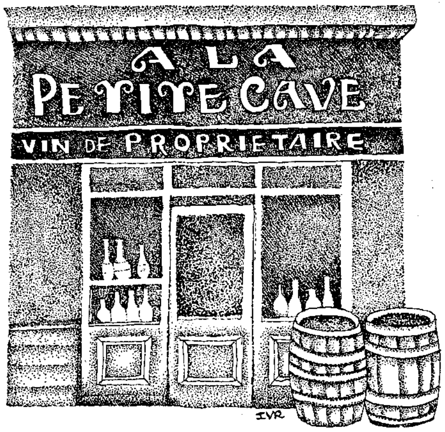
written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (The 1945 version is, however, much livelier than a 1975 remake that returned to Chandler's title, "Farewell, My Lovely;" it was directed by Dick Richards and stars Robert Mitchum as a Marlowe who keeps telling us what's going on, using embarrassingly ornate tough-guy phrases concocted by the scenarist, David Z. Goodman.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the characters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge but didn't go far enough. The material is conceived in terms of extremes—melodrama and pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. Yet Ross keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together (as "Cabaret" did). But it's extraordinary. (There are breathtaking re-creations of paintings by Edward Hopper and Reginald Marsh and of famous photographs of the thirties.) (12/21/81) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 7-10.)



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Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, has an original comic temperament; he's drawn to rabid visual exaggeration and to urbane slapstick comedy. William Finley is the idealistic young composer who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing, all at the instigation of Swan (creepy Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. The composer escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and turns into the Phantom, who haunts Swan's new rock palace, the Paradise, where the girl he loves (Jessica Harper) becomes a star. This mixture of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust" isn't enough for De Palma. He heaps on layers of acid-rock satire and parodies of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Psycho," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—and the impacted plots actually function for him. The film is a one-of-a-kind entertainment, with a kinetic, breakneck wit. The cinematographer, Larry Pizer, keeps the images full to overflowing, and the set designer, Jack Fisk, supplies striking takeoffs of the frenzied décor of German silent films. The singer Beef is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance; Harold Oblong, Jeffrey Comanor, and Archie Hahn turn up together as three different groups—the Juicy Fruits, the Beach Bums, and, with black-and-white expressionistic faces, the Undeads. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set (6/14/82) (Manhattan, 86th St. East Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 8.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Olympia Quad; starting July 9.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews State; starting July 2.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 8.)

Roxie Hart (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. The scriptwriter, Nunnally Johnson, provided a loving, satiric look at the speakeasies, floozies, and tabloids, with a glance at the forsaken rural boredom. (Roxie's farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed that she has been arrested on a murder charge, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to his wife, "They're going to hang Roxie." The mother murmurs approvingly, "What did I tell you?") William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie ("Got a butt, buddy?"); the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman (whose vocal inflections could do as much for dialogue as Lee Tracy's), Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, William Frawley, and Spring Byington as a sob sister. Sara Allgood is the prison matron, Nigel Bruce is a theatrical agent, and George Chandler is Roxie's husband. Even Jeff Corey turns up in a bit. Adapted from the Maurine Watkins play "Chicago," which was also filmed in 1927, with Phyllis Haver in the lead, and which also provided the basis for the 1975 Bob Fosse stage musical "Chicago." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Lincoln Plaza; July 1-3.)

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter Georgie scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. This affable, intelligent man isn't driven mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but in a special, modern, obsessed way. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Stardust Memories (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Lincoln Plaza; July 7.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The theme of this endlessly inventive movie is death and rebirth, with the prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner), who has become stiff from sitting at his administrative post, taking a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and waking up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired a voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. The pieces of the story fit together so beautifully that eventually the director has you wrapped up in the foolishness. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (68th St. Playhouse, Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 8.)

What Price Hollywood (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretations on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world of the time. Screenplay by Jane Murfin, Ben Markson, Gene Fowler, and Rowland Brown; from a story by Adela Rogers St. John. With Neil Hamilton, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers, and Eddie Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation; the film is perched right on the edge of incoherence, yet it's comparable in scale and sheer poetic force to Kurasawa's "The Seven Samurai." There are images of great subtlety and emotional sophistication: a blown-up bridge, with horses and riders falling to the water in an instant extended (by slow motion) to eternity; a vulture sits on a dead man's chest and turns his squalid, naked head to stare at the camera. The movie is set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, and, in Peckinpah's words, "I was trying to tell a simple story about bad men in changing times. 'The Wild Bunch' is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico. The strange thing is that you feel a great sense of loss when these killers reach the end of the line." That's accurate, as far as it goes. But Peckinpah has very intricate, contradictory feelings, and he got so wound up in the aesthetics of violence that what had begun as a realistic treatment—a deglamorization of warfare that would show how horribly gruesome killing really is—became instead an almost abstract fantasy about violence. The bloody deaths are voluptuous, frightening, beautiful. Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson, Edmond O'Brien, Warren Oates, Bo Hopkins, L. Q. Jones, Strother Martin, Jaime Sanchez, Emilio Fernandez, Albert Dekker, and Dub Taylor. With cinematography by Lucien Ballard, editing by Lou Lombardo, and music by Jerry Fielding. The script is by Walon Green and Peckinpah, based on story material by Green and Roy N. Sickner. (Cinema Village; July 7-8.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero's crashing of a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: the heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9-10.)

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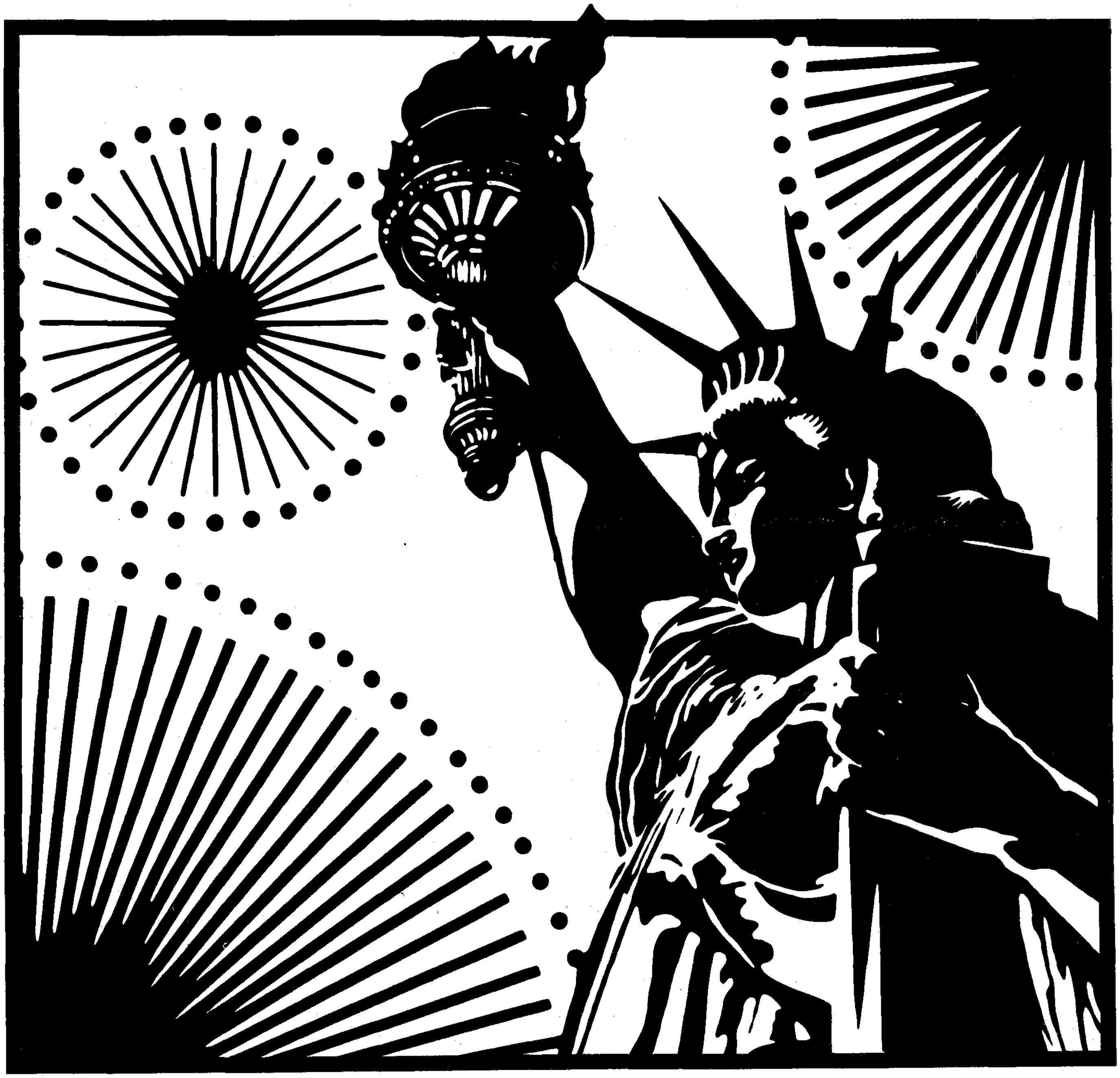


THE
NEW YORKER

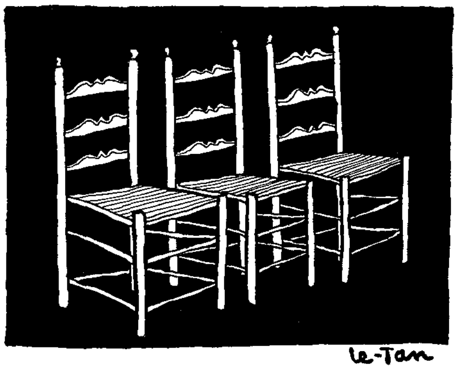
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND has sent us a report about some recent developments on his block, in Chelsea:

A few months ago, someone who was passing through our neighborhood decided to pass through one of our apartment windows. This was at four-thirty in the morning. My wife and son and I live on the second floor. The window wasn't locked. I had opened it a few inches to let in some air. He must have thought I meant him, too. My mistake. Just guessing, I think he wanted to look around and see whether there was any stuff that we probably didn't feel like keeping anymore but that he would enjoy owning for a while. He made enough noise to wake me up. I made some noises back. He left the same way he came in, and we never got to discuss fine points. After that, I bought a power drill and made holes in the window sashes and then sank nails, like linchpins, into the holes, so that now the windows can be latched and open at the same time. This helps a lot, because the weather has turned warm and we are ready for fresh air again. Besides, if anyone tried to come in the window now he would set off a burglar alarm that would wake up me, my wife, our child, the rest of the building, and probably Leonard, too.

Lately, Leonard has been our neighbor across the street. Some people might take one look at Leonard and write him off as a statistic—a homeless and presumably miserable vagrant. It is Leonard's opinion, however, that he has many homes. The other day, he told me that he is thinking of moving to Sutton Place, where he has lived before. He likes Sutton Place. Moving will involve the chore of taking along his belongings. He wears a lot of clothing—a T-shirt, a work shirt, denim overalls, a sweater, a cotton zipper-front sweatshirt, and a parka, even on a warm day—and he owns a still more extensive wardrobe. He stores it in boxes atop two dollies that he owns. The boxes also contain curtains, record albums (Sonny and Cher, the Carpenters, Barbra Streisand), books (titles like "Army Field Manual: Rifle Company, Platoons, and Squads"), clock radios, stereo speakers, women's purses, shoe-shining equipment, and, I assume, plenty that is hidden. On top of one dolly, there is a mattress and some box springs. Most of these things are for sale. Leonard also owns a large, somewhat mangled piece of plaster and gauze—formerly a cast that ran from someone's hip to his ankle, from the look of it—that has been inscribed "Svenski: It's always something! Love, Shirley." I don't know whether it is for sale. I certainly don't want to romanticize Leonard. He grew up on Long Island, but he sounds as if he were from North Carolina. He has a scraggly white pointy beard and not many teeth. I put his age at somewhere between forty and seventy. He leads a harried life at times. Some of his friends badger him for money, and he gives it to them, telling them to go buy themselves some Thunderbird wine and leave him alone. "I drink, but not like these other guys," Leonard once told me. "I only drink for the calories." When he needs to wash up, Leonard goes to a McDonald's or an Irish bar on the avenue. A doughnut shop around the corner often gives him free food. One day last week, Leonard had to do some errands, and he asked one of his friends to guard his belongings while he was gone. But his friend fell asleep on the job, and when Leonard returned he discovered that someone had walked off with one of his clock radios. Leonard moves up and down the block, but usually he parks his belongings near a hydrant. He owns a broom, and he sweeps the sidewalk and the gutter. The day he lost his clock radio, one of the dollies was left in disarray. "I got to apologize for the way things are around here," he said. "I like to keep things neat." For several days now, there has been a dark-stained maple desk alongside the dollies. If Leonard keeps it much longer, I am going to assume that he does not intend to sell it, and I am going to give him some paper and lend him a typewriter and encourage him to sit at the desk and record his night thoughts.



My own night thoughts have been crowding each other for room inside my brain lately. One consequence of sleeping with open windows on a busy block is a certain loss of sleep. Around dawn today, for instance, a big truck came by at high speed, shifting gears, creating a terrific amount of noise, and my wife woke up and said she was afraid the truck was aiming for our living room. A new-wave rock club has moved in on the corner. I no longer consider it unusual to be awakened by shrill noises from, say, a woman with green-and-purple hair who is telling her boyfriend, a free-thinker who doesn't mind wearing leather during the summer, to get out of her life—that just being near him makes her want to throw up. When this happens, I usually get out of bed and stand at the window and watch and listen as they sit on a stoop and loudly discuss each other's special traits and defects. Eventually, the police arrive and tell them to go home—which I hope they end up doing, together. Eventually, I get back in bed and lie there and try to sleep. Usually, I can't. There are other noises from below. The gay bathhouse a few doors away is busy very early and very late. After the big truck came by, two men who I bet were either on their way to or had just left the bathhouse stood below my window and had this conversation:

"Are you upset?"

"No, I'm not upset."

"I thought you were."

"Why should I be upset?"

"I don't know, I just thought you were."

"Why? Are *you* upset?"

A few minutes later, someone else walked by, saying, "Belgium totally outplayed Argentina, baby. Out*played* 'em."

I also heard "So I hired a pair of pants" and "Don't leave that there. That's city garbage. It's against the law. Leave ours *there*. Ours isn't city garbage. Ours is Mafia."

I don't want to give the impression that any of this offends me, or that I no longer think this is the same wonderful town I have been telling insensitive out-of-towners it is all these years. In this season, it is certainly better to live here than in the country, where there are flying insects who can penetrate the finest-mesh window screens, and raccoons who would get into that garbage and make noises that would frighten me and cause me to think I was being burglarized when I really wasn't. I know my bearings here. On my block, there are no window screens, because there are very few flying insects. And there are no raccoons. I am assuming that there are no false alarms.

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Excellent

THE 4-H Clubs of Nassau County held their annual rocket meet recently in a parking lot called Mitchell Field, which is part of a long plain adjacent to the Hempstead Turnpike. We interviewed three participants, age nine, near the launchpad.

First Kid (three feet six inches, holding slender six-foot rocket): It's my first year. I'm not officially in the competition. My rocket's too big. It took me three weeks to build it. It's called a Mean Machine. You don't know how hard it was to spray-paint it.

Second Kid: Mine only took two. (His rocket measures eighteen inches.)

First Kid: So?

Second Kid: So last year I made a Viking. It went up and the cone didn't come off, so the parachute didn't release—I had painted the cone on by mistake—and it came down and went right into the cement and the whole thing blew up. It was pretty cool.

Third Kid: This one goes up two thousand feet. Sup*pos*edly.

Second Kid (pointing at third): Me and him are from last year. Our club meets every Saturday.

Third Kid (explaining the process of rocket building): It all comes in a kit, right? So first you have to, like, get the engine mount hooked in place. Then you paint the body. The body is a cardboard tube, like the inside of paper towels. Once, I tried making a rocket with the inside of some Bounty paper towels and put a paper cup on it for a cone, but it didn't work. My friend, though, took a Coke bottle and some cardboard and twisted it around until it made a point, and *it* worked. Anyway, then you punch out the fins. They're made of balsa wood and come in a form in the kit.

Second Kid: Not mine. Mine has plastic fins.

Third Kid: Then you have to paint the fins and put on the decals, and you also paint the cone any color you want. Mine is black. I guess most people do black. I don't know why.

First Kid: Mine's silver. It looks better.

Second Kid: Mine is a whole bunch different from theirs. This is, like, a whole bunch of cargo space here at the end. You can stick caterpillars in there if you want cargo. I put ants in.

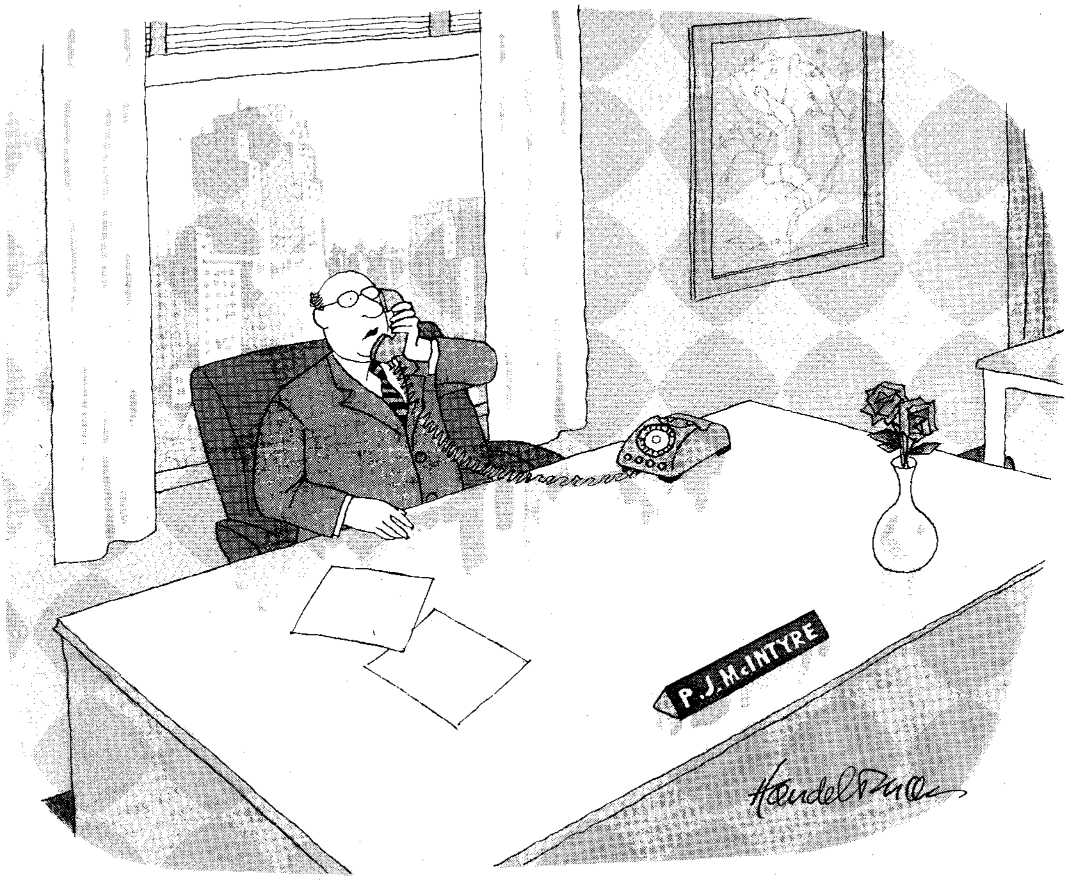
First Kid: When did you do that?

Second Kid: About a week ago.

Third Kid: What's the best thing that can happen? The best thing that can happen is it goes up and comes down normally. (To first kid) That probably won't happen with yours.

First Kid: Yeah, definitely it will.

Second Kid: *Last* year,



"Since you ask, this is not the real P. J. McIntyre. The real P. J. McIntyre is much too valuable to be exposed to the risk of riding in trains, walking in the street, and so on. I am his stunt man."

a kid had a Mean Machine, and it went up about *ten feet* and turned around and came straight down nto the mud.

Third Kid: Boss.

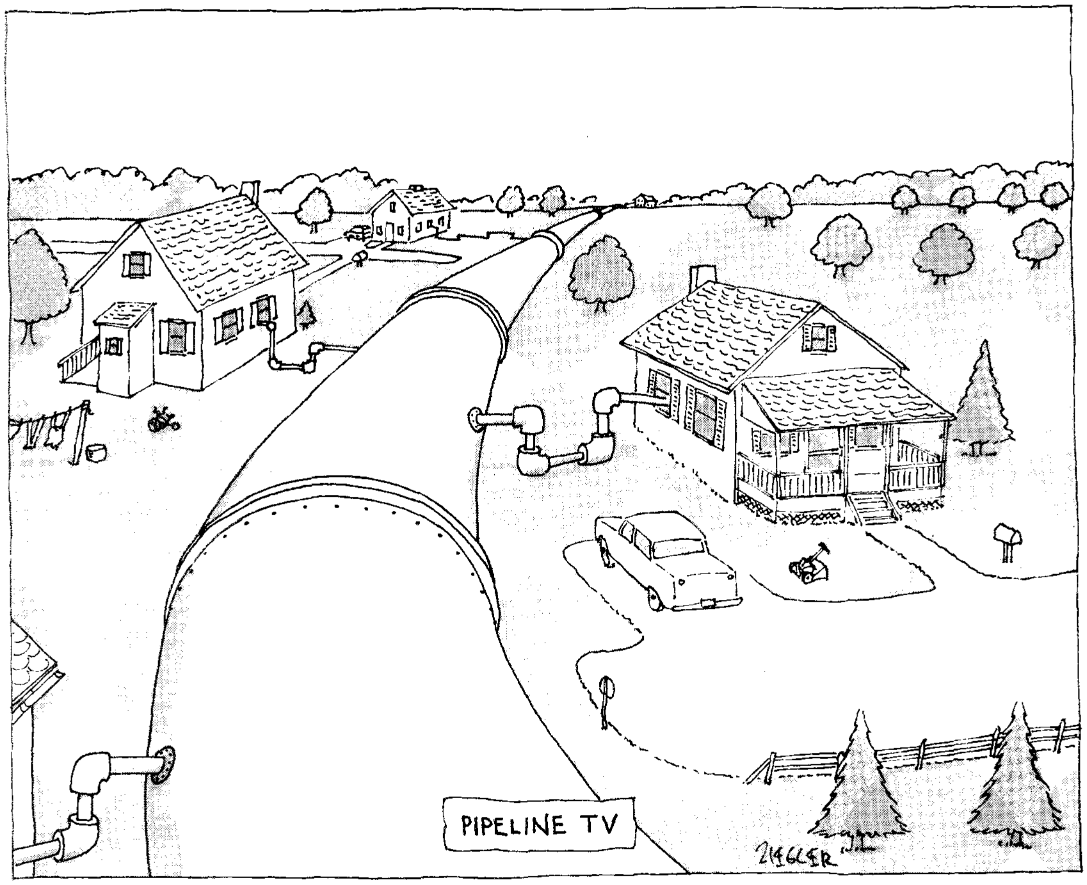
The first kid is summoned to the launch-pad.

Second Kid: The kid with the Mean Machine's name is Michael. I want his rocket to go off. But he's acting too tough. He thinks he's big just because his rocket is. I'll probably get hysterical, though, if it doesn't go off.

Man at Launch Pad: Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one.

The rocket is launched with an accompanying sound like that of a giant beer can being opened, and a small cloud of sulfurous smoke. It rises straight up. At its apex, several hundred feet above the ground, a parachute appears. The crowd applauds.

Second Kid (*shouts*): Michael, man, that was *excellent!*



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Lunch

DURING the past year, many New York City churches have been offering the needy free meals, and from time to time we have been dropping in on Sunday lunches served at All Angels' Episcopal Church, which is housed in a commodious four-story structure of granite and red brick on Eightieth Street between Broadway and West End Avenue—the remnant of a delightful ecclesiastical complex that included an enchantingly lacy Gothic church and extended along West End Avenue as well as Eighty-first until 1979, when the rest of the complex was torn down. (It has since been replaced by a yellow brick apartment house.) On the main floor, up a half flight of stone steps from street level, are the church office and the chapel, and on the second floor, in a high-ceilinged auditorium that occupies the entire story, All Angels' serves its Sunday lunches. The parish's space committee, working with architects, has plans to transform the auditorium into the actual place of worship, and, one Sunday, held a measuring meeting right through lunch. Architecturally fluid, the parish is also socially informal. During that meeting, we learned that Carol is the Reverend Carol Anderson, the rector, and Steve is the Reverend Stephen Pogoloff, her associate. Paul, John, and Judy, three youthful parishioners, are the lunch committee. (Eventually, we learned their last names, which are Seldon, Kohan, and Ferguson, respectively.) They round up a volunteer team from the congregation—the team's membership varies from Sunday to Sunday—to plan menus, cook food, serve it, chat with the guests, and clean up afterward. Paul is rangy, like a tennis player; John, with an assertive black mustache, resembles a poster for women's lib when he is doing the dishes; Judy, a long-haired blonde, often wears slacks and sneakers. They are quick, capable, and matter-of-fact, but busy—especially on Sunday afternoons. Even so, they found time, on the fly, to tell us that they had originally started the free-lunch program because they were concerned about people in the neighborhood whose Social Security or disability or welfare payments did not keep up with the cost of food and who were therefore not getting enough to eat, but that they had lately been serving more of the "new poor," who did not know how to apply for assistance, and that almost all the guests were lonely as well as hungry and, even if they did not want to talk about themselves, wanted to be in, or around, conversations.

The free lunches are paid for by church funds and donations. Every Sunday morning, a volunteer sets out a portable sign on the corner of Broadway and Eightieth Street announcing free lunch at 2 P.M. From about twenty guests at the start of the year, the number has increased to about sixty. The service is buffet. Two long serving tables with folding metal legs are set up parallel to large windows that overlook Eightieth Street, and similar tables, seating eight or ten on folding metal chairs, and smaller tables, seating four, are set out around the room for the guests. Some guests arrive early and help the volunteers arrange the tables and chairs and carry up the big electric coffee and tea urns from the main floor, where they have been in use during a coffee hour that follows the Sunday-morning service. The kitchen is in the rear of the base-ment. It is a generous rectangle dominated by an immense, ancient black stove aptly named Vulcan; the kitchen also contains a small refrigerator, a double sink, and several venerable wooden tables. A nearby storage room holds restaurant-sized soup pots for cooking and giant green pottery tureens for serving soup. The committee helps the volunteers carry the tureens up the back stairs and across the big room to the buffet.

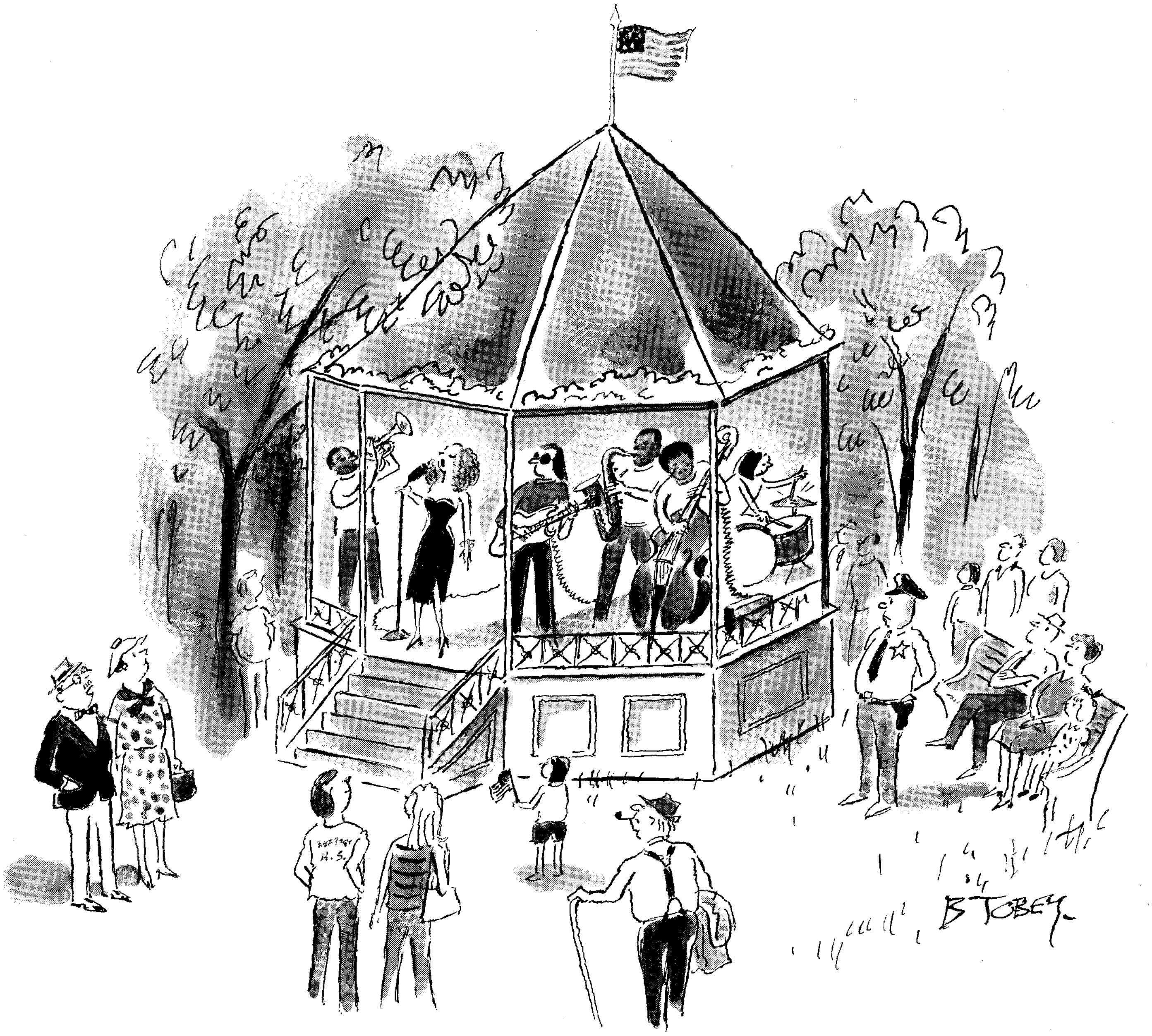
At two o'clock, the company—men and women, black, white, and yellow, and all ages except the very young and the very old—approaches the buffet in an informal line, and the volunteers start serving. The guests find paper plates, cups, and napkins and plastic spoons, knives, and forks on the buffet. In the cold months, the menus invariably include soup, fresh bread and butter, fruit juices, and milk. The desserts are fruit in some form—apple sauce is a favorite. Although the company is hungry, no one pushes or shows impatience or, having been served and seated, falls to without decorum; only the speed with which the buffet line moves—the volunteers run up and down the stairs to replenish the supplies, and serve with reflexes that would score high in a video game—betrays urgency. There is sometimes a lull after the first serving, but guests continue to arrive for the next hour or so. Second helpings are encouraged. Leftovers are packed, so that the guests can take them home. One cold Sunday, Paul cooked up a vat of take-home spaghetti, because he thought the visitors could use another nourishing meal in such bad weather; each guest, in addition to lunch, got a package to take home. When the volunteers are not busy serving, they chat with the guests, working to overcome their shyness—shyness about being hungry, about being needy, about being among strangers. As with everybody else, the visitors' shyness takes different forms. Every week, one stout, gray-haired black woman brings something to read—one time, we noticed, it was a tract on pain—and buries herself in her literature. However, she peeps over her pages, and the moment somebody sits at her table she is ready to talk.

There is a battered Steinway grand in excellent musical condition near the windows. One Sunday, a volunteer named Angela, a toothpick-slender young black woman, who wore a brilliant-blue bandanna around her head, improvised, with a finished technique, from bits of Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin, weaving them into a romantic background for the room's subdued conversations. As she concluded, a guest, a dark-eyed woman with long brown hair, who had been listening in silence, went over and asked the pianist to accompany her. The white woman sang black spirituals in a lovely, trained soprano. On the very cold Sunday, a young woman so perturbed that she had to be persuaded to eat asked the volunteers if they could find her and her husband a place to stay. She was exceptionally pretty, with wide gray eyes, elegant features, and what one of the more knowing woman volunteers recognized as a first-rate haircut. Her husband had lost his job, the young woman said; they had been evicted from their apartment, and the best she could extract from whatever welfare people she had seen was the advice to come back in thirty days. One of the parishioners brought Paul upstairs from spaghetti-making, because he knows a lot about emergency shelters. He talked to the guest, and must have said something helpful, for after a while she went to the piano and worked through the beginners' pieces from Bach's "Klavierbüchlein." At another lunch, one table held a discussion about jazz, and a young, bespectacled black man sat down at the piano and illustrated a traditional stride bass. He had nothing for the treble, so his audience hummed a tune.

Last April, Judy and Paul and John began debating, during dishwashing in the kitchen, what to serve when the weather grew too warm for soup. We eavesdropped on their conversation while volunteers brought down serving utensils. A young woman bringing in a tureen said as she put it in the sink, "Marjorie liked the chick-peas in the soup." Judy described Marjorie to me: she is an intense middle-aged woman who comes to lunch in a worn tailored suit and scrutinizes the room like a schoolteacher before she joins the buffet line, and she likes to give marks on the meals. The committee appreciated the compliment; they want their cuisine to be enjoyed. They returned to the subject of summer fare. Besides cost and nutritive value, there is the problem of chewability; people with financial lacks are likely to have dental woes. When May came, Judy tried out, after the soup, a salad recipe that combined pasta, tuna, and chopped greens, which was received with great applause. That lunch also featured three-bean salad left over from a church potluck supper. It, too, made a hit, and one of the guests, a tall young man who never takes off a gray cowboy hat, teasingly announced that he was glad the New Yorkers at the church had learned about "American food." The next time we stopped in, several weeks later, lunch was a casserole of diced ham, green peppers, and celery served over rice and accompanied by three-bean salad. The guests find every change in the menu an excitement, and this lunch qualified as a feast.

As the months passed, we noted some subtractions, among them a middle-aged man who had mentioned one Sunday that he had a job interview the next morning. More frequently, guests return for lunch or to bring good news; a young man who had been extremely depressed one Sunday bounced back the following week to announce that he had found a job at an antique importer's, and to tell the singer and a volunteer named Marion about the amazing rarities and horrendous prices he had observed at work. As of June, many newcomers needed encouragement. We recall a very gray woman—hair, face, skirt—who came in and asked "May I have something to eat?" and, when Marion nodded and directed her to the buffet, asked again "Is there something for me?" For the rest, though, conversation has generally loosened up. The room remains visually drab, but by three o'clock it is quietly cheerful with the harmonious buzz of talk. We overheard guests discussing capital punishment; comparing psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers; matching techniques of fishing and eeling. We listened to talk of Dostoevski, Joan Sutherland, the Princess of Wales, and the thrilling first-act curtain in "Angel Street," when Leo Carroll nearly forgot his hat. Almost everybody wants a say, but the company seems happiest when all can agree; for example, an articulate black man in his thirties sounded as if he

KEYS
KEYS
MADE



"What happened to our usual Fourth of July band?"

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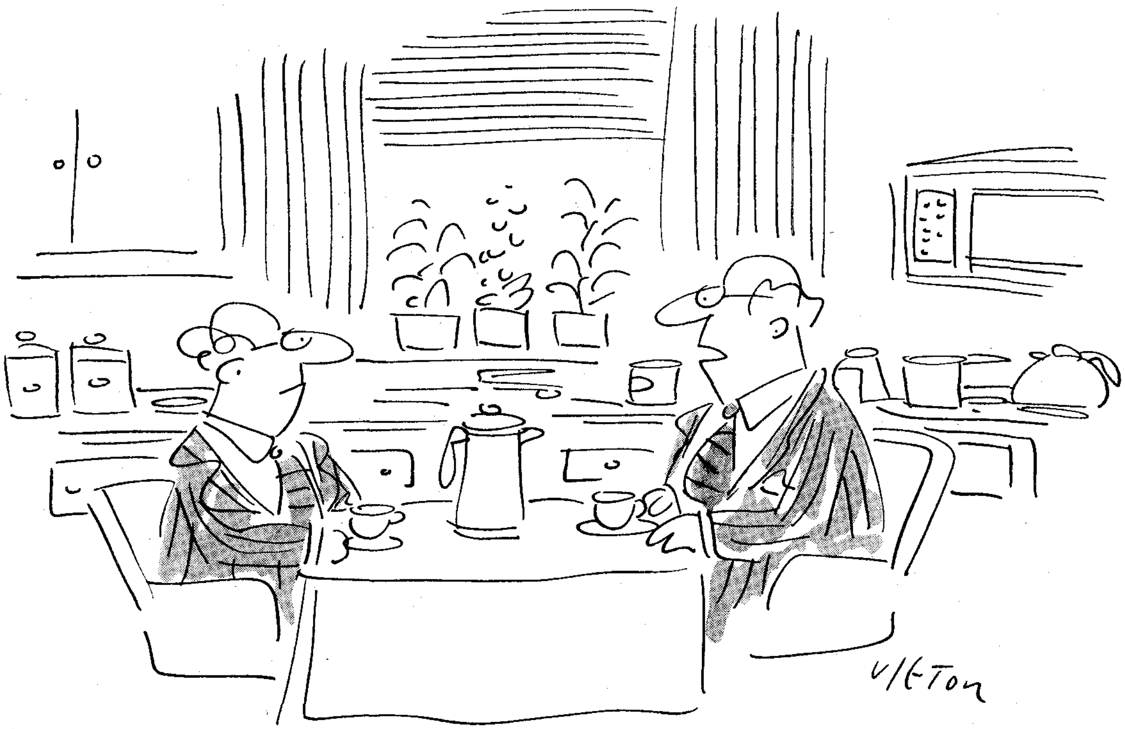
were summing up a consensus at his table when he said, "The social classes talk to each other more nowadays than they used to."

On the last Sunday we stopped in, it happened, by coincidence and vacation schedules, that no male volunteers had appeared, so after lunch the male guests insisted that the women of the parish allow them to fold up all the tables and chairs and carry them to their storage places. The morning had been rainy, but during lunch it had cleared. The air was misty and bright. On the steps of the church, we could get a green glimpse of Riverside Drive to the west and the lively crowds on Broadway to the east. When we first came by, it would be dark and cold by four-thirty, and everybody would hurry away, but since then something more than lunch, and something beyond the turn from winter to summer, has taken place: cohesiveness and esteem have grown. In the mild, opalescent air, guests and hosts lingered on the stone steps, reluctant to separate. What began as charity now looks very much like friendship.

Asphalt Jungle

Anna Mae, a four-ton elephant who is at present an employee of the Big Apple Circus, had to get to Staten Island for some performances, so one morning last week she did the unnatural thing: she took the ferry. Members of the press were invited along as observers. This was the same morning that President Reagan came to town. As media events go, Anna Mae's trip was somewhat undersubscribed. Shortly before nine o'clock, Anna Mae and her handlers showed up at Slip No. 3 at the Manhattan end of the Staten Island Ferry. Paul Binder, the founder, director, and ringmaster of the Big Apple Circus—thirty performers, one ring, one elephant, one leopard, three horses, eight dogs—was there. So was Bennie Williams, who is Anna Mae's trainer. Leonard Piekarsky, Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Ferry and General Aviation Operations, and Tisha Tinsman were on hand, too. Assistant Commissioner Piekarsky's job was to collect Anna Mae's fare. Tisha Tinsman's job was to wear a lot of makeup



"No question about it, Louise—we've been married too long."

and not very much else and to stand on Anna Mae's left kneecap until Bennie Williams said "Foot!" This command made sense to Anna Mae. She raised her left foot, and Tisha Tinsman ended up astride her, just behind the ears. During performances, Tisha Tinsman also does some tricks on the Spanish web, though not while riding an elephant.

Bennie Williams made some impromptu remarks about how the natural habitats of elephants are disappearing. Paul Binder announced, "Because of Anna Mae's size, we are paying forty times the normal fare." By curling her trunk in an ingenious way, Anna Mae was able to grasp a check for ten dollars and present it to Assistant Commissioner Piekarsky. The particular ferry trip that Anna Mae took is normally scheduled as a deadhead run—an empty post-rush-hour shuttle from Manhattan to Staten Island. Assistant Commissioner Piekarsky said that he was glad to have Anna Mae aboard, and that he would be glad to accommodate the empty express buses owned by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority on that run, too. "For some reason, they'd rather waste gas running back to Staten Island through the tunnel," he said. "I'd ship the buses for two-fifty apiece." At one point, Assistant Commissioner Piekarsky noticed Joe Young, who is the shop steward of Local 333 of the deckhands' union, the United Marine Division, standing in the crowd. Pointing at Anna Mae, he asked, "Is she a member of your union, Joe?"

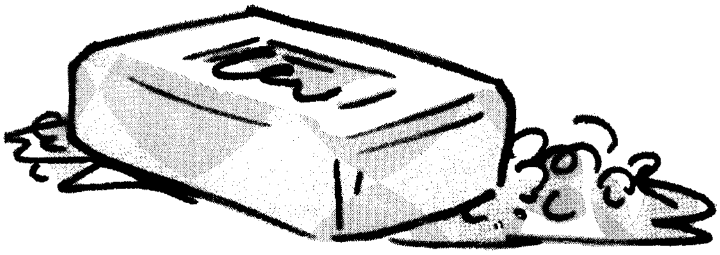
"No," said Joe Young. "And she's supposed to go through the turnstile."

"If we get enough elephants, we won't have to raise the fare," said Assistant Commissioner Piekarsky.

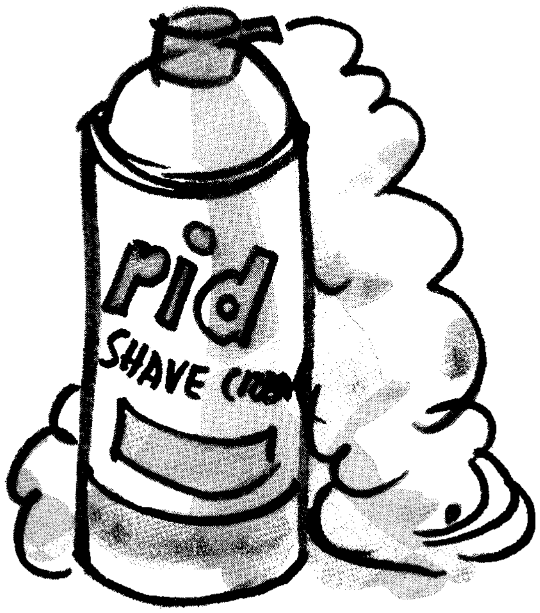
Anna Mae boarded the ferry ahead of a semitrailer truck that was going to transport her from the ferry slip in Staten Island to the next circus site, in Snug Harbor. The Big Apple Circus is a not-for-profit enterprise that tours within a limited radius. It had just finished twenty performances in ten days at Cunningham Park, in Queens, and was headed for nineteen performances in ten days at Snug Harbor. The truck trailer turned out to be too high to clear the entrance to the ferry, so Anna Mae had to get back inside. Her added weight enabled the truck to make it aboard. Then she got out and posed for photographs and did whatever else Bennie Williams asked her to do: she knelt and raised her left front foot; she stood on her hind legs; she waved a white handkerchief; when Bennie Williams dropped his cane, she knelt and picked it up. A professional investor and money manager named Alan Slifka, who is the chairman of the board of the Big Apple Circus, said, "Anna Mae is either the first- or second-smartest elephant in the country—I'm not sure which."

The trip through the harbor to Staten Island took twenty-three minutes. It was a bright, windy, sunshiny morning. A fireboat saluted Anna Mae. The crew of the ferry consisted of two engineers, two oilers, two pilots, six deckhands, and one mate. The mate was Edward Hillis. "I'm in charge of the cargo," he said. He has been working on the Staten Island Ferry for thirty-three years and is the fleet's senior mate. He was impressed by Anna Mae but not unduly impressed. "My third month on the job, I had the privilege of taking a ride with the teen-age Dionne quintuplets," he said. In the line of duty, he has also met John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Nelson Rockefeller, Dorothy Kilgallen, Sterling Hayden, Ed Sullivan's wife, and some Russian bears who rode the ferry many years ago on their way to a wrestling exhibition at Madison Square Garden. In Edward Hillis's opinion, Anna Mae behaved much better than the bears.

When the ferry docked in Staten Island, Jimmy Tinsman, Tisha's husband, disembarked and walked around on stilts, saying, "Wadja back, folks." A woman television reporter sat atop Anna Mae, in the spot usually reserved for Tisha Tinsman, and said, "Well, believe it or not, Anna Mae and *moi* made it to Staten Island O.K." Bennie Williams escorted Anna Mae from the ferry and said, "Everyone stay away from behind her. She can't see back there." A troop of Brownies and a troop of Girl Scouts were waiting in Staten Island. Anna Mae is a Burmese woodland elephant, approximately thirty-eight years old. Not only does she weigh eight thousand pounds, she is also nine feet tall. When she passed by the Brownies and the Girl Scouts, they made a noise, in unison, that sounded exactly like "Eek!"



A SOAP, YES, BUT SO MUCH MORE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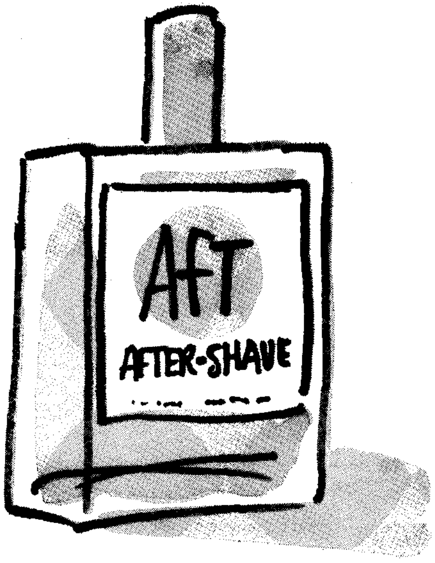
SHAVE CREAM

MORE THAN A SHAVING CREAM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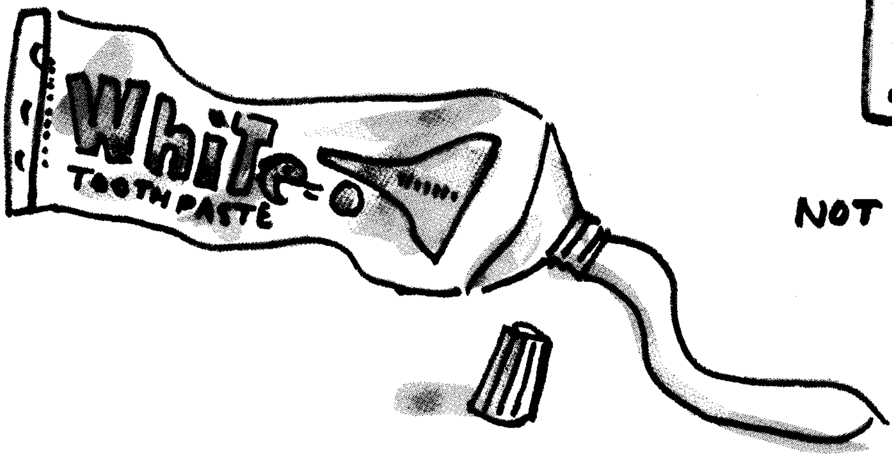
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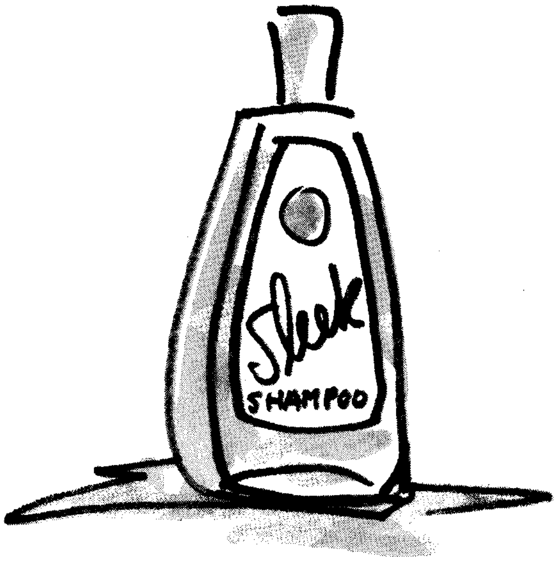
TOOTHPASTE

A TOOTHPASTE, BUT MUCH, MUCH MORE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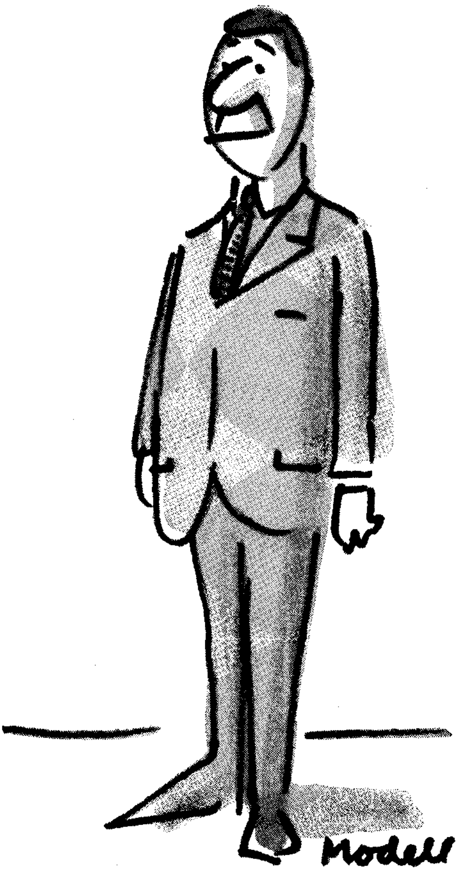


JUST HARRY

NEIGHBORS

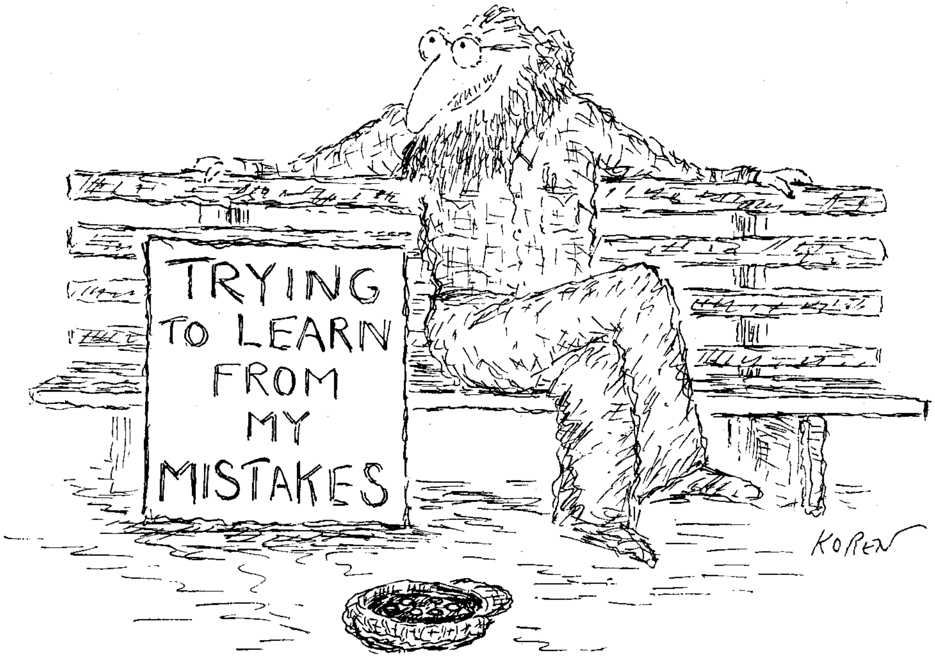
After taking a two-mile walk across fields halfway up the headland—to break himself in, as he put it—on the first day of his holiday, Frazier got back to the hotel. He had a bath to get the last of London off his skin, and then, avoiding the bar, already crowded with golf players, he went out onto the terrace to be alone. He had been coming to this hotel for three or four years in the spring—a man who liked to stay in a place full of middle-aged people, many of them so well known to one another that it was simple for him to avoid them and to be alone. Off he went to walk all day; off they went to the golf course or to drive about in their cars. If he was slightly known, it was by his surname. "Frazier, with an 'i,' " he would say, with a piercing pedantic stare and giving a roll to his stone-blue eyes as he said it, like a tall schoolmaster mocking a boy. He was in fact a hairdresser, who came to this lonely part of the Atlantic coast to slough off his given name of Lionel, by which he was called at the rather expensive Salon de Coiffure in London, where he was eagerly sought after. ("You know," ladies said, "how difficult it is to get an appointment with Lionel.") He was a tallish, slender man—not one of your sunken-chested barbers, gesticulating with comb and scissors as he skated about you, grown cynical with the flatteries of the trade. On the contrary, despite his doll's head of gray hair and the mesh of nervous lines on his long face, he was as still and as dispassionate as a soldier.

At this moment, on the terrace, he was examining the distant clouds over the sea, half a mile beyond the garden, and the few villas below the hotel, watching the purple, the black, the dyed pink, and the golden as they restyled themselves in one of those spectacular sunsets common on this coast. He broke off to stretch out a hand and to glance at the palm and the widely stretched fingers, indispensable to him in his trade. And then he looked at the sky again, until the sound of the door opening onto the terrace made him turn. A middle-aged woman and a young man were standing there. He saw her snatch the young man's arm to reprimand him in a threatening way and then push the arm away. They moved to a table at the end of the terrace. Frazier, who preferred to be alone, saw this was the moment to go back inside, but the woman looked up as he got to the door.

"Lionel!" she called. Then she rushed at him. "What on earth are you doing here? How extraordinary to find you at this hotel."

"Mrs.—" Frazier stood still, and his eyes went wide with horror. "Mrs. Morris! I don't believe it. How did you find this place? When did you arrive?" He pulled himself together, and all the fine lines on his face switched to politeness. "What an unexpected pleasure."

With excitement she said, "This is my son. He's come over from Canada."


TRYING TO LEARN FROM MY MISTAKES
KOREN

And to her son she called, "Tom, I wrote to you about Lionel. I've told you how he saved my life when Alec was taken ill."

The son was a tall, bulky young man, who gave Frazier the worldly look of a son not surprised by his mother's habit of staring at men anywhere and, the next moment, going straight up to them and saying, "We have met before."

"I don't believe it, Lionel," she said again. And, almost archly, "What a thrill!"

It would have been bad enough, Lionel thought, if Mrs. Morris had been one of his customers. It was worse that she was a neighbor from the flat below his own in London whom (he thought) he had at last shaken off. Staying *here!* A woman who talked and talked, never finished her thoughts. A floundering, overflowing, helpless widow, with a dramatic face that shot out of her thick black hair, which swung like an old curtain over her neck and cheeks.

Frazier did what he could to hide the shock of seeing her. He was certain she knew what he felt, for her expression changed. She now gazed at him humbly, guiltily, as a woman given to excess in friendship and who often saw the talent unwanted.

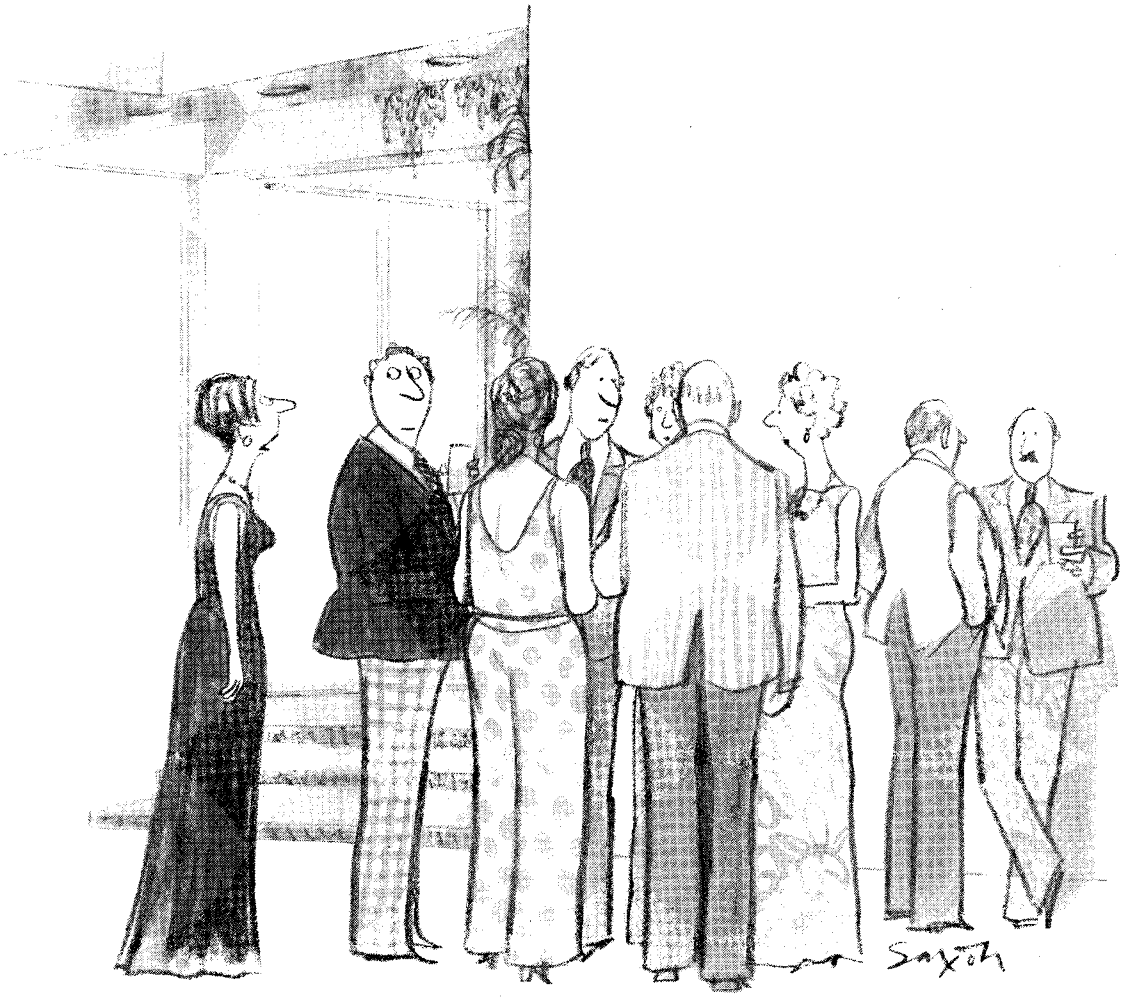
"As a matter of fact," she said proudly, "Tom and I are not staying here at the hotel. It's too expensive. We have taken a flat in one of the villas down the road. We just dine here. I used to live in these parts, years and years ago. When you were a boy, Tom. I have a lot of old friends here."

And then she laughed away the shock she had seen on Frazier's face and said to her son, "I know what Lionel is going to do—tramp and tramp! I don't know how you do it, Lionel. I can't face hills anymore. Do you know, Tom, he walks across the park twice a day to work and back—when he's working on his feet all day! I see you going out every morning from my window, Lionel."

"Oh," said Frazier, ashamed now, for he liked her laugh. "I'm sure we'll meet."

"We're just going in to dinner." She turned to her son. "Early start tomorrow," she said. "We're driving to Lands End."

To escape, Lionel said he was going down the road to see what the tide was doing. "I always like to check on the



"Are you about ready to go home? I have given this occasion all I have to give."

tide," he said as he opened the door for them, and then left as they went into the dining room.

Disaster! She had friends here? Not likely. She was on the warpath, her non-stop tongue chasing him! Not staying, but dining *every night*. Oh, God! His walk down to the sea was ruined. Had he let the name of the hotel slip out in one of those chats with her in London? At the Salon, he often chatted in a gossipy way of trips, hotels, countries, prices, as he stood behind his customers, feeling the heat of their scalps and seeing their torpid or fretful faces in the mirror. Women came to him to be changed, to be perfected. They arrived tousled and complaining and they left transfigured, equipped for the hunt again. They were simply topknots to him. When they got up he was always surprised to see that they had arms and legs and could walk. Sometimes, though not often, he admired the opposite end of them: their shoes.

But Mrs. Morris was not a customer. She was merely a neighbor. For him she was virtually headless—a body, a part of the building and of ordinary life. It had been two years since her husband had died, but Lionel still thought of her not as a person but simply as part of "the couple downstairs"—the Summerses, who had lived for at least ten years in the flat below and who had only one head between them, her husband's, hers being disposable from Lionel's professional point of view. When he went up in the lift with them, her elderly husband had looked brutally placid and she as squashed as a cushion. What did one know about one's neighbors in a city? Nothing—until that Saturday afternoon when his doorbell rang and rang and rang, and a woman was calling, "Mr. Frazier! Mr. Frazier!" The porter and others called him "Frazer"—she had had at any rate the merit, he remembered, of "giving him the 'i.' " He was marinating some breast of chicken, wearing an apron of dark-blue and white stripes in his perfect kitchen, when he heard the bell. He dried his hands, took the apron off, and went to the door. There she was, with her winter coat open and her keys dangling from her hand.

"Mr. Frazier! Please, can you help me? I can't get a sound out of the porter. My husband's fallen out of bed. He's on the floor. He's had a stroke or a fit—I can't get him up from the floor. I've rung the doctor. Would you *please* help me? I am sorry. . . ."

Nothing cushiony about her now. She had a tearing grip as hard as a child's on his coat, and her nails pinched through to his arm. Her black hair, which usually swung over her cheeks, was now pushed back from a high, naked forehead that startled him by revealing the curl of a white scar on it.

"Of course, Mrs. Summers," he said.

She dragged him to the lift, but he pulled her away, saying the stairs would be quicker. He skipped down fast. She followed, more slowly, because her eyesight was not as good as his, calling out, "He's been ill for a fortnight. He's such a weight. I found him when I came back. I went out to buy some fish, because of his stomach. There was nothing in the fridge."

The door of the flat was open. He went into a thick smell, of spice, and of upholstery that, for Lionel, might have been hot vegetables; the place seemed heavy with the closed air of married life. He saw the open door of the bedroom—what terrible curtains!—and there was Mr. Summers lying on his back on the floor, half the bedclothes dragged with him, and blood on the sheet, a dribble of wet in one nostril, and a pale belly with white hairs curling on it, half out of his pajamas. The face was dark violet

FAR AND AWAY

For nights like this they forgot the continent.
Why they came or why their parents came
apparently always had to do with the weather.
They feel so much at home,
air and skin match so perfectly, elsewhere
is beside the point.
Here it is Santa Monica, July 4th,
and they pump from the open ends
of streets, clotting the cliff edges—friends,
families and loners, a sign of health.

The old ax head, America, cuts
under surf here, and what is real
or not turns abstract.
The night curves like a band shell,
and if to light it up they attack
with fireworks, they can't budge
a thing but their own hearts.
The palms, the gazebos of graffiti—
"Be Here Now!"—you can imagine all the silly
trappings, as they look up and down at the dark.

Two hundred feet below, the beach is amber
in protective lights and fronts
the ocean's jeweller's velvet. The arc
of someone's Mexican bottle-rocket faints
after a bright spurt,
ghost in a bubble chamber.
Then the big stuff clamors for all eyes,
leaves no gaps for gasping.
Flower, exfoliation turn into one
steady miracle of blazing faces.

There is an individual desire
among them to blow sky-high and rain
in *oohs* and *ahs* and vanish,
touching no one who could swear
the dissolving lace capping him was ash:
like the eye's voluptuous looking just to see,
see what it's like and, scattered
after blossoming, blow
into one piece again, feel the flow
of identity, your very own, from foot to head.

On nights like this it's not acceptable
to cough with cold or shiver with irony
at your own home
or at the amusement of your family,
which you must pick up like a telephone
even if only to set it back in its cradle.
There they
stand at the edge night draws from,
releasing it bombed
and speckled with afterimages. The current theory

that their coast will drown,
crack off up to Arizona,
they believe only as a grand occasion
for combustion, redwoods, gas,
and each of them a survivor with the news.
Who wouldn't want to be there then?
Think of the Pacific on that night,
like a deceptive Spanish dancing skirt
that shimmers and almost seems too short,
but when twirled flares out and fills your sight.

—MARK JARMAN

• •

with a green streak in it, and there was a look of disdain about the mouth. Mrs. Summers was on her sharp knees beside him at once, holding her husband by the feet.

"Not his ankles!" said Lionel. He was taking the man's pulse. "Put a pillow under his head. Pull those sheets away," he said calmly. He got his hands under the man's shoulders from behind and heaved him to a near-sitting position. "Sit up, soldier," said Lionel. "Hup-hup!"

The man opened his eyes feebly.

"I'll hold him here," Lionel said. "You get him under the knees. Now, slowly."

They raised the body and then let it slide to the floor again. Mrs. Summers stooped to pull up her husband's pajamas. "It's the weight," she said again.

"Change round," said Lionel. "We'll get him nearer the bed."

I*n the end, somehow or other,* they manhandled the hot body and rolled it onto the bed, Frazier falling on top of him. "We've got him the wrong way up," he said. "Now, gently, your end."

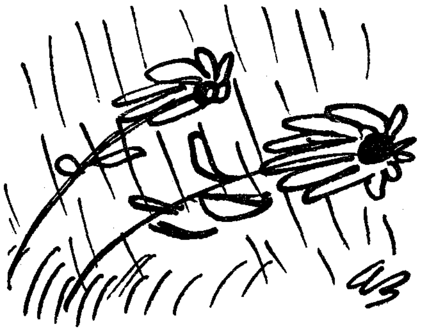
The man, awake now, grunted, "Bloody Red Cross." He closed his eyes and his breathing roared.

"He was in the Army," gasped Mrs. Summers, apologizing. "Were you in the Army?"

"Ambulance driver," Frazier said.

"He's been climbing the wall all the weeks," she said. "It's those pills. I found him when I got back."

They sat, getting their breaths back. Frazier looked around the room. The Summerses were a heavy couple, with heavy furniture. The head of the wide bed was padded, and crossed by two awful loops of pink satin. The padded part was greased by the marks left by two heads. Frazier had thought of her as a cushiony woman, but when their hands or arms had touched in the struggle he was shocked to feel the bones through the soft flesh at once. Those bones must be made of iron. He saw her roughly pull her hair back over her forehead, and now he knew why he had always paid so little attention to her. The hair was dull black, slow-growing stuff, hanging in loose ridges. It seemed to have been set in some out-of-date perm, in a style she must have settled on, once and for all, years ago. Her strong nose and forehead now stuck out boldly, as if they had been staging another willful life behind the swinging curtain of hair. The face reminded Lionel of an actor he used to see in his father's underground barbershop when he was a boy. The actor's eyes had been large and brown and lamplike, as hers were.

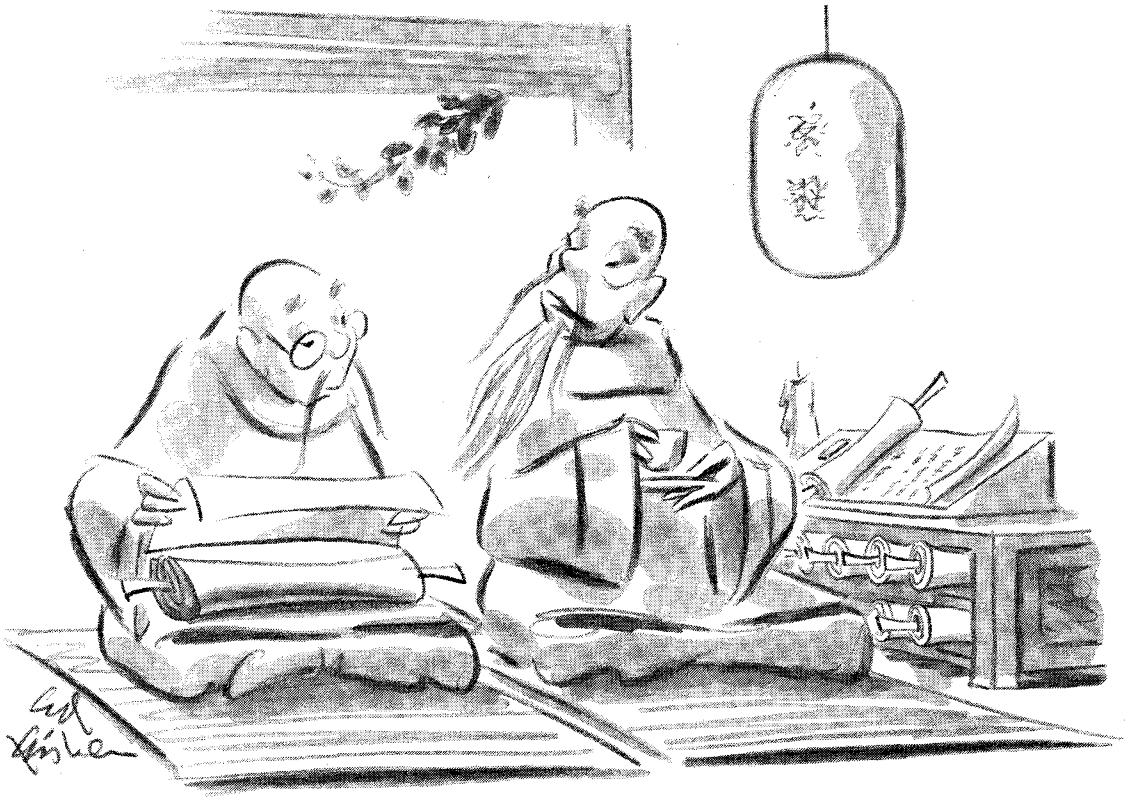


The doctor came at last. "You would have done better to have put a blanket over him and left him on the floor," he said, and he called an ambulance.

Down by the sea, where heavy weeds were hanging from the rocks, scraps of this scene came to Frazier's mind now as he stood for the moment watching the tide quietly come in, making a sound of sentences without words.

Poor Mr. Summers had died in hospital. A crowd of friends arrived to console her after the funeral. She came up to thank him, and admired his flat and the plants on the balcony. There was a look of hunger on her face as she looked back on it when she left.

Then, after a few weeks, she was at his door, asking him, with apologies, to witness her signature on some document. She was wearing a red suit as bright as a geranium—an improvement. He picked up the document and saw she had signed "Pamela Morris." It turned out she was two persons—indeed, three (and perhaps four, when he thought of his father's actor). She was openmouthed, eager to explain. The woman he had known as Mrs. Summers had divorced a man called Morris, who had once hit her over the head with a bottle. Mr. Summers had been her solicitor and had rescued her. She had met him in a hotel in Vichy when she had gone to stay with her father, who lived there as a tax exile. Her tale began to ramble about Europe. At every pause, her mouth remained half open to mark the change to the next chapter, going back at last to Mr. Morris, a man often on a yacht or in a race while she looked after baby Tom in a house near The Lizard—"you know The Lizard?" Which race and where was not clear to Frazier, but she was calling him Lionel now. The bright-red suit turned out to have been given to her by one of her rich women friends. The shoes, too. There was a moment in this talk when she became almost a customer, in his eyes. No grief, no reality. She dealt and shuffled, dealt and reshuffled her life away again, like someone playing cards. The enormous distinction of Mr. Summers and, indeed, of herself was that they had seen no point in marrying.



"*In strictest confidence, there are times when even I cannot tell yin from yang.*"

• •

She paused as he got her a second glass of whiskey, and then said, "What a lovely piece of cut glass. You have such lovely things." And at this she was back to that awful afternoon, when he had been so kind, kind, kind, as if all the women in her were now talking in turn. She became secretive. She repeated that she had left Mr. Summers for a quarter of an hour, as she had told the doctor. But *not*, it came out now, to get fish. Summers had been asleep and had suddenly woken up and asked her to fetch his wallet from his jacket, hanging over a chair. He pulled out a slip of paper. It was a betting slip. He had backed the winner in the afternoon's race at Newbury; he told her, ordered her, to go down to the betting shop to collect his winnings. Pamela Morris knew nothing about horse racing. The only quarrels she and Summers had—well, not the only ones—were about his betting. She knew he had not been out of the flat for ten days, but when she said this he boiled up in a temper and started getting out of bed. She was so frightened by his illness that she lost her head. Perhaps he *had* got out, somehow. Men did get out.

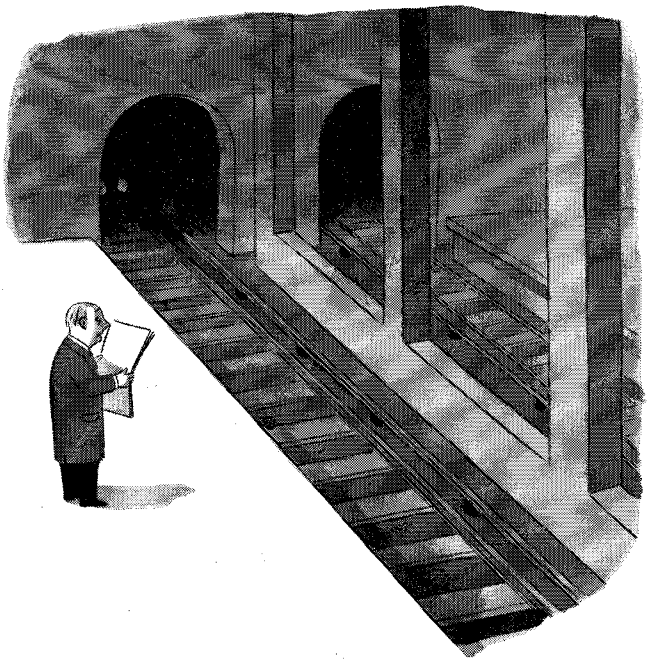
"I didn't look at the slip," she said now. "I put on my coat—*you* saw me in my coat when I came up to your flat?—and went to the shop, and when I gave the slip in the man pushed it back at me. It was two years old!"

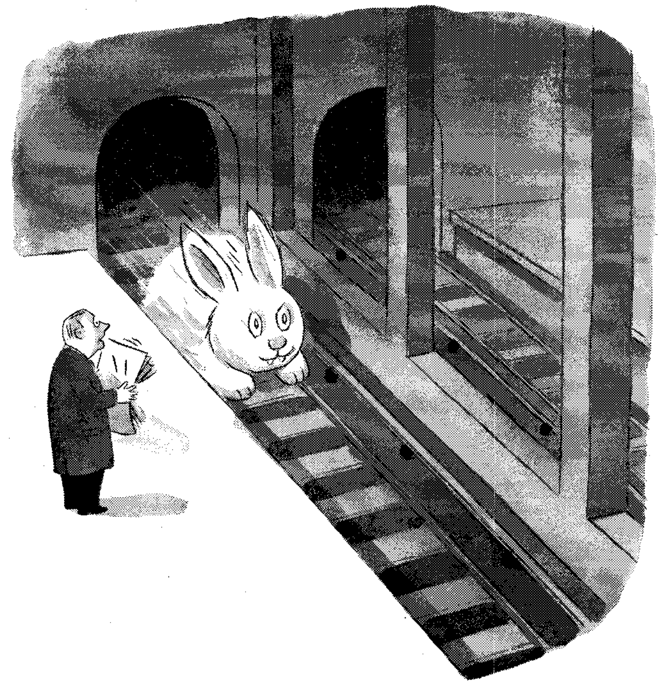
There was awe in her face as she stopped for breath. It turned into a sudden laugh, hissing with delight along her teeth.

"The wrong slip?" said Lionel, who was a literal rather than a laughing man, and looked at the stretched fingers of his hand. Then he understood: her laugh showed a pride in the irresistible folly of Mr. Summers.

Lionel saw the first tear in her great still eyes. And, even more proudly, she said, "I didn't want to make a fool of him in front of the doctor. Alec, you know, was a solicitor."

As he listened, Lionel became even more aware that Mrs. Morris was a





body. His clientele were no more than heads that he gardened as he gardened the plants on his balcony. He understood that their physical struggle with Summers had created an unwanted bond. Headless she might be, from his professional point of view, but she was alive, because she was deep in the belief in the plural quality of her person.

Since she admired his flat, and, goodness knows, he admired it himself—never thought of anything else once he got home in the evenings—he showed her round it. It was not a stew of upholstery, a goulash of furniture, as hers was. Every object had been picked up, collected with great care, and had had to show itself worthy. Nothing, absolutely nothing, had come out of a boutique; nothing here was poudré, jokey, or licentiously odd. He showed her the perfect kitchen, installed by himself, and every glittering utensil.

"Alec would have loved this," she said, conveying that it terrified her. "He always did the cooking, never let me near the stove. Never cleaned it, either. If he had a fault, he had a cook's temper." And she went on, speaking in questions in her way of begging for an answer. "I suppose that was why he was so jealous of my husband and hated my poor Tom? Wouldn't have the poor boy in the flat?"

That, no doubt, was the measure of her love for the man: he was an unanswerable egotist.

They went by turn into the two other rooms, the first of which he said he was going to redecorate. "Lionel," she said as she looked in and went out, "I wish you'd decorate my flat. Tell me what to do."

Her words came back to him afterward, but here he bent down and picked up a piece of lint from the carpet in the hall and then simply gazed politely at her without replying. He was vain of living alone. He shopped, cooked, cleaned, and polished. His cupboards were models of order. His glass was polished. His china gleamed. The jars and packets in his refrigerator were labelled. If anything broke or went wrong, he himself repaired it. He took her out to his balcony, where his plants thrived. He showed her the glazed cabinet fixed to his wall, electrically heated, where he grew his seedlings. Decorate? Advise? Certainly not. She was clearly incompetent. After the death of Summers the smell of saucepans burned out on the stove in her flat used to come up to his kitchen. Out of kindness on that early visit, he gave her a small plant in a pot for *her* balcony.

That was a mistake. In a couple of weeks she came up with the dying plant. Overwatered. She sat with him for an hour. After this she started telephoning him, about things that had gone wrong in her flat, and then, when he evaded her, she started slipping notes under his door. Once a week he did not mind seeing her, hearing about Summers' will, or her son Tom, but twice in a week was too much. She sat on his sofa, often in that red coat and skirt which did not go at all with his room, talking away about everyday life.

"I love sitting here looking at everything," she said once, sighing naïvely. "You are so cozy."

"Cozy" was not a word he liked. He was a busy, practical man, not given to idle speculations.

"You ought to have been a decorator," she went on, back on her theme.

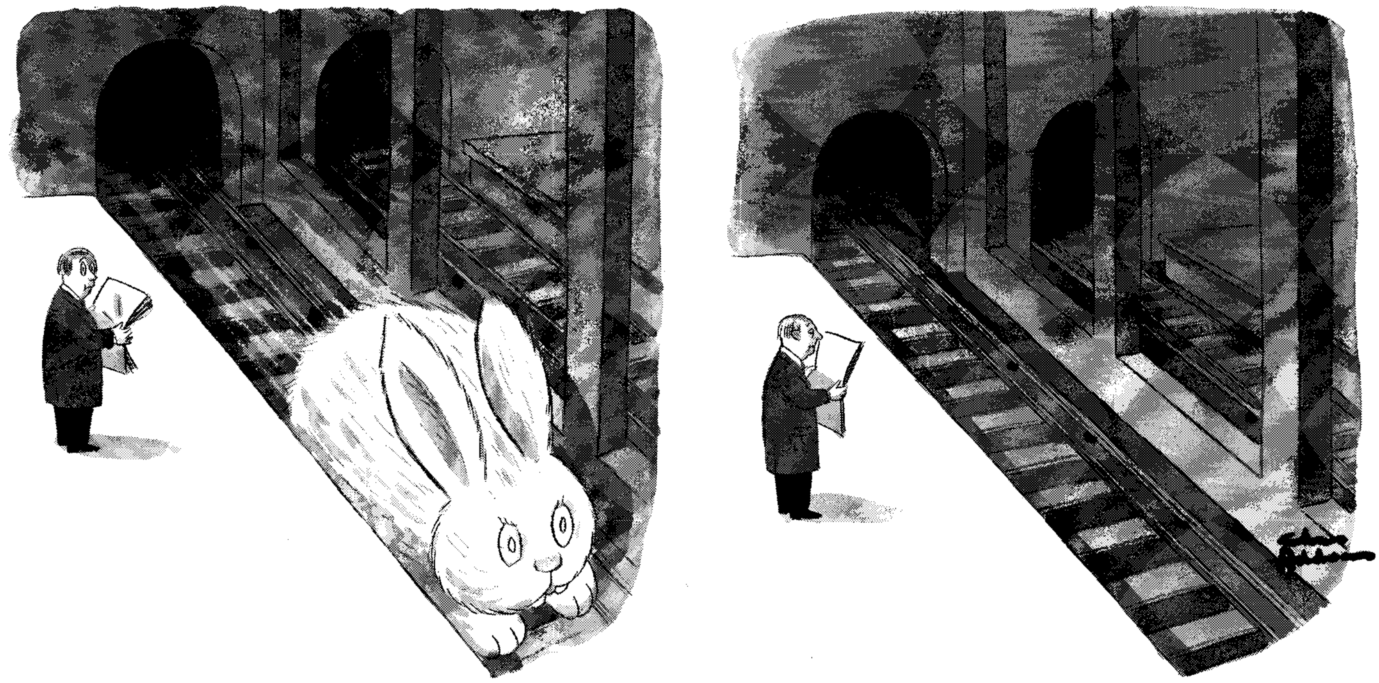
He said as dryly as possible, struck, however, by the thought, "I suppose I am." He was thinking of his work at the Salon.

"Of course! That is what you are!" And she laughed. "I was never taught to do anything."

As usual, her words suggested that her life was a string of accidents for which she had been avid and that when these were disastrous they left an aftermath of glee. The only subject that did not end in a laugh was her son, by Mr. Morris. She had "put" the boy firmly into a New Zealand bank and he had left that for a job in Canada. She was proud he had done that, because her ex-husband, Mr. Morris, with his usual perversity, had tried to stop him.

Lionel said that boys change their minds and that he himself had once wanted to go on the stage.

He was a listener, and was unpre-



pared when this admission made her stop talking about herself. "Why didn't you?" she said.

"There was a boy at school called Archie. His father was a barber, like mine. He used to act in the school play. He would put the heads of girls on pictures of Vikings in the history books—the girls in the class."

"And did he go on the stage?"

"He was older than me. Killed in the war," said Lionel.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Morris, eager to mourn. "So you became a hairdresser?"

Surprised by the intimacy of this and not wishing to talk about Archie (who had come to life in his mind), Lionel said, "No, nothing to do with Archie. I suppose it was because I used to watch my mother doing her hair when I was a boy. Brushing it, with all those hairpins in her mouth, putting up a piece of hair on top of her head and holding it there. It used to fall down, and I had to hold it for her, because it often fell down when she picked up another long piece from the other side. Then she would start winding it round. It always came out all right in the end, like a conjuring trick. She wouldn't let Father touch it with his scissors, when short hair came in. She kept hers long until she died."

"I know," said Mrs. Morris. "I used to see her when Alec and I moved into the flat and she was living with you."

"That was when Father died," he said.

"You used to take her to the theatre," said Mrs. Morris fondly. "You go to the theatre a lot, don't you?"

Lionel was alarmed. He wished he had not revealed anything about himself. The next thing, she would be getting round him to take her to the theatre.

That same evening, she did something very tiresome as he stooped slightly to open the door to let her out of the flat. "Poor Archie," she said. "You were so good to your mother. Not every son is." And suddenly she kissed him on top of the head, rather greedily, and, having ruffled his hair, started to put it right.

That was too much. She was ordinary life, and ordinary life always went too far. After this he made a point of putting her off when she telephoned or slipped another note under his door. He was going out, he said. Or he was washing paint, getting the spare room ready for his sister. Also, twice after Mrs. Morris left he had to get a cloth and wipe a stain of spilled whiskey from the seat of the velvet sofa she had been sitting on, and then—as he said to one of his customers at the Salon—he had to hunt for days all over London for something that really got stains off velvet and in the end he had to get the sofa reupholstered. The expense! The visits stopped. If by chance he travelled up with her in the lift he felt that too much life was going up with him; to judge by her plaintive expression, it was life abashed by its longing for company.

HE got back to the hotel. She and her son were dining in a distant corner of the crowded room. A long time passed before he saw them leave, and they showed no sign of seeing him. He went up to his room. It will be intolerable, he thought to himself. Why didn't I ask how long they were staying? I must get out. He lay on his bed looking at a guidebook for new places.

The danger of the next morning was that he might meet them near the villas on the road. Any one of them might be the one where she and her son were staying. But once he was on the beach below and had climbed to the cliff, he knew he was safe for the day; with his feet on the close turf, his mind scattered her while his restless eyes collected all the details of the long stretch of sea, with the sky like another country hanging over it. No human voices—only the screams of gulls and the hum of the wind. Below him, the sea came pouring, black as whales, into the deep gullies between the rocks and was sucked out like suds and then hurled in again. These walks were personal victories for Lionel after the months of piddle-paddling (as he said) round all those ladies in the London Salon. Occasionally he saw other walking men or women on some higher or lower ground, keeping their distance, as he kept his; if they chanced to walk close by, they passed like solitary clouds, unmarred by a muddling word. People really were like clouds in the sky, born out of the horizon and, as the hours went by, slowly joining the rising gray populations and processions that drifted away across the blue sky and the changing sunlight. Every year he felt reborn here. The sky was always young and ageless, the rocky land got older every day. Clip-clip-clipping in the Salon, Lionel also aged with every day, but here every hour made him younger as he aged.

When he got back to the hotel at the end of the afternoon, he was surprised to notice that Mrs. Morris and her son were not in the dining room. What a fuss about nothing!

And so it went on. Wet or fine, he was out, on top of this promontory or that, going farther every day, as if daring the Morrises. Four days passed. Not a sign of them. Had he been rude? What were they doing? Was she, in her slapdash way, being almost pompously discreet? He didn't want to chat, but he would have liked to tell her and her son about some of his discoveries. For example, terror. His life had been without it; hers must have had its precipitant moments, poor sentimental soul. The paths he followed from one cliff edge to the next would suddenly zigzag and turn inland and then seaward again, round appalling ravines whose black or lichened walls dropped sheer to inaccessible spits of sand below. Gulls and crows were so often at their savage wars there. Sometimes there were bloody feathers torn from dead bodies on the grass. There was one particular place, close to an estuary, where the land was in a state of debacle: huge blocks of rocks, the size of houses or fallen castles, had been torn off the cliffs and were stranded there in a chaos of spouting water. Closer to the shore was a brutal coagulation of stranded rock that had astonished him when he saw it on his first holiday here—a year when he had had a row with one of the stylists at the Salon. The rock looked like the body of a truncated man, with arms chopped short, a huge chest, and a head tilted back so that one saw only the underside of a chin—a giant in a barber's chair, tipped back and ready for a shave. He would have liked to tell Mrs. Morris about rocks. She would stretch her eyes and give one of her amazed laughs, as she always did at grotesque things made half true. That tale of her husband hitting her on the head with a bottle and leaving the scar had been told like a wonder. Had *her* chin tipped back like that?

There was one more terror, for the collector of terrors, which Lionel called the Black Wall. It was a ravine, which he often studied from one side and then the other. It dropped sheer to a spit of sand left by the tide, where there was a narrow isolated rectangle of flat rock, like the hull of a lost ship or perhaps a table where fifty people could sit down to eat. On this particular outing he noticed for the first time that there were boulders just below the top of the wall and from below them there was a thin, irregular scratched line going steeply down, vanishing behind lower boulders and then beginning again. The scratch must once have been a path used by fishermen. He stepped down a yard or two, daring himself to go down, then, frightened, crawled back. "Better not," he said, looking at his hands. They were his living. He could not afford to break his fingers or his wrists on a giddy climb like that. Anyway, he had his eye on a coming black cloud that was dragging rain across the sea, and he had no sooner turned back toward home than a squall did blow up, whipping him and soaking him before he was halfway back to the hotel. He broke his rule and went into the bar for a large whiskey.

This was on the sixth evening.

"Hullo," said Mrs. Morris's son. He was sitting on a stool at the bar with a young girl wearing jeans, his hand on her knee. She was simply pretty, with her fair hair knotted up in a careless way.

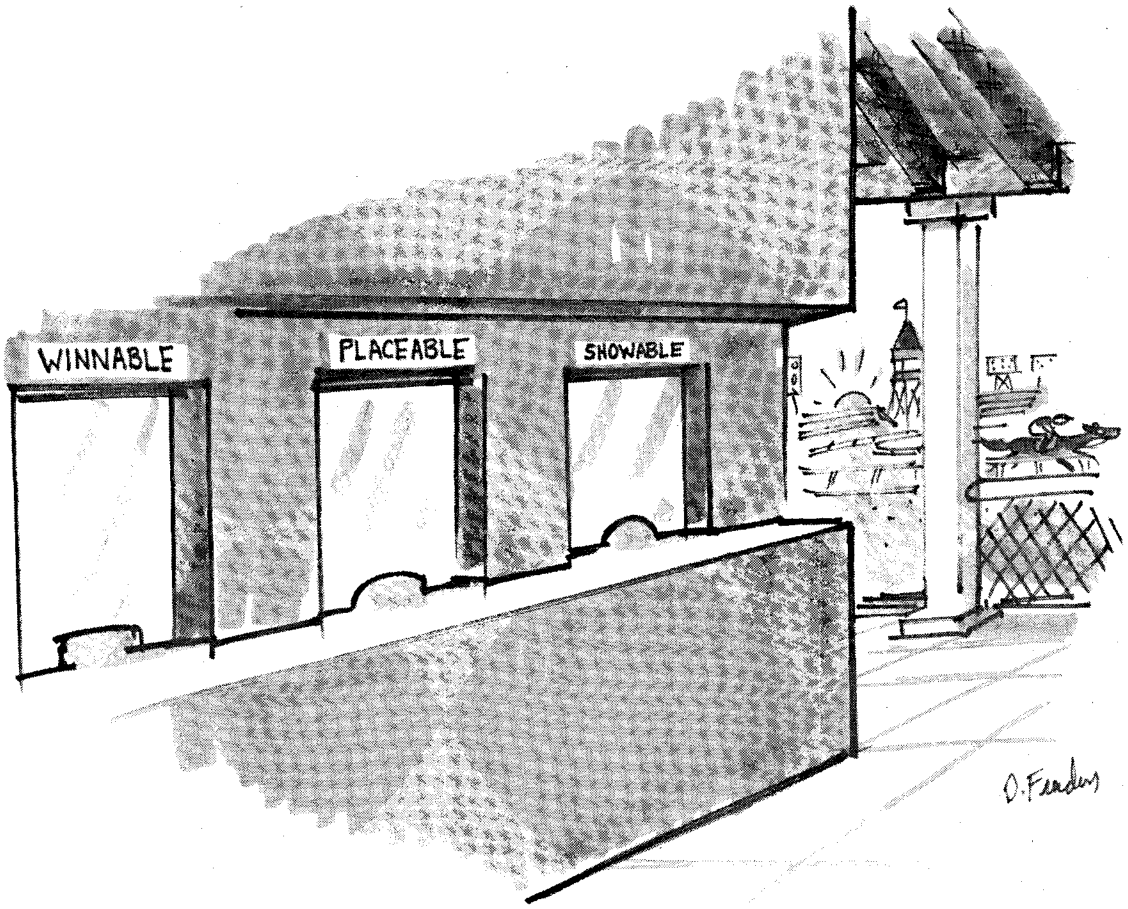
"This is Sal," said the son. "Mr. Frazier."

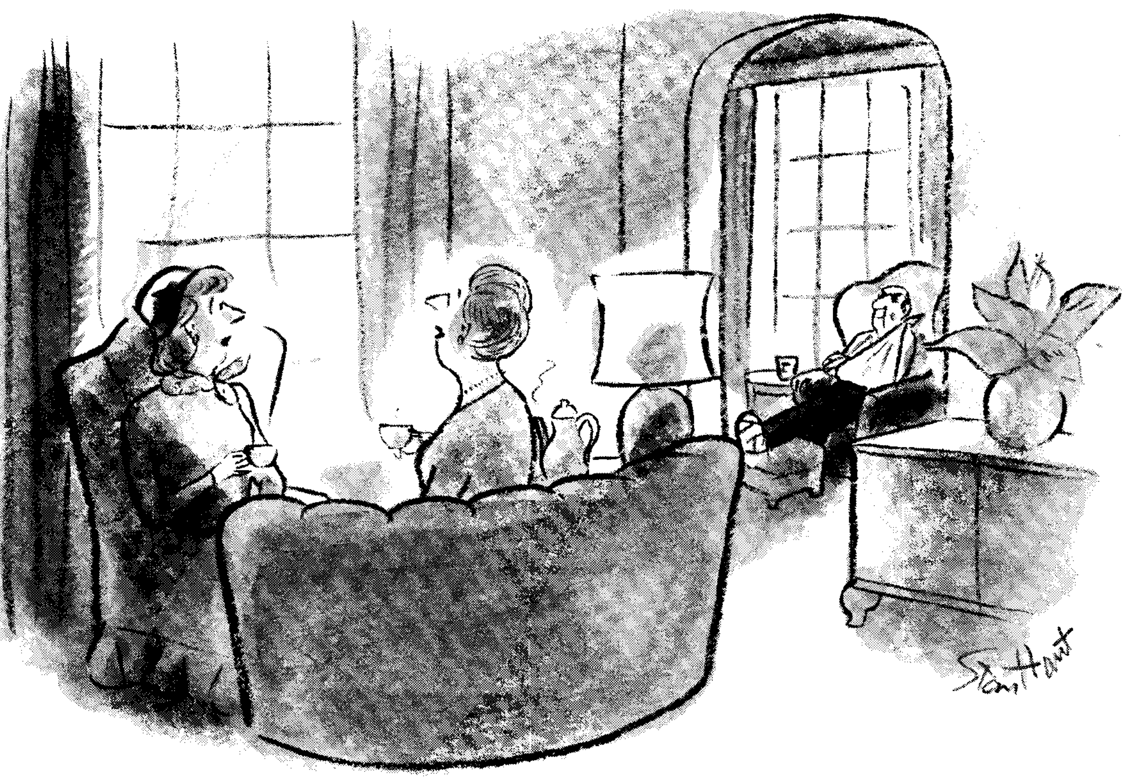
"You live in Falmouth?" said the girl.

"Get clued up," said the worldly young man. "Mr. Frazier is a friend of Ma's in London. That's someone else. I told you."

"Sorry," said the girl. "Oh, I know! We saw you this afternoon, out on the cliff."

"Coming up from the





"Herbert refused to bow out gracefully."

• •

Coffin," the young man said. "How far did you get? Ma dropped us on the road and we came across the fields—it's only a mile. She's gone to have her hair done and we had to bloody well walk back. We got soaked. Did you? Did you get to the bottom? It's called the Coffin, you know. I took Sal to look at it."

"I didn't see you," said Lionel. Watched!

"Ma used to take us on picnics down the path there when I was a kid. Very sheltered down there. We used to have a house back on the road." And to the girl he said, "In Dad's time—I told you. Before they split up."

A young know-all, thought Lionel. Carries on as if he owned the cliffs and all that sea. "Your mother took you down that wall!" he said to the boy. "It's impossible."

"A bit dizzy, but it used to be all right. I know what you mean—you can't get down now; the rock's fallen."

"Will you have a drink?" Lionel said.

"I think I'd better not. Sal's soaked through and I've got to drop her. Ma will be back. But thanks."

Lionel watched them go. "A friend in London"? . . . "Someone else"? What did the knowing boy mean? And where on earth could she get her hair done in this part of the world? Not that that would bother her!

Well, thought Lionel, that lets me off the hook. I suppose I've been rather rude to the old bird. He found himself wishing to see the fat woman who had got down the Black Wall when she was young.

He went in to dinner. There were two or three large, laughing parties of old friends in the middle of the crowded dining room and murmuring gray-haired couples at other tables. Corks were popping. Between courses, slow in being served because he was alone, Lionel tried to see if she and her son and the girl had slipped in and were at the table at the other end of the room. They were not.

In the morning, the wind was steadier, the rain quieter, but the sky was dirty and the sea looked like unwashed linen. The seagulls perched on aerials and chimneys, their indignant heads into the wind. That was the trouble on this coast. Fogs or rain would set in for days. The guests in the hotel turned their backs to the windows and sat hiding themselves behind newspapers; the heartier ones went boisterously out to their cars. One or two little groups sat about talking about their relations in the towns they came from, in the tones of people sitting out after a funeral. Every now and then, a golfer would come back from the main door dispirited. On this day, Lionel sat in the coffee room, which was usually empty in the morning. An expert in choosing chairs, he had marked one down for himself on his first day. He kept an eye on the puddles on the terrace and saw at last that the rain was stopping. Then he heard a voice saying to one of the waiters, "I wonder if I could have some coffee."

Mrs. Morris was standing there, carrying a raincoat and wearing a white scarf round her head. She came at once to sit with him. She had walked up, she said, because something had gone wrong with the power at her flat.

"Would you like me to drop down and look at it?" he said at once, to make amends. He had once or twice put something right in the stove she maltreated at her London flat.

"No, it's the landlord's job to see to it," she said. And then, flirtatiously wagging a finger at him, "No 'walkies' today?"

She did not take her scarf off, and although her face looked bare it was shapely. "We went to Falmouth yesterday," she said. "The trees in the harbor are much better there than here. Taller, more sheltered." Then, relaxing, "Tom said he saw you yesterday at the Coffin. Mr. Morris, my husband, had a house a couple of miles away once." She laughed. "Tom wanted to show his girl the place where he was brought up. Especially the Coffin."

That word seemed to excite her.

"I dropped them there," she went on. "It's a mistake to go back to the past. I mean at my age. Our age. Don't you think?" Yet she said this with the pride of one who had always chosen the mistake when she was young, and even now she had the warm, wide-open eyes of a woman hoping for another.

"Tom has got a very pretty girl," Lionel said.

"Oh, I'm so relieved he's got a girl at last—I can't tell you! I'd begun to think—" She stopped. "He just wasn't interested. I mean, he's twenty-nine. Not afraid of them, always about with them, but . . . indifferent. I was afraid it was my fault."

"They seemed full of themselves," Lionel said.

"He's very good at his job," she said. "I was afraid that the divorce had upset him. Alec hated him. I told you. It was so difficult. The funny thing is"—and it was clear she thought that this, being funny, was a revelation—"Tom liked Alec! Liked him better than his own father. Tom was really sad when Alec died."

"He was sad for you," Lionel said, remembering that he himself had disliked Mr. Summers. The man had looked like the soapy bust of someone who had never existed. Perhaps there was something sexy in the blind, bland conceit of busts?

Frazier waited. As usual, acting on a logic of her own, she was off on a new tack.

"You see, Lionel," she suddenly said, "my mother died when I was a girl, a child. Not died, exactly, but was 'put away.' Weak in the head, you know. I didn't really know her. I'll never forget what you told me about your own mother, doing her hair. When I grew up, my father used to take me abroad with him on business. Norway, Sweden, France. He had a lot of business friends. He was in timber."

"Lonely for a girl," he said.

"Most people thought I was having a wonderful time, but you are right, Lionel. I *was* alone half the time, sitting in hotel rooms, reading novels. The novels I read! Eating. Talking to waiters. I used to think of my mother. Mr. Morris was much older than I—in timber, too, a friend of Father's. After him—I mean, after the divorce—I was afraid of Tom's *feeling* for me."

She looked at him greedily, intently. Lionel saw she was working up to asking him why he hadn't married.

"Do you think a mother can be too frank?" she said.

Lionel was lost. He wondered if she could mean she had been chased all round Europe by her father's friends. He could see that she might have been a pretty girl, dangerous in her naïveté, piling up daydreams, or perhaps not innocent at all.

"Was it really because of your mother you took up doing women's hair?" she said, leaning forward, avid for a secret.

"No," he said. "Men's hairdressing was going downhill. More money in the women's trade." He was about to tell her about the rock that looked like a man tipped back waiting for a shave. (Her habit of rambling from the point was infectious.) But she was too quick.

"Ah!" she said, with all her breath. "Money! That's it, isn't it? You had to look after your mother. I mean, you had her to live with you. I remember when Alec and I moved into the flat. We used to see you both going out together." Then, looking around the room to see if anyone had come in and could hear, she said in a low voice, "Alec *did* something wrong, against the law—something solicitors are not allowed to do. I never found out what it was. He nearly went to prison. They wouldn't let him continue his practice. I mean, when he died he hardly left me anything. Well, thank goodness the flat belongs to me. I'm so grateful to Tom. He came over to sort things out. He thinks I should sell it. It's worth double what I gave for it, he says. What d'you think, Lionel?"

What an extraordinary thing—Mrs. Morris no longer there! New people. Builders, painters, hammering. How awful!

She glowed in the surprise she had given him.

"I wouldn't do it if I were you," he said. "That's really what you'd have to pay elsewhere, and you'd be worse off. Look at the cost of removals in London! Everyone forgets that." In fact, not liking change himself, he wanted to stop her.

VALENTINE

In summer they bunched like fruit, green
over green, lemon and lime,
darker on the sun side. Picked,
they looked like paper hearts—
pinned on paper, the way
we hung them up to dry at school.
They'd dry the color of the season.

This season I'm remembering climbing
onto the muscular branch of that
linden just to breathe, those nights
the second-story heat was bad enough
you had to sit it out. Moonlight
was cool coming down through the leaves—
it smelled of the earth dug at the root.

I let it cover me. I let it gather
on the ground into shadow
and small places, like water.
I'm remembering how clear things were
three or four in the morning twenty
feet above the day—I'm remembering
how I knew I had a soul because

it felt so good breathing this good air.
Luck is a tree branching to the roof
outside your window. I sat there, half asleep,
pulling off leaves, watching them disappear.
By dawn they were everywhere under me, gold,
silver, green, each the size of the hand
we lay on the sleep of children.

—Stanley Plumly

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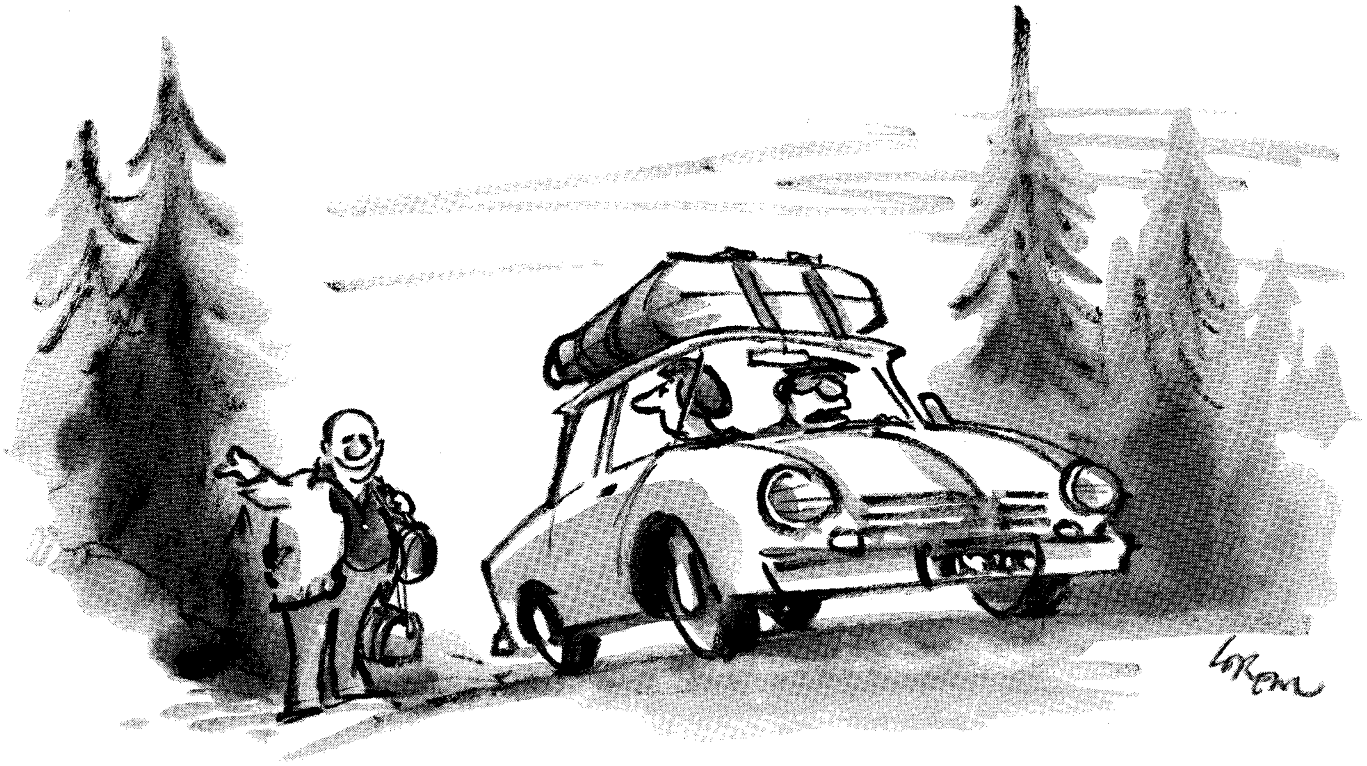


"I'm sure Charles Kuralt would have his own transportation."

• •

"I don't want to be a burden on Tom. He wants me to go to Canada with him. I suppose I could, but he's very serious about this girl. He's fallen flat for her these last weeks. Down here! He met her with an old friend we've been seeing here. I wish I had talked to you about this before, Lionel. I'm afraid I've been very standoffish. You must have thought I was avoiding you, but it wasn't that. We've been out all the time. I've known this *friend* most of my life, when his wife was alive. I told him about you and Alec. But I don't know whether I'd like to go back and live in the country again. Plants die when they see me!" Her eyes were brilliant when she laughed now.

"And in London he'd miss his garden," she added, looking around the room again. "It's stuffy in here, isn't it?" And she began fidgeting with the knot on her scarf.

"He wants to marry me, but I don't know," she went on, whether offended by her scarf or this "friend" Lionel could not tell. "He's coming over to dinner tomorrow night. I would love you to meet him. You always know what to do!"

And then she tugged off her scarf. He had been looking only at a face, but now as she shook back her hair he saw that half of what he had called the old rope had gone. The hair had been chopped into short curl-like lengths, her forehead was clear, her eyebrows had come to life.

"You've changed your hair," he said. He nearly said, "You have come out into the open." Then the stylist said, "But it's marvellous—so young. One can see the ears and the neck. The forehead is rounded." He moved both his hands, as if modelling the roundness himself.

"Not severe?" she said. "Or golliwoggy? As though I'd fallen through a hedge?"

"It brings out the eyes," he said. "It's perfect. Slimming, too."

"You are a darling," she said. "I am so frightened. It shows the gray."

It was perhaps a touch golliwoggy; he was silent about that. But he said a slight salting of gray gave a "piquancy, a dignity" to a head.

"Now you have a *head!*" he exclaimed, that being for him indispensable in a woman. "I am jealous."

"Ah?" she said curiously.

"I'm jealous of the man who did it. Where did you get it done?"

"Tom's girlfriend found him for me," she said, disappointed. "Do you really think the forehead's all right?"

He knew she was thinking of the scar. "Perfect," he said. And, in fact, the scar did not show.

"It was rather an awful place really," she said. "Do you know, a dog got in from the street and started eating the hair that had fallen on the floor? The poor thing might have choked to death." She gazed. An omen? she seemed to ask.

"The time!" she said, getting up. "I must get back. Look there, out of the window—there's a pair of wagtails jumping at the flies. They never fly straight. Thank you, thank you, Lionel," she said, with a prudish glance around the room. "Between ourselves, Lionel! I mean, you won't say anything to anyone here—I mean, about what I've told you?"

He nodded as they walked through the foyer of the hotel to the door, where she refused to put her scarf on.

"I miss you," she said, and after a step or two she looked back at him with a pout of mock despair that seemed to implicate him in her continuing fate. —V. S. PRITCHETT

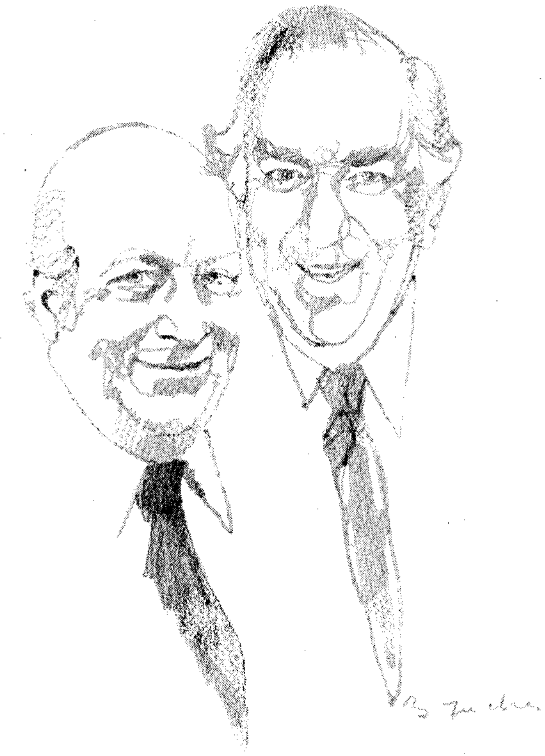
•

Henry Simonds is trying to make a list of Winchester families who are living in the same house that their descendants lived in.—*Winchester* (*Mass.*) *Star.*

No real problem there.

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

TWO-MAN SHOW



Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding

THE Museum of Broadcasting, hard by Paley Plaza, on East Fifty-third Street, is holding a retrospective of the works of Bob and Ray, who for thirty-six years have, as unique producer-author-actors, invented, dreamed up the lines for, and then played, mainly on radio and television, a surrealistic Dickensian repertory company, which chastens the fools of the world with hyperbole, slapstick, parody, verbal nonsense, non sequitur, and sheer wit, all of it clean, subtle, and gentle. The members of the company bear names like O. Leo Leahy (a writer), Wally Ballou (a reporter), Commander Neville Putney (a world traveller and lecturer), Holden Merkley (a comparison shopper), Joe Blimmix (a private eye), Mary McGoon (a food expert), Captain Parker Gibbes (a public-relations man), Bodin Pardew (a lawyer), Gerhart Snutton (a young physician), Barry Campbell (a Broadway and Hollywood star), and Lieutenant Rorshack (a cop), and all are bores, frauds, nincompoops, pompous asses, crazies, or crooks. Bob and Ray's humor turns on their faultless timing and on their infinite sense of the ridiculous. It is also framed by that special sly, dry, wasteless vision of life perfected during the past couple of centuries by middle-class New Englanders. (Bob was born in Boston in 1923 and Ray in Lowell in 1922.) They began working together by accident on radio station WHDH, in Boston, in 1946, and at first everything they did was improvised. (They still improvise, but most often they rely on variations of old material long since written down or taped.) Bob said recently, "We did what we did on HDH to amuse ourselves. The material happened on the air, and it was pure necessity. It wasn't always funny, but it was *some*thing." They parodied radio, and when the radio they grew up with disappeared they parodied television. But during the past ten or fifteen years a curious thing has happened to their repertory company: its best and funniest members have become free-floating and universal. It is no longer necessary to know that Mary and Harry Backstayge, in the Bob and Ray soap opera "Mary Backstayge, Noble Wife," were originally parodies of Mary and Larry Noble of the old radio soap "Mary Noble, Backstage Wife." The Backstayges have become archetypical show-biz fools. The late Alec Wilder was right when he said of Bob and Ray "They manage the effect of defining levels of society, of cant, of pretension. They produce their own gravity, as in Newton, and they turn it off and on as they choose."

Half of Bob and Ray's brilliance is their material, and half is the way they deliver it. Both men possess old-time radio voices, full of resonance and clarity and strength. They are good mimics (Arthur Godfrey, Peter Lorre, Senator Joe McCarthy, Walter Brennan, Walter Cronkite), but generally they endow their characters with infinite variations of their own voices. Bob has a medium baritone, and he achieves his various effects by sounding nasal (Wally Ballou), soft and watery (Kent Lyle Birdley, an old radio announcer, often tight), dull-toned (Harry Backstayge), pinched and flat (the Komodo-dragon expert), and hyperactive (the president of the Fast Talkers of America). Ray has a heavy, eight-wheeled baritone. He could once squeeze it into a coloratura falsetto (Mary McGoon, Mary Backstayge), but now it won't go much past a high tenor. He uses the full depth of his voice for pompous figures (the playwright Gregg Marlowe), who when they talk on the telephone are apt to go "Umm umm umm"—sounds that suggest heavy furniture being pushed across a concrete floor. He does the occasional children who turn up in the company, and he handles most of the wiseacres and crooks, using a wet midrange baritone (Fielding Backstayge). Perhaps his most startling creation is Captain Wolf Larsen, a composite of Jack London's sea captain, Long John Silver, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. When Larsen is sane, he invites his passengers to his cabin for sherry and biscuits, speaking in an oily Uriah Heep voice. When he tips over into insanity (generally caused by his being hit on the head by a boom or by his falling downstairs), his voice becomes raging and cruel and bottomless. Bob and Ray's supreme vocal effects occur when they do a group scene from, say, "Mary Backstayge," in which Mary, Harry, Calvin Hoogevin (their next-door neighbor), Pop Beloved (the stage-door man), and Gregg Marlowe talk together. Ray does Mary, Marlowe, and Hoogevin, and Bob does Harry and Pop Beloved. Sometimes there is such a crossing and recrossing of sounds that the voices all seem to be going at once, and the whole suggests a great passage of collective musical improvisation.

The retrospective at the Museum of Broadcasting is twenty-five hours long, and is presented in daily five-hour segments, Tuesday through Saturday, until July 10th. It includes Bob and Ray's own television and radio shows; some of their commercials; a never-before-shown animated film; an adaptation for cable television of their 1970 Broadway show, "The Two and Only;" a space fantasy written for WNET by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; a film by Tim Sheehan about Bob and Ray; and appearances on "The Ed Sullivan Show," the "Today" show, Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, the radio show "Monitor," the "Steve Allen Hour," the David Letterman show, Perry

Como, and "Omnibus." The retrospective is full of wonders, and among them are:

The last show Bob and Ray did on WHDH before they moved for good to New York, in late June of 1951. It includes a duet from "Call Me Madam" in which Ray, in his falsetto, does Ethel Merman, and Bob, in his Arthur Godfrey voice, does Russell Nype; a medley of songs that Bob and Ray "made popular," one being Nick Kenny's "I'd Like to Be a Cow in Switzerland;" and an interview with Barry Campbell about his recent movie "Stampede," made in Colorado with "Pooblo" Indians, and with Lionel Barrymore portraying Lewis Stone.

Their first New York radio show, done for NBC a few days later and including an episode of "The Life and Loves of Linda Lovely" (Announcer: "Can a young mother with three children married to a Broadway star be a good mother and still live high in New York City?"), in which David Lovely (Bob, in a dull, handsome voice), Linda's husband, is released from prison after eight years when it is discovered that he did not kill Wealthy Jacobus Pike (Bob, in a high hoarse voice), and which is closed by David and Linda singing "Auld Lang Syne" together.

One of their early television shows, made in 1952 for NBC, in which Mary McGoon demonstrates how to put together a skewer of shish kabob, first sliding on the "kabobs" (the tomatoes), then the "shishes" (the meat), and Bob interviews a man who trains dogs to run onto football fields and disrupt the game, thereby giving the television sponsors more time to advertise.

A 1963 appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show," in which three interviews are planted in the audience: Bob questioning Ray as a writer of children's books who talks like a Dick and Jane reader; Ray interviewing Bob as president of the Fast Talkers of America, which completed its annual meeting that morning, in fourteen minutes; and Ray interviewing Bob as the recording secretary of the Slow Talkers of America.

A segment of the television adaptation of "The Two and Only" in which Wally Ballou interviews Ward Smith, a cranberry grower:

Ballou: Wally Ballou here in Times Square with a fast-breaking cranberry story, ladies and gentlemen! After you harvest them, Mr. Smith, do you have your own processing plant?

Smith: Processing plant? What do you mean by that, Mr. Ballou?

Ballou: By that I mean, do you have your own factory for squeezing the juice out of the cranberries?

Smith: Squeezing the juice out of cranberries? I never heard of—

Ballou: Yes . . . to make cranberry juice.

Smith: *Juice*? Out of cranberries?

Ballou: Yes, for your cranberry-juice cocktails.

Smith: Cranberry-juice cocktails?

Ballou: Or perhaps you make cranberry sauce out of them?

Smith: What would that be for? A dessert?

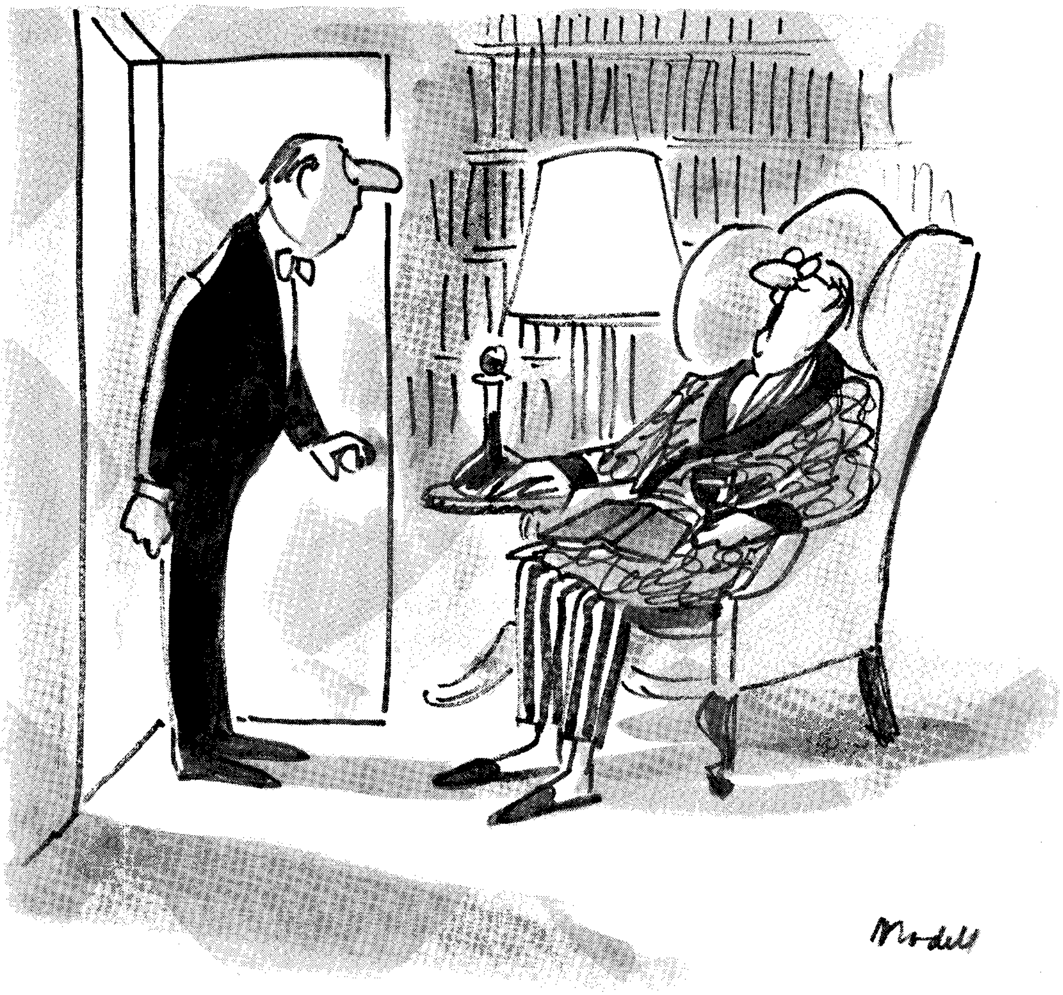
Ballou: No, you serve it as a side dish . . . with turkey or meats.

Smith: Well, I never! You know, you've triggered something here. . . .

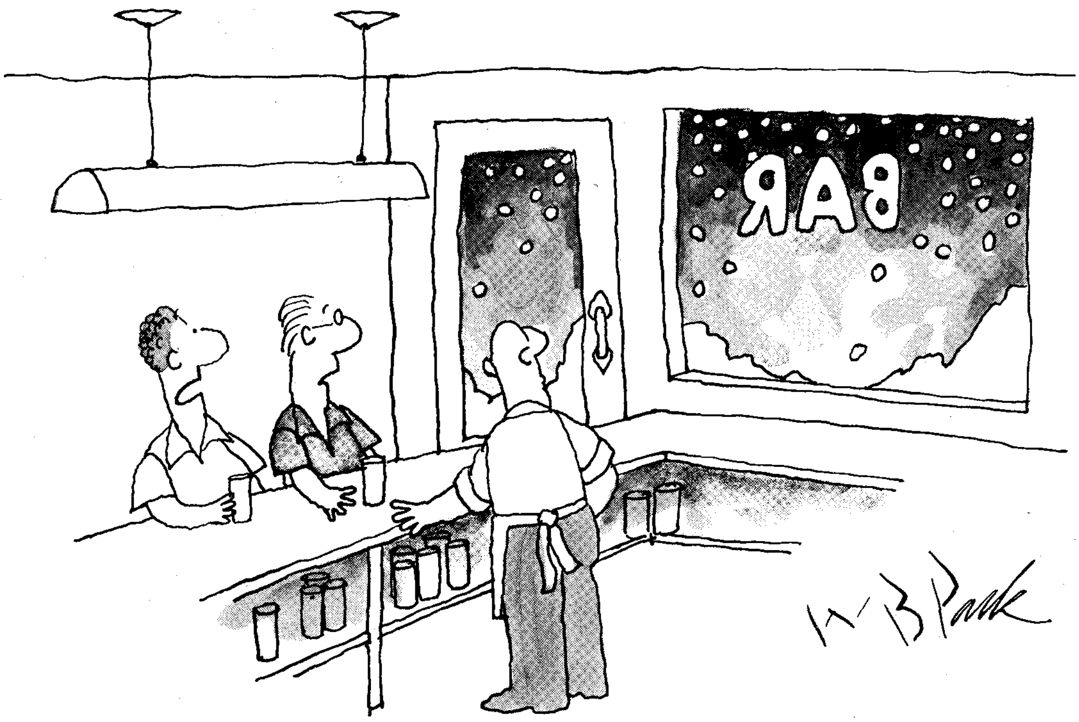
A 1972 appearance on the ABC television program "Comedy News" in which Ray, as a rude, inattentive interviewer, questions Bob as Dr. Franklin Ferry Foster, an authority on sea otters ("It sleeps with its chin on its chest, a paw over each eye").

And a recent appearance on David Letterman's late-night show in which Barry Campbell describes how in his latest Broadway flop he forgot his lines for thirty-four minutes and sat onstage reading a prop newspaper while the members of the audience walked about and visited with one another.

Bob Elliott, born Robert Brackett Elliott, was raised in the Boston suburb of Winchester, the only child of a Cambridge father, who was in insurance, and a Maine mother, who did needlework, refinished antique furniture, and painted tôleware. After high school, he studied at the Feagin drama school, in New York, and worked as an usher at Radio City Music Hall and as a page at NBC. He landed an announcer's job at WHDH when he was eighteen. He is medium-sized and dapper. The little hair he has is white. His face, comfortably



"I'm going on a holiday, Caruthers. Pack up all my cares and woes."



"Oh, my Lord! Here it comes again."

filled out, is Scottish: he has prominent eyes, flat, slightly elfin ears, a bold aquiline nose, and a ruddy complexion. The pleasantness stamped on his face suggests that he has never been depressed, unkind, selfish, or jealous. He lives on the East Side of Manhattan with his wife, Lee. Their five children are grown, and they have three grandchildren. They love to walk, and sometimes they walk whole weekends away. Bob talked briefly the other day about his life. (Neither Bob nor Ray cares to talk about himself. Like most humorists, they save their autobiographies for their work.)

"We've just done eight half-hour shows for National Public Radio," Bob said. "They are part variations on old scripts of ours and part ad lib, including a new soap opera based loosely on 'Dallas.' They'll be broadcast in October on NPR's Sunday-afternoon show. Larry Josephson, of WBAI, got the funding and produced the shows. We did them in an RCA studio at Forty-fourth and Sixth, and we did them in front of an audience. We took out an ad in the *Voice* asking those interested to write or call in for tickets, and we'd have two or three hundred people. I think Josephson was trying to re-create the feel and sound of the big old radio shows with audiences—Fred Allen and Eddie Cantor, and such. I feel myself that it affects us, working before an audience. You have to dress up, you have to worry about how you look, how you move. The announcement of our going back into radio has created great interest, and it makes me think that maybe the secret of our success is that we emerge only every few years. We don't saturate the public, and new generations seem to keep discovering us. There are other people who've been on the air as long as we have, or longer: Bob Steele, in Hartford; Carl de Suze, on WBZ, in Boston; and the Gamblings, Henry Morgan, Barry Gray, Pegeen Fitzgerald. But I guess we're the longest-running team on the air, or maybe even in show business.

"Our last daily radio job, at WOR, ended in 1976. Our contract wasn't renewed. I guess those things are all money and accountants and profit-and-loss sheets. We've done O.K. since then. We do regional and national commercials. We do sales meetings and industrial shows. We just finished ten days in San Francisco with McDonald's. They had ten dancers and three singers and a big orchestra, and we were the comic relief. We've been doing a series of films about plant safety for Alcoa. I guess our doing them takes some of the onus off the dullness of the message. We like to think they show them to the workers at eight in the morning, when they laugh at a lot they wouldn't laugh at at eight o'clock at night. We do the Carson show once in a while, and we've just done two David Letterman shows. We did a show on NBC with Gilda Radner and Laraine Newman and Jane Curtin. We did the 'Steve Allen Hour' a couple of years back, and we were on Hodding Carter's show on PBS, 'Inside Story.' I go down to our office in the Graybar Building nearly every day. They want to double our rent, so we're cutting our space in half. We're getting rid of a lot of accumulated stuff, like two huge Ampex tape machines that we bought in 1956 from CBS. We used them to rough out ideas on. I called the Ampex people to see if they wanted them, and it turned out those machines were among the first of their kind that Ampex put out. They had the serial numbers 6 and 44. The Ampex people were delighted to have them, and they came and dismantled them and packed them in plastic popcorn. We put out an L.P. of some of our stuff in the mid-seventies, and for a while we had seven or eight thousand copies sitting around in the office, but they're sold now. I understand that an earlier RCA L.P. sells downtown in second-hand stores for forty or fifty bucks. And we published a book of our scripts, which did pretty well for a book of scripts.

"Since WOR, I've had time to get back to my painting. It's been my thing since I was eight or nine and went to the Exeter School of Art every Saturday morning in Boston. It was run by a big dowager named Elsie Sargent, who I think was related to John Singer Sargent. There were instructors, but she'd sit there the whole three hours, then tour the class to see what we'd done. Later, when I moved to New York, I got to know Dong Kingman, and we used to go out and paint together—to South Street or places where there weren't many people. He didn't say much to me, but I learned a lot technically just from watching him. Two or three years ago, I started doing a series of watercolors of buildings on the main street in Brunswick, Maine, where we've been going summers for the past twenty years. I did them because every

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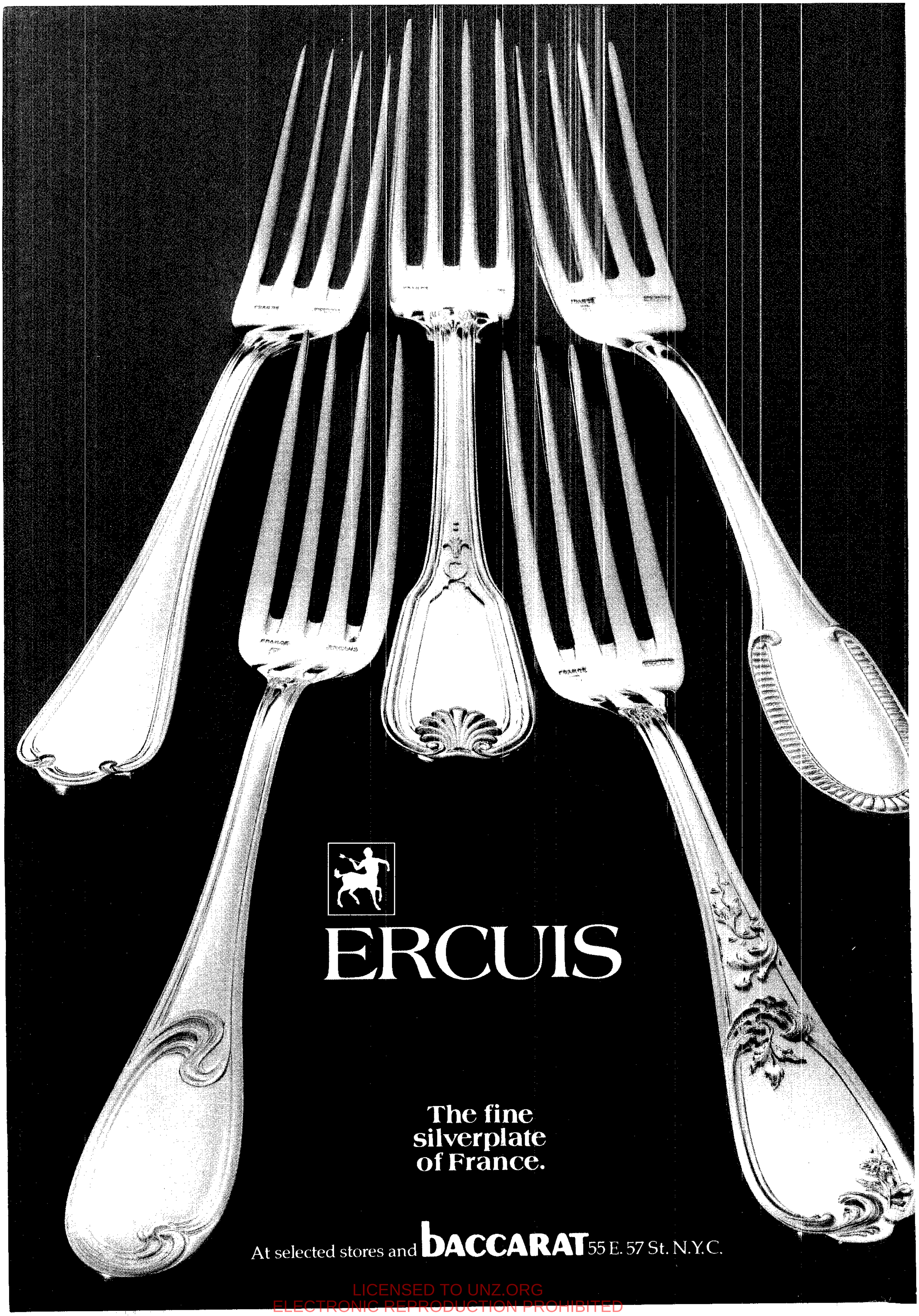
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spring when we went up I'd find that one of my favorite buildings had been torn down or had burned or been remodelled. So I'd take photographs of the buildings I particularly liked, and I'd paint them during the winter in my little New York studio. Last summer, my wife, Lee, took some of the watercolors around to the storekeepers in the buildings I'd done, and they put them in their front windows for people to see. Next thing, there was a newspaper piece, and then Portland television picked it up. The curator of the Bowdoin College art collection saw the TV program and asked me if I'd be interested in having a one-man show of Brunswick pictures at the college in the fall of 1983. I was surprised, and I said yes. He said they wanted eighteen or twenty pictures, and I've done fourteen or fifteen that I hope are good enough.

"I like to use my hands—to build. Maybe I got it from my mother, but carpentry is like mathematics. If you study a book for a week, you can learn to build a house. A couple of summers ago, I built a two-car garage with a studio above it. It's still standing. We keep Lee's mother's 1959 Ford in it. We use the Ford in Maine, and sometimes we drive back and forth to New York in it. In two years, it will qualify as an antique, and not too long after as a classic.

"I do a lot of letter writing. You get older, things bug you. I just won a battle with WYNZ, in Portland. They play a lot of good music, but they play it over and over and over. One of the records they play two or three times a week is a version of 'Ain't Misbehavin' ' that they claimed was by Fats Waller. Well, with all the years I've been playing records on the air, I *knew* it wasn't Fats Waller. Maybe it's Bob Howard, a Waller sound-alike who was around until the fifties. Anyway, I wrote them, and they wrote back—Thanks for listening, we're checking it out. Then, just the other day, they wrote again—It's *not* Fats Waller, but we don't know who it is and won't until maybe the end of the summer. So I won that one, which is more than I did in the summer of 1970. Ray and I made a summer-replacement series for CBS television called 'Happy Days.' It had the Glenn Miller band with Tex Beneke and Helen O'Connell, and it was a good show. We were in Maine when it started to air, and when I tried to turn it on all I could get on our local CBS affiliate was the *Mets*. Joan Payson, who owned the team and had a summer place near us, had paid the station to pipe in all the Mets games. We didn't see the show until we got back to New York."

Ray Goulding, born Raymond Walter Goulding, was one of five children. His father, a textile worker, had the first self-starting car in his neighborhood and the first radio. His mother was a good cook and a good mimic. His older brother Phil got him a job as an announcer at WLLH, in Lowell, when he was seventeen, and he was probably the youngest announcer in radio. He moved to WEEI, in Boston, went into the service, and, in 1945, married Mary Elizabeth Leader. They have six children, one of whom is still in college. He joined WHDH after the war. Ray has aged as gracefully as Bob, even though he is wont to say, "I'll never be as old as I look." He is tall and thickset, and has a strong, crowded face—a generous nose, heavy, wavy eyebrows, and booming jowls. He is pale and delicately colored for such a big man, as if the jokes that have washed around in him so long had rendered him almost transparent. He tends to look bemused or stern, and he keeps his eyes narrowed against the glare of life. He and his wife live on Long Island. The other day, he talked for three or four minutes about himself:

"I feel delighted about the Museum of Broadcasting show. It's an honor, and it's nice to have it happen when you're alive. The reason they found some of the shows on HDH is that they were recorded on those sixteen-inch transcriptions—probably so the station would have something to refer back to in case Bob and I were sued for libel. There were no scripts, because the show was completely ad lib. The noise you hear in the background on the records was the station help. They used to sit around in the studio and giggle. I feel like I've been semi-retired since we left WOR. The show had excellent ratings. But it was kind of a relief to get out of there. A daily radio show is a grind, and I don't think I'd want to do it again. A television show of our own would be something else. I watch baseball and football on television, and I take a lot of photographs. I always have. It doesn't require too much effort. You just go out there and focus. I understand Bob is having a show of his pictures up at Bowdoin College this fall or next. I'll go up if Bowdoin is playing football that weekend."

Bob and Ray finished taping their National Public Radio shows early in June. The old material they use includes an episode of "Emergency Ward" and a hard-luck story and some fake commercials and a Bob and Ray restaurant review (the Far Rockaway House of Clam Chowder and Soda Crackers, now located in Yonkers). The new soap opera, "Garish Summit," revolves around a wealthy widow named Agatha Murchfield (Ray, in his modified falsetto) and her "spineless young executive" son Rodney (Bob, droning, flat). They live in a mansion containing forty-six thousand two hundred square feet. In the first episode, a man (Ray, in his oily voice) appears at the mansion and says he is Rodney's unknown brother Caldwell. By the third episode, Rodney plans to run off with his secretary, and his wife and triplets are preparing to run off with Caldwell. They are taking a hundred and forty-eight million dollars in small unmarked bills found among Rodney's papers. Here is how one episode of "Garish Summit" begins:

(*Organ music.*)

Announcer [Bob's announcer voice]: Welcome again to "Garish Summit" and its endless story of intrigue among the socially prominent. There in stately splendor, far removed from the squalid village below, the beautiful people fight their petty battles over power and money. (*Music up and out.*) As our action begins, strong-willed Agatha Murchfield is in the solarium awaiting the arrival of her lawyer Bodin Pardew. (*A door opens and closes and there are footsteps.*)

Agatha: Oh, is that you, Bodin?

Bodin [Bob, slightly nasal]: Yes, I seem to be somewhere in the entry hall, Agatha. Can you talk me in from here?

Agatha: All right, just hang a right through the music room and then cut across the west edge of the library until you get to the solarium. You can't miss it.

Bodin: Very well. I'm on my way. (*Interminable footsteps, and a door opens and closes. More footsteps, and a pause.*)

Agatha: Oh (*door closes*), there you are, Bodin. It's been ages . . .

Kurt Vonnegut quotes Bob in the short essay he has written for the Museum of Broadcasting show catalogue: "By the time we discovered we were introverts, it was too late to do anything about it." —Whitney Balliett

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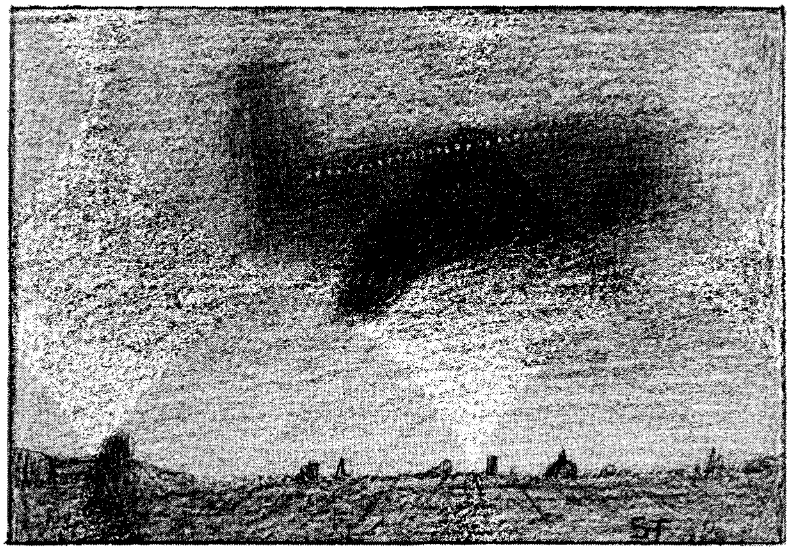
DEATH AFFECTED
LIFE OF TYLER
—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

Noted.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A SPORTY GAME

IV—A HOLE IN THE MARKET



THE companies that had launched the era of wide-bodied airplanes entered the nineteen-seventies with their expectations somewhat shaken but intact. The nineteen-sixties had been remarkably good to most of them. Their attitudes—that big is beautiful and that nothing succeeds like success—were maintained partly by continued optimism and partly by a recognition that they had no alternative to positive thinking. By splitting the market for giant airplanes three ways, the manufacturers had bound themselves to a fashionably exultant vision of growth in air travel. And the airlines, by buying so much of the novel and costly equipment, had done the same. Yet by 1970 the horizon was no longer unclouded. The first signs of serious trouble had appeared even before the orders that launched McDonnell Douglas's DC-10 and Lockheed's L-1011 were put in. As might well have been predicted, the trouble involved the union of the first, and largest, of the wide-bodied airplanes—the Boeing Company's 747—with the first of the new and special breed of commercial engines. Pratt & Whitney, the manufacturer, called its engine the JT9D—the "JT" standing for "jet turbine," the "9" for the ninth such engine, and the "D" for the particular version of the design which was approved. The trouble began when the 747, which was too big to begin with, got bigger and outgrew the JT9D.

One conceit of the late nineteen-sixties was that a new airplane was not much more than an airframe wrapped around an engine. The engine, it was said, was the vital and controlling feature—and in a sense it is. Any airplane is only as good as its engine; and if high-bypass engines had not been developed wide-bodied airplanes wouldn't exist. (High-bypass jet engines are equipped with huge fans that increase thrust by increasing the amount of air propelling the aircraft.) Developing a new engine takes longer—about five years—than developing a new airframe, which usually takes four. But developing the airframe costs twice as much—about two billion dollars. And in both cases budgets and designers are bedevilled by unknowns—problems of an unfamiliar nature that invariably arise and that require a great deal of effort by a great many engineers to solve. Some designers call these problems "unk-unks," for "unknown unknowns." Also, any new airliner grows a bit as it absorbs additional features that customers may want or that the manufacturer provides in order to make it more competitive. An especially demanding part of the designer's job is to find ways of preventing unnecessary growth, or of minimizing the effect of growth. An airplane, it bears repeating, is only as good as its engine. But the engine will not perform efficiently or economically if the weight of the airplane increases significantly. And if the costs of operating a new airplane exceed a certain figure, specified in a warranty, airlines demand satisfaction from the manufacturer.

The engineers at work on a new airplane and their counterparts in the customer airlines agonize about its weight, some more than others. John Borger, a former Pan American World Airways vice-president for engineering, was a celebrated weight-watcher. T. (for Thornton) Wilson, the chairman of the Boeing Company, recalls that in 1973, when Boeing was developing a new version of the 747—a smaller, longer-range model—Borger made a bet with Joseph Sutter, the executive vice-president of Boeing's Commercial Airplane Company, on the weight of the airplane. (Sutter was then in charge of Boeing's new airliners; the new model was informally called the SB, for "Sutter's balloon.") The bet was that Borger would owe Sutter a dime for each pound the finished airplane weighed below the agreed-upon maximum, whereas Sutter would owe Borger a dime for each pound it weighed above that maximum. "Borger lost lots of dimes and loved losing," Wilson says. Borger remembers that he lost twenty-four hundred and thirty dimes, and says that to get them he had to go to every bank in Seattle, Boeing's home base.

The original 747 followed a different, and troubled, course. Its troubles began with a conversation between Juan Trippe, Pan Am's founder and chief executive, and Edward C. Wells, a senior Boeing engineer, who is now retired but remains a close adviser to Wilson. The meeting took place some weeks before Trippe and William Allen, then Boeing's president and now its honorary chairman, signed a purchase agreement for the 747, in April of 1966—an agreement that committed Pan Am to buying twenty-five 747s and, in effect, launching the airplane. Wells indicated that Boeing could add eighty inches to the length of the plane's fuselage and thereby exploit the growth potential of the new Pratt & Whitney engine. Borger was aware of this option, but he had been reluctant to tell Trippe about it, because he worried that the 747 might quickly outgrow its engine. Trippe wanted as much capacity as could be obtained, however, and he insisted on stretching the 747's fuselage design. The additional eighty inches of metal represented two more rows of seats, another toilet compartment, and space for additional baggage, food, life jackets, and other paraphernalia that would accompany the additional passengers—in short, considerable weight.

Some days later, Trippe, Borger, and other Pan Am executives went to Seattle to look at a plywood mockup of the 747. As agreed, the cockpit was situated on an upper deck, because cargo was to be loaded through the nose. Boeing had planned to put air-conditioning ducts in a large space behind the raised cockpit. But Trippe, typically, vetoed that idea and proposed using the space for staterooms. None of the others liked this suggestion, but Trippe continued to insist that the space be used for passengers. As usual, he won the argument; it was eventually decided that the space would become a cocktail lounge connected to the first-class section by a spiral staircase. The refinement added forty-four hundred pounds to the airplane's weight.

Boeing and Pan Am had agreed that the 747's takeoff weight should not exceed six hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds. Pratt & Whitney was committed to supplying an engine with forty-one thousand pounds of thrust, which would be adequate for that weight, and its contract called for it to increase the thrust to forty-four thousand pounds within three years after deliveries of the 747 began, late in 1969. The increase was to take account of some planned growth of the 747, but unplanned growth, in the form of various refinements and design changes, rapidly pushed the weight of the airplane beyond the agreed-upon maximum. By the summer of 1967, the 747's weight was about six hundred and eighty thousand pounds and climbing. A crisis was developing; the 747 program was slipping out of control. Originally, Pan Am had wanted the new airplane to be capable of carrying four hundred passengers a distance of fifty-nine hundred miles at a cruising altitude of thirty-five thousand feet. That specification was abruptly overtaken by the weight problem. Boeing and Pan Am lowered their sights; they agreed that the 747's range would be five thousand miles and the cruising altitude thirty-three thousand feet. The change in cruising altitude was especially significant. Cruising at thirty-five thousand feet, the 747 would have been at least two thousand feet above the 707 and DC-8 traffic. "If you can't get above the other guy, you use more fuel and have a rougher ride," Borger explains. Pan Am also had to worry about other effects of higher takeoff weight, including a need for longer and stronger runways and for greater climbing time. And then Boeing discovered that six hundred and eighty thousand pounds wasn't enough. Only a bigger and more powerful airplane, it turned out, would meet the revised specifications agreed to with Pan Am. The 747 would have to weigh at least seven hundred and ten thousand pounds. As for the engines, it was clear that forty-one thousand pounds of thrust wasn't enough for the heavier airplane. Boeing needed forty-three thousand five hundred pounds—almost as much as Pratt & Whitney was committed to delivering several years later.

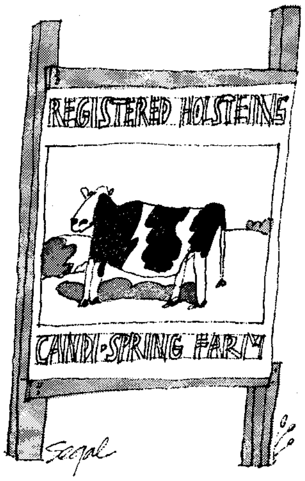
A series of hurried meetings involving Boeing, Pratt & Whitney, and Pan Am produced two ways of obtaining the additional thrust. The first, which Pratt & Whitney and Pan Am favored, would have meant a delay of six to nine months in the program while the engine design was modified to create greater power. The alternative, which Boeing favored, was to stay on schedule and squeeze more thrust from the existing engine design. By then—June of 1967—the 747 airframe program was rolling. According to some Boeing people, a delay would have cost the company two hundred and fifty million dollars; others estimated the cost at four hundred million. The negotiators were Borger, Sutter, and Arthur Smith, who was the executive vice-president of Pratt & Whitney at the time and became its president the following year. Borger felt that Sutter would have accepted a delay. Maynard Pennell, who had just taken charge of Boeing's commercial-airplane programs, felt that a delay would save money in the long run and be generally beneficial. He was probably right, but Boeing's management rejected a delay. Instead, according to Smith, Boeing threatened to cancel the 747 program if Pratt & Whitney refused to supply the additional thrust within the existing design. An engine manufacturer spends his development funds faster and earlier than the airframe manufacturer; Boeing knew that at that point Pratt & Whitney had more to lose than anyone else from a cancellation of the 747. Pratt & Whitney agreed to Boeing's terms.

Inflating the 747 was what caused most of the difficulties. In December of

"Actually, Sid's a blessing in disguise."

1965, when Trippe and Allen signed a statement of intent to build the 747, they had envisioned an airplane weighing two hundred and seventy-five tons. When they signed their formal agreement, four months later, the 747's design called for fifty-two additional tons. Now, eighteen months after that, the airplane was almost thirty tons heavier, and the halfway point in its development hadn't been reached. The situation seemed chaotic to some, unreal to others. Everyone was frightened. Boeing blamed Pratt & Whitney for the engine difficulties, and blamed Pan Am and other airlines for the worsening weight problem. Pratt & Whitney blamed Boeing for allowing the 747 to outgrow its engine. Pan Am accepted some blame for the 747's excessive weight but felt that miscalculations by Boeing were the major cause.

Borger traces the problem to the spirit of optimism and overconfidence which had made all things seem possible. "Everyone felt for a while that the weight problem could be handled," he says. And Sutter says, "Everyone was thinking big. The airlines added weight. They wanted more galleys and more toilets. Someone suggested a barbershop, someone else a swimming pool. It was pre-realism." Edward Wells, too, tends to blame the customer. "Pan Am kept driving up the weight of the airplane, and what Pan Am wanted took precedence," he says. But Pennell, who was heavily involved in the 747's development, feels that Boeing was more responsible than Pan Am for the increase in weight. Kenneth Holtby, another senior Boeing engineer, says succinctly, "You cannot control weight if you are designing and building the airplane at the same time."



Two events in the 747 saga are worth noting, and they occurred on the same day—September 30, 1968. It was the day of the 747's "rollout"—the ceremonial unveiling of a new airliner, to which customers, dignitaries, and the press are invited. That day also marked the completion of the new plant, at Everett, Washington, in which the 747 was being built. The day is thus a reminder that this largest and most audacious of airliners, not wholly out of the design stage, was actually built at the same time as its plant, which also happens to be the world's largest. To know that is to have a sense of Boeing's boldness and determination, as well as of its estimate of the stakes involved in the 747. But Boeing's colossal project, once it had acquired its mad momentum, lost coherence. Slowing down a production program is very expensive. Nevertheless, E. H. (Tex) Boullioun, who directs Boeing's commercial-airplane operations, says, "It would have been better to slow things down and wait another year. We had shortages of parts. It was a mess. We tried to cure problems by hiring people and training them. We were so busy training people that we weren't building the airplanes." Pennell agrees. "We should have taken six months longer and paid the penalty costs for late deliveries," he says. "By pushing so hard, we added a lot to the expense of the program." But the consensus, Holtby says, was for delivering the 747s on schedule. By pushing to keep the program on schedule in the face of excellent reasons to slow it down, Boeing's management worsened a situation that came close to destroying the company.

Always at the head of the long list of Boeing's problems with the 747 was the engine. Pratt & Whitney had agreed to develop it in little more than three years, though five would have been far more realistic; and the 747's remorseless weight problem obviously complicated matters. But people at Boeing chiefly remember the engine's failures, not the circumstances. Indeed, the experience seems to be their most vivid memory. Allen says that what he remembers best about the engines is that "they didn't work." Boeing used eighty-seven engines in testing the 747, and sixty of them were destroyed in the process. At one time, Boeing had four 747s to be tested and couldn't get more than one of them off the ground at a time, because so few of the engines were working. By 1969, finished 747 airframes were rolling off the line, but there were no engines for them. Boeing was obliged to hang cement blocks from the wings to balance the airplanes and prevent them from tipping over as they stood by the airstrip at Everett. Malcolm Stamper, who is now the Boeing Company's president but was then the director of the 747 program, says, "We were rolling out gliders instead of airplanes. We had our guarantees to customers to worry about. Pan Am was holding our feet to the fire. There was a problem with the engines. And Pratt & Whitney didn't fix it fast enough. That makes you sore."

Nearly two years earlier, in May of 1968, Trippe had decided to retire. Years afterward, one of his colleagues said, "Sometimes, when I get terribly tired and depressed by all this"—the crisis that the 747 created at Pan Am —"I think that the ultimate sign of Juan's genius is that he saw it coming, and that's why he retired when he did." In 1969, at the high point of the crisis, Boeing, too, had a leadership change. Allen, Trippe's great confederate and the most illustrious of the modern airplane-makers, was replaced at the helm by T. Wilson. A more difficult time for an airplane-builder couldn't be imagined. Deliveries of the 747 were about to begin, but the engines weren't ready. The main problem—ovalization, a tendency of the 747's engines to become less circular and rather oval after a certain time—had been solved, but there hadn't been time to make the necessary repairs on the engines. This meant that the engines on the first thirty or so delivered airplanes later had to be removed and adjusted. What was worse, the first customer, Pan Am, was forced to spend much more than it had expected to operate its 747s. Engines were often—far too often—shut down during flights, and pilots were often obliged to turn back, depending on how far they had gone. In order to achieve the required thrust, the engines had to be run at higher temperatures than was desirable. And the high temperatures caused parts to wear out quickly; entire engines had to be changed with alarming frequency. They consumed far too much fuel.

The problem that Boeing and Pratt & Whitney had shared quickly became an unacceptably expensive torment to Pan Am and the other early operators of the 747. When things go badly in the air-transport business, companies react more often than not by suing one another or threatening to sue. In their turbulent environment, calling in the lawyers is a natural act. As Pan Am's problems with the 747 multiplied, its management threatened to sue Boe-

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ing. Boeing threatened to sue Pratt & Whitney. Pratt & Whitney prepared a countersuit against Boeing. Finally, T. Wilson worked out a triangular settlement with Arthur Smith, who by then was running Pratt & Whitney, and Najeeb Halaby, a former Administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration, who had become chief executive of Pan American. Halaby wanted to hold back five million dollars of the purchase price of each 747—between eighteen and nineteen million dollars —until some twenty problems had been disposed of. Most of these problems involved the engine. Wilson persuaded Halaby to scale his penalty back to two million dollars, of which Pratt & Whitney agreed to assume all but five hundred thousand. The threat of litigation receded, but the problems remained, and others arose. Pan Am was losing money heavily, as was Boeing. The stock prices of both companies were falling. Moreover, after Trippe departed, Pan Am made a foolish decision: it exercised an option for additional 747s by ordering eight of them. The twenty-five 747s that Trippe had initially bought were far too many for the company to be able to use profitably, even in a time of rapid growth. Buying more of them was self-destructive.

In 1971, Pan Am lost nearly fifty million dollars. "It is doubtful that Pan Am can return to profitability in 1972," the company's annual report said. "The months ahead will not be easy. Among other things, Pan Am will be working under tightened credit restrictions, an inevitable consequence of past losses. The exact date when profitability will be restored cannot now be predicted." Pan Am had entered a new and harsher era. Trippe's era—a time when Pan Am made large profits, launched the world's most important long-range airplanes, and swept bankers along with it—was over. The bankers now imposed restraint on Pan Am, and, in general, looked more critically at the company's operations. Pan Am briefly considered grounding the 747s, but decided that it couldn't. By early 1971, Pan Am had roughly a billion dollars invested in its 747s. For every dollar spent on buying 747s, Pan Am had spent fifty cents for new ground-support equipment. At least one new hangar had been built for 747s. New baggage carts were needed to tow larger baggage containers. New airplane tugs—the huge, tractorlike vehicles that push or pull airplanes away from loading gates—were needed; they weighed two hundred and fifty thousand pounds each, and probably cost at least a dollar a pound. There were new hydraulic lifts to remove huge cargo containers, and new steps to passenger doors. Scores of other new items were designed and bought. Pan Am was committed: it would stand or fall with the airplane that Allen and Trippe had launched with such enthusiasm. And by then there was some doubt whether Pan Am would survive its lengthening list of troubles.

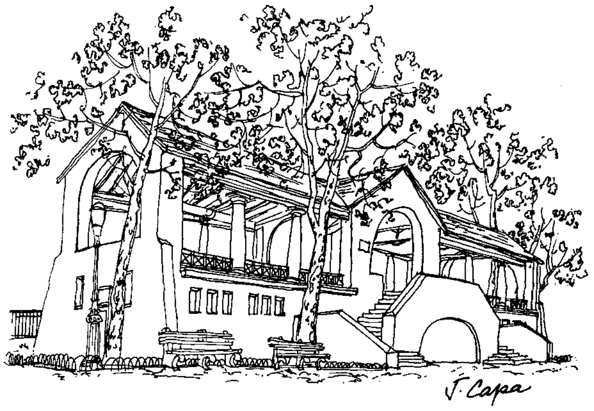
BOEING'S position was even more precarious than Pan Am's. The effects of building the 747 directly threatened the company's survival. The problems with the engine delayed deliveries of the airplanes to customer airlines. Boeing not only had to pay penalty fees for late deliveries but, far worse, didn't receive the large last installments due for purchases of 747s until the deliveries were made. Deprived of an adequate and uninterrupted cash flow, the company found itself dangerously short of funds but still obliged to finance a large inventory of partly built 747s. Although interest rates were nearly ten per cent (the highest point since the early nineteen-thirties), in early 1969 Boeing had to borrow heavily. Then the new Nixon Administration took steps to cool the inflationary economy. A recession followed. The market for new airliners—especially 747s—contracted. Over a period of three years, starting in 1969, Boeing didn't place a single order for 747s with a domestic airline. Most unfortunately, the slump in sales coincided with the peak in the buildup of Boeing's production costs. The 747 program, as Boullioun has pointed out, had led to serious overemployment, particularly of people who were not properly trained. The company was sinking beneath the burden of too many people, too many unfinished 747s, and excessively large inventories of parts.

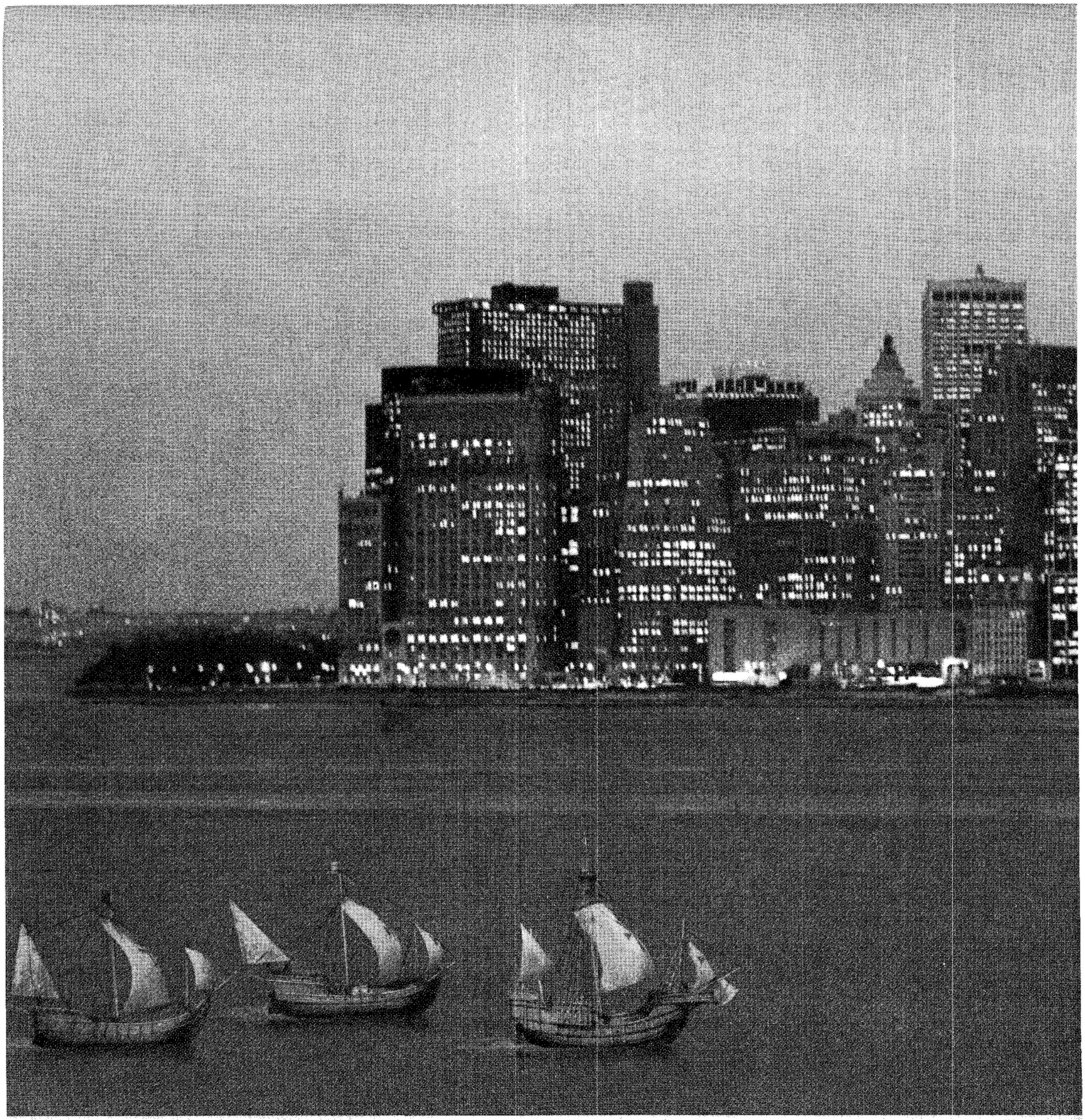
And Boeing nearly went under—or, as Boullioun puts it, "we came within a gnat's whisker of not making it." Its bankers held a syndicated Boeing debt of one billion two hundred *million* dollars, which at the time was the largest any corporation had ever owed. The Minuteman missile program, for which Boeing was the main contractor, continued to make money for the company, but Boeing's fate was linked directly to its principal business—selling commercial airplanes. One of these, the 727, continued to sell despite the recession and the declining market for airplanes. A simple lesson is contained in the success of the 727—a lesson that should have been obvious years earlier both to airplane-makers and to airlines. It is that most airlines, even when they are suffering economic misfortune, have a continuing need for efficient, middle-distance airplanes. Boeing was clever enough to have conceived and built the only such airplane.

To survive, however, Boeing needed a good deal more than the 727. Having made mistakes that contributed greatly to the crisis it was in, the company drew deeply on pride and determination, and looked closely and critically at itself. Boeing had considered itself efficient and productive—certainly in comparison with other companies. In adversity, however, it discovered a lot of room for improvement. New procedures for keeping track of millions of expensive parts were developed, but the most important and most dramatic step concerned manpower. In 1970, Boeing reduced its ranks at all levels; under a crash program, senior executives and engineers were let go, and so was the larger part of the company's highly skilled labor force. In mid-1968, the number of Boeing employees in the Seattle area had reached a high of more than a hundred and one thousand. Three years later, the figure stood at just above thirty-seven thousand. The city of Seattle was hard hit and aggrieved. The economy of the Puget Sound area was greatly dependent on Boeing. Seattle's business community had watched Boeing's problems accumulate, and had tried to obtain some idea of the Boeing management's estimate of the situation and, of course, to learn its plans. But Boeing apparently offered little or no information concerning its plans. As the effects of the layoffs swiftly set in, many businesses disappeared, property values plunged, the area became deeply distressed, and large numbers of people left. At one point, someone put up a big sign beside the highway to the airport reading "WILL THE LAST PERSON LEAVING SEATTLE PLEASE TURN OUT THE LIGHTS."

As the nineteen-seventies began, McDonnell Douglas seemed to have taken command of the airliner business. With Boeing pinned down by its crisis, the Douglas DC-10 was outselling both the 747 and Lockheed's L-1011. McDonnell Douglas was developing a longer-range, intercontinental version of the DC-10, for which the General Electric Company's aircraft-engine group was creating a more powerful variant of the engine that was used on the domestic version of the DC-10. Most of the major airlines of Western Europe ordered the longer-range DC-10. With its two versions, the DC-10 looked as if it might eventually dominate the market for wide-bodied airplanes. All three American suppliers were thinking about building a two-engine wide-bodied airplane—what came to be known as a twin—but only McDonnell Douglas was then in a position to invest in one. In 1970, McDonnell Douglas seemed to be on the verge of creating an entire family of airliners, as Boeing had done so successfully with its 707, its 727, and its 737.

Then the tide turned again. Boeing kept its nerve, survived, and emerged from its ordeal a leaner but stronger company. As the worst of its troubles subsided, it discovered that reform plus austerity equalled greater efficiency. In making do with less, the company found, for example, that a labor force as large as the one it had once had was neither essential nor desirable, even in times of high production rates. By the mid-nineteen-seventies, Boeing was flourishing, and the two other major American airplane manufacturers were beginning to fade from the competition. McDonnell Douglas unwisely decided against building a twin. (The Europeans built it instead.) Pratt & Whitney's big engines finally began to perform with moder-





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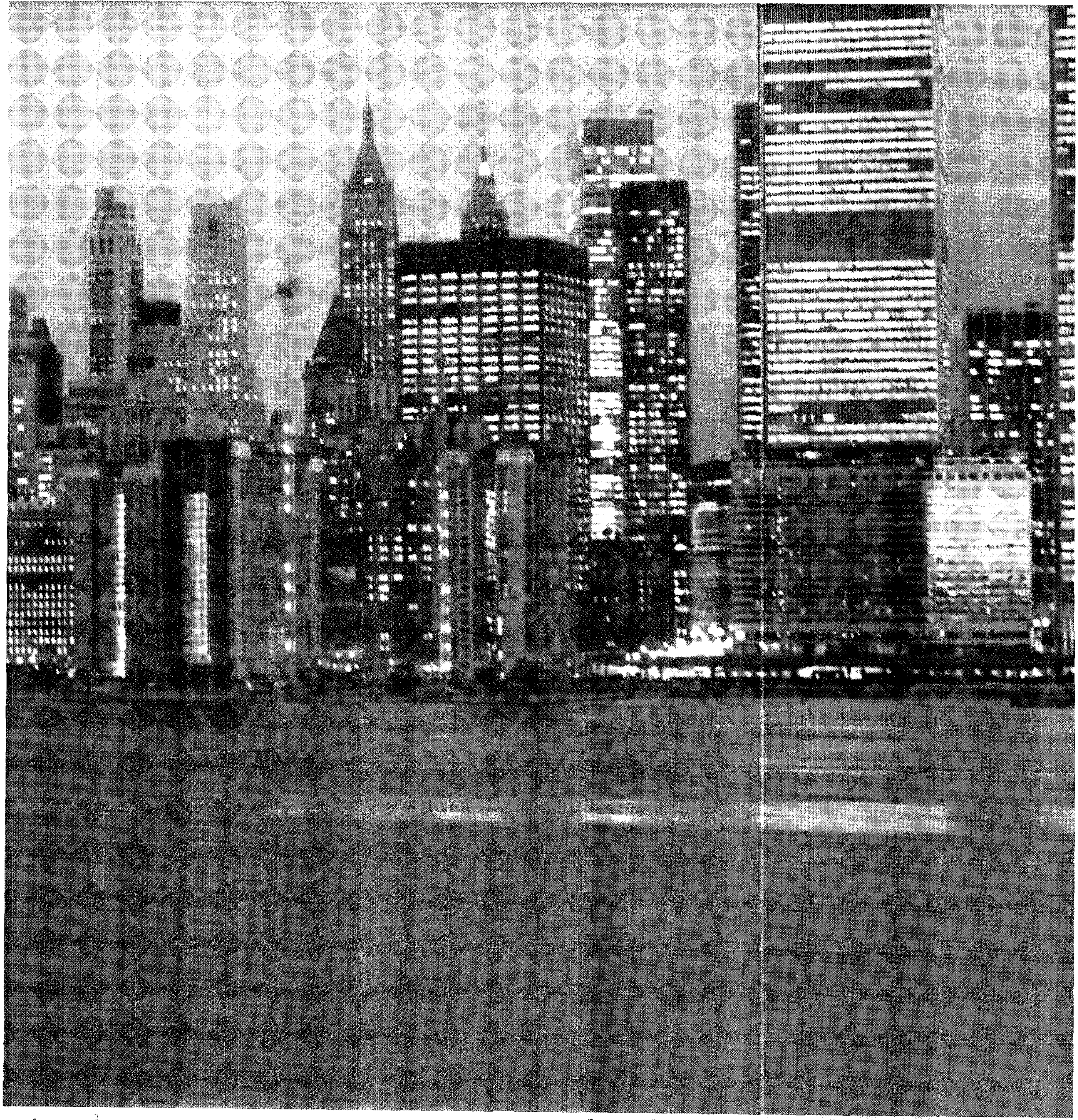

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ate efficiency, and the 747, not the DC-10, became a "cash cow." In 1978, during a brief period of great demand for airplanes, Boeing was able to produce 747s with just a fourth of the manpower it had needed five years earlier. By then, Boeing was in a class by itself—much the most productive and successful of the world's aerospace companies and, indeed, one of the most efficient of all big manufacturing enterprises. It became less and less likely that McDonnell Douglas or Lockheed could compete against Boeing on equal terms or on a large scale. If there was to be a challenge to Boeing, it seemed, the challenge would come from Europe. But it could come only if European companies managed to operate effectively en bloc and if their governments were willing to accept heavy losses over a period of years. Losses had become an inevitable consequence of competing against Boeing.

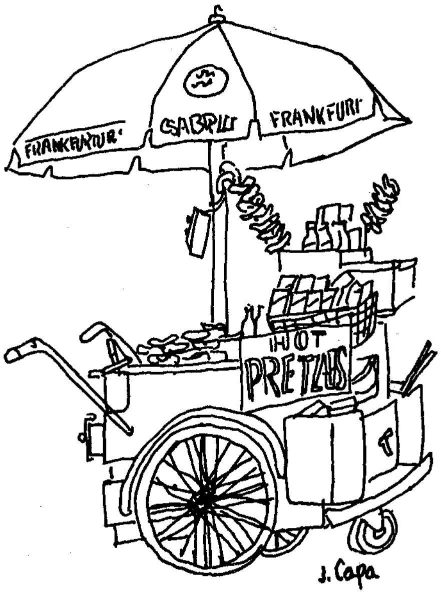
Boeing changed some of its ways but not its basic style. Its traumatic experience with the 747 didn't weaken management's resolve to take big risks or to stretch the company financially in order to compete at all points in the market. As before, Boeing is committed to a simple strategy—having a large family of airliners. The family now includes the world's largest airliner, the 747, and one of the smallest, the 737, and, in between, Boeing still offers the 727, along with its new entries—the 757 and the 767.

So far, every member of Boeing's current airplane family, including the 747, has done as well as and in most cases better commercially than competitor airplanes. It took years for the 747's engines to perform as efficiently as its operators had a right to expect. Regular travellers loathed the 747 at first, because the engines, along with creating assorted other problems, caused many cancellations, caused extended delays in departures, and caused flights to be halted en route and returned to the airport of origin. Moreover, airports weren't altogether ready to deal with some four hundred simultaneously disembarking passengers, let alone handle their baggage. Gradually, the ground-support system did adjust. And the 747 became a high-quality airplane—reliable, efficient, and very safe. Certainly it has become the most popular of all long-distance airliners, in part because it is the best-known and most widely used.

Many travellers have a sense of security when they fly in these spacious double-aisle aircraft; they find it harder to imagine something going seriously wrong with a conveyance so large and yet so quiet. The high-bypass engines that all wide-bodied airplanes use are much quieter than other engines. Also, even when a 747 carries as many as four hundred people, it seems less oppressively crowded, over a period of seven or eight hours, than a smaller, single-aisle airplane carrying a full load of passengers. Pilots, too, like the 747. Despite its bulk, it is easy to fly, with fully powered and precise controls. The 747 has acquired a secure place with the world's airlines—especially foreign airlines. The longest-established and most prominent of these carriers, along with the smaller and newer ones, have ordered and, in many cases, reordered it. (Some of these new airlines are owned by governments that equate biggest with best and take satisfaction in having their own 747s parked conspicuously at the terminals of major international airports.) Boeing has sold nearly six hundred 747s—almost as many as the number of DC-10s and L-1011s put together. The 747 dominates the long-distance market.

The city of Seattle, the other victim of the 747's early troubles, set about developing a more diversified economy. The inevitable dips and rises in Boeing's fortunes should not have much effect on Seattle now. The city, like the company, is stronger for the crisis.

IT cannot be said that Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas were strengthened by the crises that they experienced with their look-alike airplanes, the L-1011 and the DC-10. These planes cannot succeed commercially or spare their manufacturers heavy losses. Before the 747, which came two years earlier, there might have been room in the world market for two such similar airplanes. Charles Tillinghast, who was chief executive of Trans World Airlines for fifteen years, says, "Had we known that the L-1011 and the DC-10 were coming along, we might well have skipped the 747." Tillinghast never wanted the 747, which he considered too large. Yet his airline was one of only two in America—the other being Pan Am—that had the kind of heavily travelled intercontinental routes for which the 747 was designed. If the 747 was too big for T.W.A., it was certainly too big for any domestic American carrier.



By building airplanes with three-fourths the capacity of the 747, Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas injured themselves and also America's commercial-aircraft industry. Their crises, which were very different in nature, both had severe ripple effects. The DC-10's disasters (notably, crashes outside Paris in 1974 and in Chicago in 1979) were never a threat to McDonnell Douglas's survival—just to its reputation. The company was harmed by some of what was learned about the crashes; by the decision of the F.A.A. to ground the DC-10 for a time; and by a decline in the travelling public's acceptance of the airplane. All this turned the late James Smith McDonnell, the founder and chairman of McDonnell Douglas, who was known in the industry as Mr. Mac, against the commercial-aircraft business; and it isn't likely that his nephew and his two sons, who now run the company, will ever bet it on another new airplane.

Lockheed's crisis was more like Boeing's. It was caused by the engine that Rolls-Royce was developing for the L-1011. For fourteen years, beginning in 1954, Rolls-Royce had tried in vain to place an engine on a new American airliner. This highest of company goals was achieved on March 29, 1968, when a contract with Lockheed was signed. It provided that Lockheed would buy five hundred and forty Rolls-Royce engines, of a type designated RB211, at eight hundred and forty thousand dollars each. This was a deal of roughly half a billion dollars—the largest export sale in British history—and subsequent orders and sales of spare parts were expected to push the eventual value of the deal to two billion dollars. All Britain rejoiced. Restraint disappeared in what seemed a stunning national triumph. "Britain is better than anyone else in the world," proclaimed the *Observer*. A large headline in the *Sunday Times* read "SUPER-SELL!"

Lockheed's design for the L-1011 was considerably more sophisticated than any previous design, and many of the airlines also judged the RB211 to be half a generation ahead of both the Pratt & Whitney and the G.E. engines. Customers for the L-1011 knew that they would be well served if both the airframe and the engine upheld the promise of their design. The airframe did, but the engine did not. The L-1011 airframe is a distinguished achievement—as well conceived and well wrought as that of any commercial aircraft ever built. And the RB211 became every bit as efficient as the big engines of its two competitors. But it didn't reach that point until the end of a drama that lasted ten years, bankrupted Rolls-Royce, and nearly did the same to Lockheed and the L-1011 program, while also causing L-1011 customers enormous difficulties.

In 1968, Rolls-Royce promised more than it could accomplish, and, like Pratt & Whitney in 1966, agreed to deliver the engine in three years. The time span was unrealistically short, and Rolls-Royce's budget turned out to be unrealistically small. Unlike Pratt & Whitney, Rolls-Royce had no misgivings about having taken on so much. The airlines and Lockheed should have been skeptical, however, especially since they were then watching the ordeal of Boeing and Pratt & Whitney. There was some skepticism, focussed mainly on Rolls-Royce's plan for developing an engine that would be lighter and cheaper to operate than the others. The idea was to make the fan blades not of titanium, as was customary, but of a composite material called Hyfil—a blend of carbon fibre and resin. (The engines on wide-bodied airplanes have huge fans inside air intakes eight feet in diameter, to create a flow of air that helps to drive the airplane forward. The fans may have from thirty-three to forty blades, depending on the engine type.) An engine with fan blades made of Hyfil would weigh about three hundred pounds less than one with blades made of titanium. Both Eastern Air Lines and T.W.A. worried that Hyfil might not hold up, and both insisted that Rolls-Royce develop two different fan blades for the RB211—one made of Hyfil, the other of tita-

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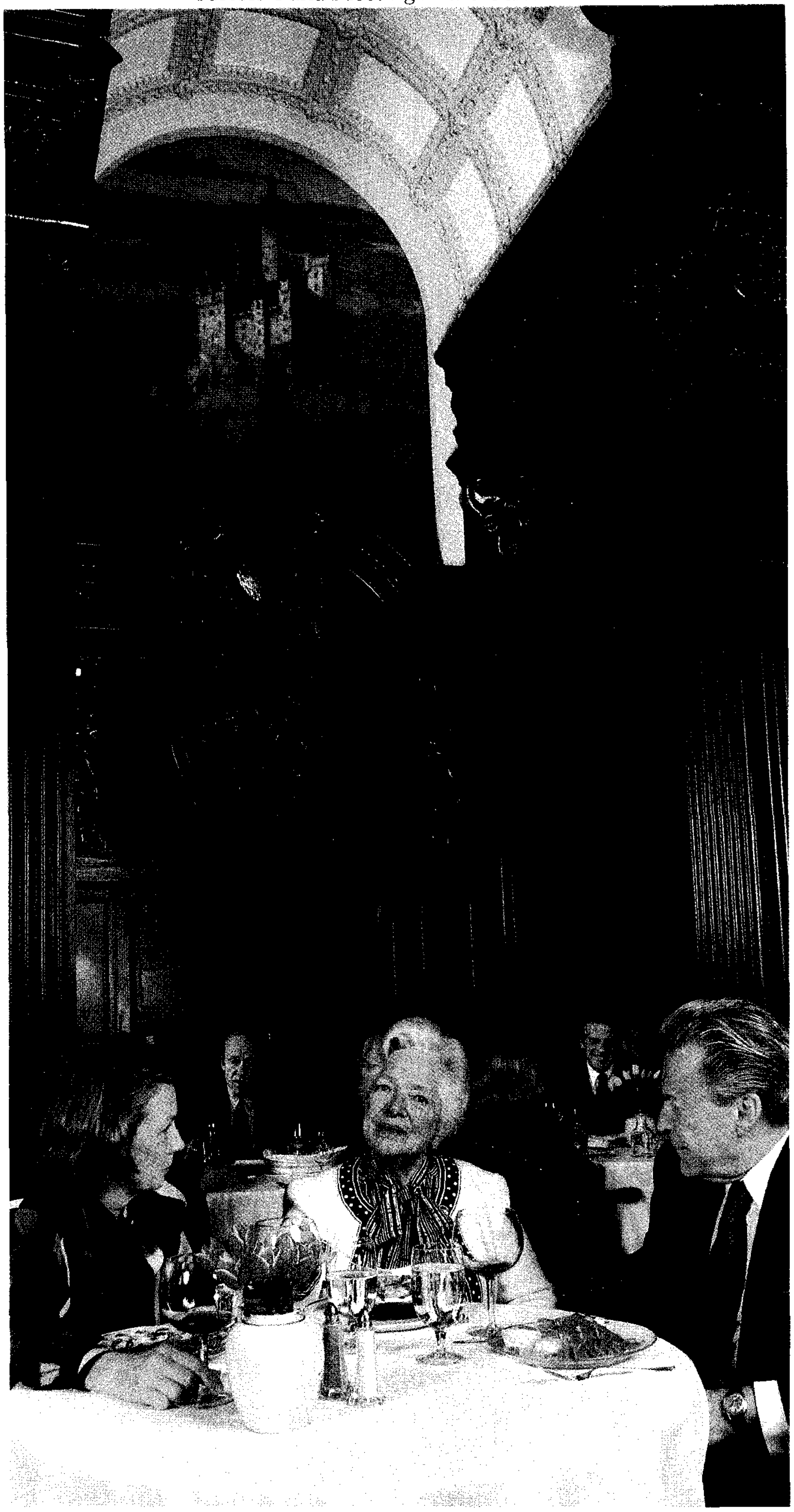

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nium. Rolls-Royce opposed this idea but had to accept it as part of the contract.

Fan blades must withstand very high temperatures and the effects of rain and hail. They must also be able to accept the impact of a large bird—a seagull or a duck—and "gulp" it through the engine. The engines are required to undergo rigorous tests of various kinds, including one on bird ingestion. An unplucked four-pound chicken is fired at the engine from close range while the engine is being run at maximum climbing speed (on an outdoor test stand) and again while it is being run at maximum cruising speed. The RB211 was ready for its first chicken test in 1969, and it flunked. The Hyfil blades, which had stood up well to high temperatures, shattered under the chicken strike. They were replaced by titanium blades. With the switchover, the RB211 lost whatever weight advantage it might have had, and became heavier than either the G.E. or the Pratt & Whitney engine. The heavier engine also meant that Rolls-Royce would have trouble meeting its fuel-consumption guarantees to the airlines.

The setback was sobering and very expensive but not alarming. The general feeling was that because of other advantages, including fewer moving parts, the RB211 would still be the best of the three engines. But the fan-blade fiasco was only the first in a series of reversals, and these might have been cause for alarm much earlier if they had happened to a company of lesser distinction than Rolls-Royce. By the end of 1969, the company was heavily in debt, and the costs of developing the RB211 were soaring. In the first half of 1970, the situation worsened: the company reported a loss of a hundred and fifteen million dollars for the period, and most of the loss was attributed to the RB211.

British governments normally supported Rolls-Royce, since its fortunes and the national interest were tied together. But in June of 1970 a Labour government that had been especially friendly to Rolls-Royce and had supplied nearly three-fourths of the development funds for the RB211 was voted out, and Edward Heath, who had promised to halt government aid to ailing and dependent companies, became the Prime Minister of the new Conservative government. He was instantly brought face to face with Rolls-Royce's troubles and its need for fresh capital. Somewhat reluctantly, his government agreed to supply a hundred million dollars more, but insisted on an independent audit of the company and a change in management. The audit, which was undertaken by Cooper Brothers, a well-known London accounting firm, coincided with a rush of dismal reports. The costs of the RB211 program were shown to be nearly three times as high as Rolls-Royce's original estimate. And the cost of making a single engine was estimated to be higher by two hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars than the price—eight hundred and forty thousand dollars—at which Rolls-Royce had agreed to sell it. In short, the contract with Lockheed for five hundred and forty engines threatened to cost Rolls-Royce at least a hundred and forty-four million dollars.

After reviewing the audit, Rolls-Royce's new management judged the situation to be hopeless. On January 22, 1971, the chairman, Lord Cole, told the government that the company could not continue the RB211 program. At that moment, Heath should have nationalized Rolls-Royce, but he didn't, perhaps because it seemed too awkward a step for a Tory government to take—especially one whose leader had so vigorously advocated industrial self-reliance. Besides, Cabinet lawyers worried that by nationalizing Rolls-Royce the government would acquire its liabilities, the full scope of which was unclear, even to the auditors. Four days later, Rolls-Royce's board of directors voted to seek receivership. Nothing short of divine intervention, it seemed, could head off a major disaster—bankruptcy for Rolls-Royce, humiliation for Britain, and a catastrophic blow to Lockheed and the airlines that had bought the L-1011.

For Daniel Jeremiah Haughton, the fifty-nine-year-old chairman of Lockheed, and his company, the timing could not have been worse. Lockheed, too, was in serious financial trouble. One difference between its situati and Rolls-Royce's, however, was th Lockheed's difficulties were familiar any newspaper reader, whereas Roll Royce's true condition was know only to itself, the British governmer and Cooper Brothers. As far as Loc heed or anyone else was aware, Roll Royce's only serious problem w technical: the RB211 had not yet pr duced the necessary thrust durir tests.

As it happened, just a week befo Rolls-Royce went under, bureaucra from its greatest patron, the Minist of Technology, were in New Yo asking bankers questions about Loc heed's financial condition ("nosir around," in the words of one banker What they heard was not encoura ing. Lockheed was very hard presse mainly because of contract disputes was having at the time with the Pe tagon—disputes that had becon celebrated. The most important a controversial of these involved t C-5A—the huge cargo plane f which, in 1965, Lockheed acquired t contract by significantly underbiddir its competitors, the Douglas Aircra Company and Boeing. (The compet tion for the C-5A, the first wid bodied airplane, inspired one lose Boeing, to recoup by building t 747.) Lockheed claimed that the Pe tagon owed it more than seven hu dred and fifty million dollars for wo in progress on the C-5A and thr other projects. It needed the mon both to complete the C-5A progra and to maintain its credit rating. syndicate of twenty-four banks h lent Lockheed four hundred millic dollars to finance the L-1011 pr gram, and now the bankers we becoming nervous.

Late in January of 1971, Haughtc met with David Packard, a Depu Secretary of Defense, and reluctant agreed to accept a loss of four hundr and eighty million dollars in settlir Lockheed's claim against the Pent gon. It was a severe blow; winning t C-5A contract had been a great m ment for Lockheed. But Haughtc was relieved to have the affair behir him. His board approved the settl ment on February 1st, and he left f London later that day for one of h periodic meetings with people Rolls-Royce. On arriving at Heatl row Airport, Haughton expecte to be taken directly to Rolls-Royce plant, in Derby, for a progress r port on the RB211. Instead, he w asked to go to London for a lunchec eeting with Lord Cole and his senior des in a suite at the Grosvenor ouse. Just before lunch, Lord Cole ew Haughton aside and told him at Rolls-Royce was going to declare ınkruptcy the following day. aughton was stunned. The blow was en more serious than one three years rlier when Lockheed lost an Amerin Airlines order for twenty-five airanes, worth about four hundred milın dollars, to McDonnell Douglas—e event that set off the destructive mpetition between the L-1011 and e DC-10. He remembers saying to ord Cole and the others, "I don't ink you know what you are doing." aughton moved at once to get in uch with the new government, and et after lunch with Heath's Minister Aviation Supply, Frederick V. orfield. It was agreed that the bankptcy announcement would be postned and that Haughton would meet ith the Rolls-Royce board the folwing morning.

Haughton recalls that as the meetg began one of the two advisers he d brought along said, "We cannot cept this. Dan should see the leaders your government." The meeting opped there, and not long afterward eath's private secretary called to see Haughton could come directly to) Downing Street. A few minutes ter, Haughton was seated across a ble from Heath, members of the abinet, and several senior civil sernts. Haughton remembers making e best case he could for government pport of Rolls-Royce. He noted the ow to British prestige that would company Rolls-Royce's death; the oblems that its death would create; e assurances that Lockheed had ceived about the RB211 from the evious British government. Haughtn says that his discussion with the rime Minister was a frank one but ded without any decision, let alone mmitment, from Heath. Haughton en called David Packard, at the Pengon. Packard had already been inrmed of the impending bankruptcy nouncement, and, indeed, had alady spoken with Heath, at President ichard Nixon's request. It turned out at Heath and Nixon had also disussed the matter that day. Haughton n't sure what was said. He thinks at Nixon and Packard urged Heath sustain Rolls-Royce, and particular- its biggest program, the RB211, but ere turned down. Later that evening, Rolls-Royce executive told Haughtn that Rolls-Royce was being placed in the hands of a receiver the following day, February 4th.

The news was made public that day, and the government announced simultaneously that it was nationalizing some of Rolls-Royce's aircraft-engine programs, because they were important to defense and national policy; the automobile division, which was very profitable but accounted for only five per cent of over-all sales, would be sold off by the receiver. The RB211 program, according to the announcement, would not be nationalized. "The Government have no liability in respect of the contract between Rolls-Royce and Lockheed," Heath's spokesman said. The government's thinking was fairly transparent. All of Rolls-Royce's military-engine programs, on which eighty-one air forces, including Britain's, relied, would be carried on. The cause of the crisis—the RB211, which had been held up as a reflection of British genius—would become an essentially American problem. Heath's government wished to dodge the heavy cancellation claims from Lockheed that a repudiation of the RB211 contract would entail.

The British people were shocked and dismayed. Many felt as if the best of what modern Britain represented had fallen. "The news of Rolls-Royce was like hearing that Westminster Abbey had become a brothel," a government official said. There were several days of debate in the House of Commons. The tone was set by Jeremy Thorpe, then the leader of the Liberal Party. "If we are compelled through default to cancel a major aeronautical contract, it will throw into doubt our credibility, our commercial competence, and our good faith in all spheres of advanced science," he said. "Lockheed was perhaps entitled to wring its hands and say that it had been left holding the largest glider in the world. . . . There is no doubt that the lesson of Rolls-Royce is that the company overreached itself."

For Lockheed, the situation was not only more immediate but worse in almost every way. The company had by then invested about a billion dollars in the L-1011, and had all but exhausted its line of credit with the banks. Its subcontractors had three hundred and fifty million dollars tied up in the airplane. Six airlines had ordered L-1011s, and had made advance payments of more than two hundred million dollars. And Haughton had to consider spending even more money to replace the RB211 with the engine that G.E. was developing for the DC-10. The cost of redesigning his airplane for another engine was too high, it appeared; also, changing engines would take far too much time. Haughton decided to keep the RB211 alive by renegotiating his contract with the British government.

Britain had a strong interest in that kind of solution. Outright cancellation of the RB211 and the obligations to Lockheed could and probably would destroy Rolls-Royce's reputation as a maker of anything except perhaps automobiles. The blow to British prestige and commerce would be severe and very likely permanent. Heath's government was beginning to see that, so Haughton had some leverage.

The next phase began with an exchange of warnings. The British announced that Lockheed would have to agree to a higher price for the engines and to forgo penalty fees for late deliveries. Haughton replied that the British government would have to "assure the parties that it will do whatever is necessary to support the [engine] program . . . for the next twenty years."

Heath's government needed to satisfy itself that the RB211 wasn't a flop technically and might justify some modest risks. Heath asked Lord Carrington, then his Secretary of State for Defence, to take charge of the affair, and Carrington called in three aero-engine experts to evaluate the RB211. His "three ferrets," as he dubbed them, took a considerably more optimistic view of the engine and the costs of completing it than Rolls-Royce's board had taken. Somewhat reassured, Heath's government let it be known early in March that it was ready to negotiate with Haughton, and he flew to London at once. On arriving, he was engulfed by the British press, who posed him in front of a Rolls-Royce

automobile and asked if he had come to bail out the company. Haughton replied that he hadn't brought any money with him but would try to work things out.

Carrington's people reckoned that two hundred and eighty-eight million dollars more would be enough to complete the development of the engine. Carrington proposed a split: his government would put up a hundred and forty-four million dollars if Lockheed would do the same—and also agree to an increase in the price of the engine. The British estimates were twice those of Haughton's own experts, and he rejected Carrington's offer, arguing that Rolls-Royce's financial picture was not as dark as it had been portrayed.

Haughton recalls that when they met the following day Carrington, whom he grew to admire, said, "Mr. Haughton, if you think Rolls-Royce is capable of carrying on this program, why don't you buy it?"

Haughton answered, "Lord Carrington, I have all the risk that I can say grace over."

They agreed to meet again, and they did so often.

Haughton became a blur of motion, dashing to and from Burbank—where Lockheed's headquarters are—Washington, New York, and London. His twenty-four bankers were, of course, deeply involved. As they saw things, Haughton had to save the L-1011 or put Lockheed into receivership, and saving the L-1011 seemed to mean saving the RB211 as well. Two of the bankers, representing the entire syndicate, often accompanied him on his incessant travels. He clearly needed their confidence, and they needed to know what he was doing, in order to protect their four-hundred-million-dollar involvement in the L-1011. He and his board needed reassurance from each other. And his customer airlines, alarmed, needed a great deal of attention. They worried that Lockheed wouldn't survive, and wondered whether they should forfeit their deposits on the L-1011 and order the DC-10. And, because the engine that all of them except Delta Air Lines had wanted was in limbo, if not worse, they tended to favor replacing it. Tillinghast, for instance, publicly noted that T.W.A. felt a "lack of confidence . . . with regard to any future undertakings by Rolls-Royce or other British aviation companies." None of the L-1011 customers, however, were prepared to help finance the costs of replacing the RB211, which could have run to a hundred million dollars. Haughton had to quiet their doubts about the continued existence of Lockheed and its airplane.

What was even more difficult, Haughton had to gain their acquiescence in the outcome he envisioned: a deal with Carrington that would, among other things, raise the price of the RB211. That increase would have to be absorbed in the price that the airlines paid for their L-1011s; Lockheed's bankers and its board of directors were certain to insist on that. The airlines wanted to know how much more they would be asked to pay, and the British, before agreeing to anything, needed to know whether Haughton's customers would stay with him or not. The British felt, too, that Lockheed's bankers should put up additional funds to guarantee continued production of the L-1011. But would they do that? The bankers couldn't commit themselves to anything until some of the other questions had been answered. Haughton's problem was that none of the players involved—not the twenty-four bankers, not the six airlines, not the British—would move first. At Lockheed, the situation was likened to getting a squad of men, each of whom wished to follow the others, to go arm in arm through a door. One of the bankers wondered aloud whether there was a door that wide.

Of the six airlines that had ordered L-1011s, only Delta was concerned about the delay in delivery of the airplanes which was a predictable effect of the drama. The American economy was slipping, and airline-passenger traffic was falling off; most carriers were in no hurry to take deliveries of wide-bodied airplanes at a time when the planes couldn't be operated profitably. But Delta, which maintains th most modern airplane fleet, is profitable enough to do as it pleases, in ba times as well as good. In March 1971, Delta, wanting to be sure having new, longer-range airplane signed a letter of intent with McDonnell Douglas to buy five DC-10 "That scared my mule," say Haughton, who flavors his speech wit metaphors from his youth in the red clay country of rural Alabama. B then, he says, William Thomas Beeb Delta's chief executive at the tim called him and assured him that th DC-10 arrangement was a temporar one. And it was. Less than tw months later, Delta's order was transferred to United Airlines, which, i turn, leased the five DC-10s to Delt Then, after Delta began taking deliveries of the L-1011s, it turned back th DC-10s to United.

The British insisted on being protected against the possibility of Lockheed's going bankrupt or cancellin the L-1011, or both. Haughton was i no position to indemnify Britai against any such hazard, but the British wouldn't yield on this issue, arguing that if they were to guarantee th continuation of the RB211, Lockhee should guarantee the airplane. Fro another direction, Haughton's banke were applying pressure of the sam kind. If they were to make a new loa to Lockheed, they wanted a guarante that it would be repaid. The only possible source for such a guarantee wa the federal government. Washingto became an even more important sto on Haughton's circuit.

By 1971, the recession that followe the Nixon Administration's efforts t slow the economy down and contai inflation was beginning to bite. Unemployment was high. The aerospace industry was hit especially hard, although many of its difficulties ha originated in the years before Nixon' arrival. Boeing's troubles, for example, could be traced to decisions mad in 1966, but it was in 1970 and 197 that the company's fortunes hit bottom. And then, abruptly, there wa Lockheed being pulled toward bankruptcy. Partly for political reasons, th Administration became Lockheed' ally. Nixon—as he himself understoo better than anyone—was not a popula President. The 1970 gubernatoria and House elections went badly for th Republicans. By early 1971, some major polls showed Nixon running behind Senator Edmund Muskie, o Maine, who seemed likely to receiv the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination in 1972. That degree of vulnerability in a first-term President was unusual. It sharpened and perhaps accelerated efforts to restore public confidence in the economy. Further damage to any large, ailing, and politically vital industry had to be avoided. At a minimum, the Administration was pushed to do anything within reason to shore up Lockheed, which was the largest of the country's weapons builders, a major industrial asset, and an employer of significance. Lockheed and some four thousand subcontractors involved in the L-1011 represented about thirty-five thousand jobs. Like most of Lockheed's own operations, a large number of these subcontractors were in Southern California—an area where unemployment was especially high, and one to which a President is always sensitive. Boeing's problems had similarly far-reaching effects; nine hundred and forty-two of the subcontractors at work on the 747 were also in Southern California. There wasn't much that the Administration could do for Boeing. Its fortunes were not tied to a foreign government, and it was taking draconian self-help measures. At Lockheed, Haughton laid off nine thousand people in three weeks and slashed everyone's salary, including his own. But self-help alone could not save Lockheed. Only the Administration could help Haughton in his efforts to maneuver the British, the bankers, and the airlines through the door at the same time. Nixon asked John Connally, his Secretary of the Treasury, to keep in touch with the situation. There was little for Connally to do until Haughton and the British were reasonably close to agreement. That point was reached late in March, after several days of continuing negotiations. The British position on guarantees hadn't changed, however: the British would make no formal commitment unless Lockheed somehow guaranteed the L-1011's existence.

Heath and Nixon received daily briefings on the negotiations. On March 25th, Lord Carrington and Sir Peter Rawlinson, Britain's Attorney General, met with Haughton at the British Embassy in Washington. A conditional agreement was worked out. It was based on a British pledge to pay all further costs of developing and producing the RB211; Lockheed, for its part, agreed to pay about a hundred and eighty thousand dollars more for each engine. Later in the day, Carrington and his party met with Con-

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nally to discuss the guarantee issue. Haughton doesn't know exactly what happened at that meeting, but he thinks that progress was made. He himself had to persuade his customer airlines to pay an additional six hundred and forty thousand dollars for each of their L-1011s, and to pay a good deal of it in advance. Lockheed needed a hundred million dollars more than it had received in advance payments. None of this was easy. The airlines, too, were being hurt by the recession; traffic growth had stopped, and profits were disappearing. Still, they accepted Haughton's terms. And his bankers then agreed to extend Lockheed's line of credit, provided that the Administration guaranteed repayment. Once that move was made, Haughton would have triumphed.

On May 6th, Connally announced, after meeting with Nixon, that Congress would be asked to approve a loan guarantee of two hundred and fifty million dollars for Lockheed. The money would come from Lockheed's bankers, who would be repaid by the government if Lockheed collapsed—but in that event the government would have prior claims to Lockheed's assets. Considerable protection for the taxpayer was built into the guarantee legislation. However, it was fiercely opposed by numerous members of Congress, some of whom were very influential and were closely involved in the legislation. It wasn't the first federally guaranteed loan, as some critics contended, but it was certainly the largest that anyone could remember. The very idea of federal support for a private company struck many people as alien to free enterprise. And Lockheed was vulnerable to the argument that it had been playing razzle-dazzle games with military contracts over the years and was a singularly poor candidate for this sort of federal help. A few critics worried aloud that the Administration might protect its guarantee by subsidizing those Lockheed divisions which made weapons. Another argument was that by providing the loan guarantee the Administration would give Lockheed a competitive advantage over another company, McDonnell Douglas, which had no federal support. McDonnell Douglas did nothing to discourage that view; two of its executives, acting as "private citizens," argued against the bill in letters to congressmen. And a number of anonymous but highly technical "fact sheets" raising questions about the design of the L-1011 turned up on

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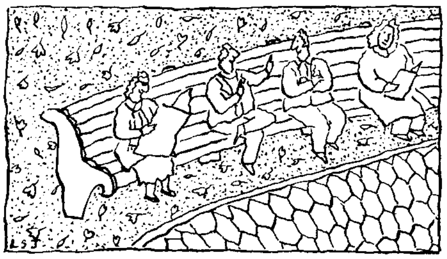
Capitol Hill. The General Electric Company also had an obvious interest in the matter, since its engine competed directly with Rolls-Royce's. In letters to the White House, G.E. proposed an "American solution," under which the loan guarantee would be approved only on the condition that L-1011s were flown with American engines.

In Congress, the opponents of the bill and the Administration's forces were evenly matched, and the struggle behind the scenes was a particularly bruising one. If it had not been for the serious unemployment in the country, the Administration would certainly have lost. On July 30th, the House of Representatives approved the bill, by only three votes. Three days later, the Senate approved it, by forty-nine votes to forty-eight. There was dancing in the streets of downtown Burbank that evening. Spirits were at least as high in Derby. Some weeks earlier, Rolls-Royce had been allowed to recover its divisions responsible for developing the RB211. The crisis was over. In Derby and London, as in Burbank, Haughton was seen as an authentic hero. And in Britain he is still remembered that way—as someone who, against all odds, saved Rolls-Royce and maneuvered his own company away from the brink. Haughton needed the loan guarantee, but he accomplished everything else by tireless efforts, diplomatic skill, and the fact that he was trusted by all sides.

The loan guarantee was a success. Lockheed repaid its bankers, and the fees that the government charged the company for the guarantee brought the Treasury thirty-one million dollars. Still, the affair left a residue of unease and some bitterness. Guaranteed loans are not popular in America—or in Britain, for that matter. They appear to undermine the competitive ethic of the system and its reliance on the uninterrupted ebb and flow of commercial affairs. They and similar forms of federal intervention are seen by many as steps on the path to socialism, probably the more serious when they are taken by conservative governments, as in the case of Lockheed, which was helped by the Nixon Administration; and of Rolls-Royce, which was acquired for the British government by Heath; and of Chrysler, which in 1979 was rescued by Jimmy Carter, himself essentially a conservative small-town businessman. The very considerable bailout of Chrysler has so far been sustained by the Reagan Administration. These actions were hardly assertions of the spirit of free enterprise. But neither did they suggest a trend toward government interference, let alone toward socialism. They were steps taken by leaders who felt that they were protecting important reservoirs of advanced technology—at least in the case of Rolls-Royce and Lockheed. Most other recent Presidents and Prime Ministers would probably have done the same.

It is safe to say that no European country would consider allowing a company with the attributes of a Lockheed or a Rolls-Royce to go under, and neither would Japan. It is hard to see why a British government allowed the crisis to carry Rolls-Royce over the edge. Sir David Huddie, who was the managing director of Rolls-Royce's aero-engine division from 1965 to 1970, recalls that some time after the crisis a member of Heath's government said to him, "We were a very new government, and didn't know what we were doing. We had a point of view, and we stuck to it." Things may have been that simple, but governments rarely make decisions of far-reaching significance for one reason alone, or merely to keep faith with broad party doctrine. Heath was an experienced negotiator. He had managed Britain's first bid to join Europe's Common Market. He had also served as his party's Chief Whip—a job that often involves bringing people face to face with responsibilities they might prefer to avoid. Heath may very well have been exploiting Nixon's interest in saving Lockheed in order to give himself a politically acceptable way of taking control of Rolls-Royce. He was probably reluctant to take on all of Rolls-Royce without prior assurance that the airplane for which its famous engine was designed would actually be built. A British company created the crisis, but Heath shifted the largest and hardest part of the job of overcoming it to the Americans. In doing so, he ran great risks. Letting Rolls-Royce sink into bankruptcy was a blunder, mainly because the company's worldwide reputation was seriously harmed. And his strategy nearly didn't work. If it hadn't, the biggest loser would have been the British.



EACH of the three wide-bodied airplanes arrived with a different engine. And any new engine can be expected to cause some trouble. These new engines, because they were two and a half times as large as any existing commercial engines and were based on unproved technology, were expected to have more than the usual number of inaugural problems. Two of them did; they were the Pratt & Whitney engine and the Rolls-Royce engine—the ones that had already caused so much grief to so many companies during the development stage. Although they were fully functional, they didn't run as efficiently or as reliably as they were supposed to. The first customer airlines for 747s and L-1011s must have wondered whether their new engines were having inaugural problems of an especially troublesome kind or were simply bad engines. Ironically, the only engine of the three that did perform well in these early days was G.E.'s—the one that almost none of the airlines had wanted. Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas had fought hard for the exclusive rights to Rolls-Royce's engine. Boeing had wanted Pratt & Whitney, the company it trusted most and knew best, to build the engine for the 747. The reason that the G.E. engine outperformed the two others was that its designers hadn't started from scratch. They had, in fact, developed the first of the big fan engines—the one that the Air Force selected for the C-5A transport. Later on, the airlines found the design for G.E.'s commercial engine conservative and rather unimaginative—compared with Rolls-Royce's, at least. But Gerhard Neumann, the group executive of General Electric's aircraft-engine division, and his design team at G.E., because of their earlier experience with the military engine, understood what could and couldn't be done; they delivered an engine that caused no more trouble than it was expected to and ran as it was supposed to. The beneficiaries were the customers for the DC-10, all but two of whom bought it with G.E. engines. (The exceptions were Northwest Airlines, which had a company policy of using only Pratt & Whitney engines, and Japan Air Lines, which shared some routes with Northwest and so could exchange engine parts with its competitors if that was necessary.) One of the standards of an engine's reliability is the number of times it is shut down in flight. For many years, the in-flight-shutdown rate of G.E.'s engine was lower than that of its competitors. Also, the G.E. engine met its fuel-consumption guarantees a good deal sooner than the others did.

Today, the turmoil that accompanied the first of the big fan engines seems to be part of another era. Each of the three suppliers offers remarkably efficient and reliable engines. Boeing's new 767s and Europe's Airbus are sold with either G.E. or Pratt & Whitney engines; Boeing's other new airplane, the 757, may be purchased with either Rolls-Royce or Pratt & Whitney engines. An airline can now buy 747s with any one of the three engines and find little to choose among them on the merits. The choice, therefore, is usually based on price, financial terms, and the airline's judgment as to which supplier will provide the most reliable after-sales service and support. The three companies are engaged in an intense competition for the most profitable part of the airliner business. And each is maneuvering for advantage by investing huge sums in what it hopes will be the right engine, or engines, for the future.

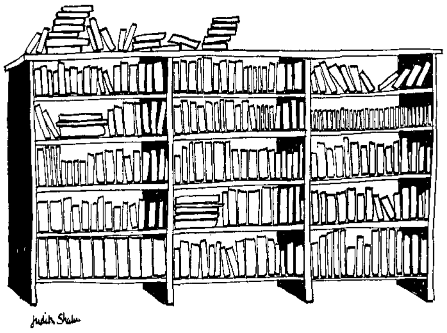
Boeing learned quickly that competition between the engine-makers is a wonderful thing for others. It gives the airlines another—and richer—set of suppliers to play off one against another, where in the past they had only the airframe manufacturers to manipulate. The competition also promotes better engines, which make possible better airplanes. It is, in short, good for business. However, G.E. is a huge conglomerate, and United Technologies, of which Pratt & Whitney is the major division, has in recent years also become a huge conglomerate. Both companies are larger than Boeing, and stronger financially. Boeing is sensitive to the difference, and even more sensitive to the least indication that one of these conglomerates might be shifting some of its priority interest from the engine business to other pursuits. Boeing feels that the engine business should be run, as it once was, by professionals who have made their careers in it. But for the past ten years United Technologies has been run by Harry Gray, a vivid and dynamic man whom *Business Week* once described as "a role model for other aspiring conglomerate builders," adding, "He has . . . transformed an ailing, inbred corporation highly vulnerable to the vagaries of a single market into a vital and diversified growth company." Boeing people see matters rather differently: they feel that Gray has been buying other companies with the cash he accumulated by selling engines for Boeing airplanes. Boeing was thrown off stride when, in December of 1979, Gray went outside the company and the engine business to find a new president for United Technologies. He chose a retired four-star general, Alexander M. Haig, Jr.—apparently just after Haig had abandoned thoughts of trying to become President of the United States (and a year before he became Secretary of State). Some months earlier, Gray had made another outsider—Robert J. Carlson, who came to Hartford from the farm-machinery business—president of Pratt & Whitney. Boeing would be very uneasy if it were obliged to depend wholly on either one of these conglomerates as a source of engines. To have the two competing for the business generated by Boeing's airplanes is a far more comfortable arrangement. And having Rolls-Royce as a third competitor improves the situation further, from Boeing's point of view.

Each of the engine-makers is now a figure in a worldwide commercial struggle that involves governments and major companies of other countries. The three suppliers compete strenuously to acquire overseas partners with whom they can share the financial risks of developing new engines. Some years ago, G.E. and Pratt & Whitney both sought to forge a permanent connection with SNECMA—the Société Nationale d'Étude et de Construction de Moteurs d'Aviation, France's big, government-controlled engine manufacturer. The French, although Pratt & Whitney owned eleven per cent of SNECMA, chose as their partner G.E., which, it seems, was a considerably more worldly company than its rival. Pratt & Whitney wanted a partner to share in the financial risk but, unlike G.E., was reluctant to share its technology with foreigners. G.E. was willing to share its technology, and had consequently become popular with Europeans. Today, roughly twenty-five per cent of the work on G.E.'s big fan engines is done by SNECMA. In addition, the two companies are equal partners in developing a new and smaller commercial engine, for which they have high hopes. G.E., in short, has acquired access to French government funds and is allied with France politically. Pratt & Whitney joined with a German firm, M.T.U. (Motoren-und Turbinen Union), which is now doing eleven per cent of the work on the engine that Pratt & Whitney is developing for Boeing's 757. Fiat, of Italy, also has a small stake in this engine, the commercial success of which was all but assured when first Delta and then American ordered it. What may become the most significant of the various alliances, however, is an Anglo-Japanese arrangement that was approved in December of 1979. It aligns Rolls-Royce with a group of three Japanese companies. As equal partners, they are developing a medium-sized commercial engine called the RJ-500—the "R" standing for Rolls-Royce, the "J" for Japan, the "500" for nothing. The RJ-500 will be directly competitive with the G.E.-SNECMA engine, known as the CFM-56. Having been started some years later, the RJ-500 will be the more modern, hence the more efficient, of the two, but the CFM-56 may do better in the marketplace for being there sooner. (Such are the uncertainties of the commercial-aircraft-engine business.) A good guess is that the Japanese government will do everything it can to make a success of the RJ-500, provided the British government continues to sustain Rolls-Royce. For Japan, the project offers access to superior engine technology and an entry into the international aircraft business. Japan's share of the project will probably total about five hundred million dollars, with about two-thirds of that sum provided by the government. Britain's hope is that an infusion of Japanese money and production genius will revive the fortunes of Rolls-Royce. The two American engine companies are watching carefully, concerned as much with the Japanese as with Rolls-Royce; they suspect that the partnership will not survive the RJ-500, whether the engine does well or badly in the marketplace. They wonder whether the Japanese companies will need Rolls-Royce afterward or whether, with government support, they may be able to compete on their own. In short, the two American engine companies, though they are now very secure, worry about what may lie directly ahead. Possibly, Pratt & Whitney will hedge its position by taking part in the RJ-500 program. For Boeing, the threat from abroad is more imminent. Whatever technological lead it had is gone, and the Europeans have learned how to operate in the world market. A few years ago, neither of those things was true.

SUCCEEDING with the Airbus was against all the odds. The typical European airliner had been either too small or too late in arriving on the market, or—usually—both. Bernard Lathière, the president and chief executive of Airbus Industrie, the Anglo-French-German consortium that makes the Airbus, says, "A good aircraft is one that sells. People here were designing aircraft to please themselves." Lathière could have been describing any of the Airbus's predecessors, including the Concorde; it is the world's only supersonic transport, but it is far too small to be operated profitably. And, while the Airbus was intended to be just the sort of aircraft many airlines needed, there was every reason to think that it, too, would fail. The airlines of the world, including Europe's, preferred American products, partly because they had more confidence in them. There was skepticism about whether any European company could successfully manage the development and marketing of an airliner. In any case, how could a French or British airplane compete against an American rival, given the greater efficiency of America's much larger aircraft companies and the advantage of a huge domestic market? In France and Britain, government bureaucracies caused delays, and governments themselves often pushed their companies in the wrong direction. By betting so heavily on the Concorde and starving the Airbus program, the French and the British very nearly succeeded in killing it. And when their priorities did shift in favor of the Airbus the program moved too slowly.

In the spring of 1968, the Airbus program was on the shelf, partly because President Charles de Gaulle's government disliked it, partly because Rolls-Royce, having finally made its American connection, temporarily lost interest in supplying the engine for a European airplane. Then events in France abruptly restored the Airbus program and gave it some momentum. The upheaval of May, 1968, carried France to the edge of anarchy and civil war. The first of the labor forces to join the rebellious students and the extreme left was that of the aircraft industry; it was quickly followed by nearly all the other major groups of workers. At this time, the Concorde program was floundering in delays, heavy cost overruns, and angry disputes between its French and British managers. Into this frenetic environment stepped Henri Ziegler. De Gaulle and Premier Georges Pompidou wanted a strong figure to take charge of Sud-Aviation, France's largest aircraft company, which is now known as Aérospatiale, and they turned to Ziegler. Sud was building the airframe for the Concorde and also had responsibility for the moribund Airbus program. Ziegler was the dominant figure in French aviation, but at the time he was contemplating retirement from the aviation industry and an entry into politics. From the start, he had been skeptical about the Concorde and had been a strong partisan of the Airbus. He says that in 1968 he agreed to take over the Concorde but that he restated his doubts about it and reiterated the need for more efficient and economical airplanes. The government agreed to think about it; a few months later the Airbus program was revived, under the direction of Ziegler and Roger Béteille, who had been in charge of it.

Ziegler and Béteille were the founding fathers of the Airbus. Béteille, the younger of the two, was the architect of the airplane and the one who kept the program afloat, if barely, when the governments turned away from it. Ziegler, an industrial statesman, took charge of reviving it. They worked together closely until 1975, when Ziegler retired; at that point, Béteille took over. He and Ziegler are both engineers from the École Polytechnique, one of the three *grandes écoles* from which most of France's leadership comes. Both are worldly, and know how governments work and what influences them. Both have always been comfortable operating in international situations. Ziegler has a long record of picking the winning side of political and industrial issues. Béteille, whose experience is less varied, has become one of the aircraft industry's most illustrious figures—relied on by the governments that back the Airbus, the companies that make it, and the airlines that fly it. He is described in extraordinary terms by people from many countries with whom he has worked. Frank Borman, the president of Eastern Air Lines, who is not prolix, says of Béteille, "He is a genius. He has the broadest understanding of anyone alive of the entire range of systems in an airplane. He is a composite of qualities and capabilities that probably only three or four people in the United States combine among them."



In 1968, Ziegler and Béteille found themselves on hazardous political terrain. Decisions had to be made about the size of the Airbus and about an engine for it. At one point, Ziegler says, each of the European airlines wanted an airplane of a different size—and the airlines furthest apart, he adds, were those of the major partner countries, France and Britain. Air France seems to have wanted the largest possible version, British European Airways the smallest. Béteille notes that the size and engine problems were linked. The weight of the airplane had to be low enough to allow two wing-mounted engines of an existing type to power it. By then, improved versions of the engines selected for the 747, the DC-10, and the L-1011 were being designed. Any one of these, it appeared, would be adequate for a two-hundred-and-forty-seat wide-bodied twin. The airplane's size was decided on accordingly—smaller than some of the airlines had specified, larger than others had. There was a serious risk that none of them would order it.

By far the hardest question was which engine to select, partly because it was the most intensely political. The decision would be made by the governments; they had technical advice from the various companies and a few airlines, but the real issue was whether to select an American or a British engine. Rolls-Royce would have been happy to sell Europeans the more powerful version of the engine it was building for the L-1011. The two American companies—and especially G.E.—were eager to make engines for the Airbus. European politics enveloped the affair. Britain was not then a member of the European Economic Community. De Gaulle didn't favor British membership; the Germans did. In Britain, the Labour Party was in power, and Labour, although it was rhetorically committed to the European idea, didn't share the Conservative Party's faith in Europe as the political answer for Britain. The Labour Party was far more comfortable dealing with Americans than with Continental Europeans. On the Continent, Rolls-Royce was judged, correctly, to be more anti-European in attitude than Britain's other big aerospace companies. It had very poor relations with SNECMA. The Ministry of Technology, Rolls-Royce's chief ally, was in the hands of people who opposed British membership in the European Economic Community.

Still another factor was the contentious experience with the Concorde. And France was concerned that Rolls-Royce's involvement with Lockheed would induce Britain to put the L-1011's commercial interests ahead of the Airbus's. It has always been natural for the French to see Britain as America's instrument—and never more so than in de Gaulle's time. The British Aircraft Corporation, which at the time was one of Britain's two main aircraft companies (the other was Hawker Siddeley), fed France's concern by seeking support for a strictly British Airbus.

The Germans at first favored Rolls-Royce: they had always felt that having Britain in the Community would give Europe a better political balance; and buying the Rolls-Royce engine for the Airbus would maintain Britain's financial role in the project. Other considerations gradually divided the Germans. Some of them doubted Rolls-Royce's ability to deliver a more powerful version of the RB211 engine within a reasonable time. Also, many of the French and Germans involved were drawn to the idea of acquiring an American ally; a G.E. or a Pratt & Whitney engine, they felt, could blur the European character of the Airbus and thereby improve its chances of penetrating America's airline market. Yet choosing an American engine was likely to cause Britain to withdraw from the Airbus program—a prospect that troubled the Germans deeply. Their share of the Airbus program was only twenty per cent. Because their aircraft industry was much smaller than Britain's and France's, it could not have taken on a larger share. The Germans knew that if Britain withdrew they would have to either abandon the project themselves or increase their financial participation; they disliked both alternatives. The dilemma of the engine choice was eventually resolved in France's favor: a committee representing the three governments met to decide, and the Germans voted with the French in favor of an American engine. It was a dramatic scene—two European governments voting down the interests of the third. Britain did then withdraw from the Airbus program, and it was relaunched, on May 29, 1969, by France and Germany as equal partners.

The competition, already under way, between G.E. and Pratt & Whitney for the Airbus-engine business was described by Béteille as "very tough." G.E. won, largely because of its willingness to give SNECMA a sizable share of the work on the engine. France, needless to say, dominated the decision. Its airline, Air France, was destined to be the first customer, and now its aircraft-engine-maker was to be a beneficiary. The Germans didn't object. The decision was made at a time when some airlines were accusing Pratt & Whitney of taking them for granted and becoming lax on product support. (Ziegler confirms that Air France felt this way.) Besides, G.E. had just established a beachhead; its engine had been ordered by a group of European airlines for the longer-range DC-10s they had purchased. That transaction assured a considerable G.E. presence on the Continent for product support.

With Britain gone, another problem arose—one that the Germans disliked even thinking about. It concerned the wing, which was to have been built by Hawker Siddeley. Without government funds, Hawker Siddeley would not take on the Airbus's wing. Yet neither the French nor the Germans could design and develop the wing for the Airbus. In wing technology, Britain has few peers anywhere, and none on the Continent. There is more high technology in the wing than in any other part of an airframe. Creating an advanced wing is much the most challenging and laborious of all aircraft-design tasks. Production schedules are keyed to wings. James Austin, the manager of Boeing's plant in Everett, Washington, says, "The body of the airplane hangs on the wing, not vice versa. The other sections are added to the wing. It is kept moving, and the rest of the airplane must catch up."

The Airbus was a high-risk venture, and the Germans had just seen their financial commitment to it rise from twenty to fifty per cent. Losing Hawker Siddeley as wingmaker was a deplorable prospect. But the Germans worried as much about the political impact of having voted against the Rolls-Royce engine. A senior bureaucrat in Bonn says, "We were very pro-British in 1969. Everything had to be done to keep alive their sense of being European and their interest in joining Europe." The question, he says, was how to prevent or contain the political damage and also keep Hawker Siddeley in the program. The Germans could think of only one way—to finance Hawker Siddeley's participation themselves. It cost them about seventy million dollars to subsidize the design of the Airbus's wing—a bold but astute move.

Another hard political problem concerned management. The Europeans had not developed a technique for steering a huge airliner program through its various stages. Britain and France had each tried to improve the performance of aircraft companies by encouraging them to merge. France had also nationalized its companies. The Concorde was an experiment in Anglo-French collaboration at the official level, and it worked badly. The Concorde was a "political" airplane, its continuity assured by an agreement between the two countries which had the force of a treaty, as the French reminded the British whenever they showed signs of wishing to withdraw from the project. The companies that made the airframe—Sud and the British Aircraft Corporation—were actually subcontractors to their governments. Every step, however technical, had to be explained to the governments and approved by them. People who took part described the process of coördination and decision-making as a nightmare.

The Airbus's supporters were determined to find a way of running a government-financed program that would not be tormented by problems like the Concorde's. They chose a device that is unique to French corporate law. A group of companies owned or supported by the governments manufactures and assembles the Airbus under the direction of Airbus Industrie, a multinational entity. Each of the government-controlled companies is liable for all commitments made by Airbus Industrie; customer airlines are thus fully protected by the legal obligations assumed by the governments. Decisions on broad policy questions, such as whether to bring out a new model, are controlled by the governments, and, naturally, so is the budget. But Airbus Industrie, working closely with the companies, makes most of the design, production, and marketing decisions, while bearing none of the risks. It cannot make a profit and doesn't pay taxes; profits and taxes show up on the books of the participating companies. The arrangement is ingenious, and it works smoothly.

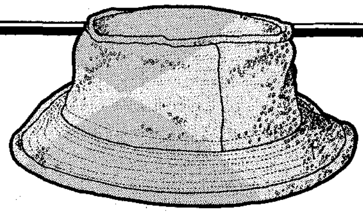
The American companies didn't take much notice of Airbus Industrie's first steps. Neither McDonnell Douglas nor Lockheed worried about the potential impact of a European Airbus on sales of their own wide-bodied airplanes. Veterans at Douglas, in Long Beach, recall that a company executive stationed in Europe persistently warned them in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies that the French and the Germans were serious, and would actually create an Airbus. No one in Long Beach paid attention, but they now wish they had. It was at that time that McDonnell Douglas was thinking of building its own wide-bodied twin. Instead, the company helped the Europeans by agreeing to sell them the engine nacelle that was designed for the DC-10. The nacelle is a pod that houses the engine. It is among the most difficult parts of an airplane to design; the harmony that must be created among nacelle, engine, and wing poses intricate structural and aerodynamic problems. Since the Airbus and the DC-10 were both going to be flown with the G.E. engine, some Europeans reckoned that the same nacelle might suit both airplanes. Ziegler says he conferred with James Smith McDonnell, and offered to assume part of the development cost of the DC-10's nacelle. Mr. Mac, he says, thought about it for a few days and then agreed. The arrangement saved Airbus Industrie a great deal of money and time.

The A300, or Airbus, flew for the first time in October of 1972. Air France had already placed an order for six planes, and the airplane made its commercial début on May 23, 1974, five years almost to the day after the signing of the Franco-German agreement. Air France's order was followed by one from Lufthansa for three planes; the French and German domestic airlines, along with a few non-European carriers, also placed orders. But the number of airplanes sold through 1975—thirty-two—was alarmingly small. Then there was a period, beginning in early 1976 and lasting well into 1977, in which no orders were booked. At that point, the Airbus appeared to be an even more dismal failure than most of Europe's other jet transports had been.

NONE of the American companies were ready to exploit Europe's apparent failure by launching a wide-bodied twin of their own, if only because the airline market in America was very weak. Money was scarce. The airline industry had lost most of its access to long-term borrowing capital, for the chief long-term lenders, insurance companies, had turned away from most of the big airlines.

Within a few years, the airline market had changed dramatically: the action had shifted away from North America to the other continents. Between 1971 and 1976, five major American carriers, which accounted for thirty per cent of the world's passenger traffic, placed only four per cent of the orders for new aircraft. Roughly seventy per cent of Boeing's orders were coming from foreign airlines. Boeing and McDonnell Douglas both saw a need to develop a foreign policy. They recognized, for one thing, that if an American supplier hoped to draw off large sums of money from European countries through sales of aircraft it had better find a way of putting some of that money back in. The obvious tactic was to do what G.E. had done with SNECMA—to involve a European company in a co-production venture. Actually, that kind of arrangement made a virtue of necessity. By then, the costs of developing a new airliner, if they were not wholly beyond the capacity of the American companies, argued forcefully for risk-sharing partners. The companies felt pushed to go abroad—to Europe or Japan—to create that kind of arrangement. A foreign partner offers access to government financing and a virtual assurance of sales to state-owned airlines.

Boeing and McDonnell Douglas had begun maneuvering for European allies in the early nineteen-seventies. Lockheed, more worldly than either of them, already held some attraction for Europeans, because it excelled in both designing and marketing airplanes. By 1971, however, Lockheed could not be taken seriously, because of its financial turmoil. McDonnell Douglas was in the best position to work out a partnership with a European company or group; it had resources and an apparent interest in working with, instead of dominating, Europeans. But there was a problem with top management; namely, Mr. Mac himself. Many of his senior staff members wanted to build a medium-sized and more fuel-efficient airplane, but, while there was considerable discussion with various Europeans, nothing happened. The DC-10 had been intended to span the market for medium and large aircraft; to build a smaller airplane seemed to carry the risk of harming the DC-10's commercial prospects. A weak domestic market, along with other problems, had already pushed the break-even point for the DC-10 farther into the future, and the McDonnell family was reluctant to launch a second two-billion-dollar commercial-airplane program. France's aircraft companies were especially eager to join forces with McDonnell Douglas on a new airplane, and Avions Marcel Dassault, one of the world's premier suppliers of high-performance combat aircraft, came close to a serious negotiation. The idea was for the two companies to build an enlarged and improved version of a Dassault airliner called the Mercure. The original Mercure, although it was a fine airplane, had reached the market far too late and had failed dramatically; only ten Mercures were ever sold. It was the company's first and last such commercial venture. Marcel Dassault, the company's founder, who is now eighty-six, got on very well with Mr. Mac. Both had accumulated great success, status, and influence through their military products; neither knew much about the commercial business. Their juniors tried, but failed, to forge



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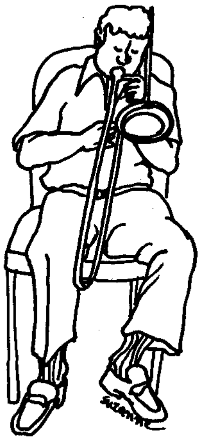
a partnership. The fellow-patriarchs saluted each other and exchanged compliments, but they never shook hands on a business deal.

Dassault's people also discussed building a modernized Mercure with Tex Boullioun, of Boeing, who recalls telling them there wasn't one chance in a thousand that such an airplane could succeed commercially. Later, Boullioun and others from Boeing had discussions with Sud—specifically, with Bêteille and Jacques Mitterrand (a brother of France's President), who is now the president of Aérospatiale. The idea, Boullioun recalls, was "to develop a 767-type airplane but with three engines." Boeing was prepared to go forward if the French could bring the British and the Germans along. A partnership along those lines would probably have killed the Airbus. But a European partner wasn't what Boeing had in mind; it wanted risk-sharing European subcontractors. A French diplomat who took part in some of the talks recalls Boullioun's comparing the only arrangement that suited Boeing with the relationship between the bishops of the Church and the Pope. Boeing was unwilling to share control, feeling that a divided management could never cope with the rigors of a new airplane program.



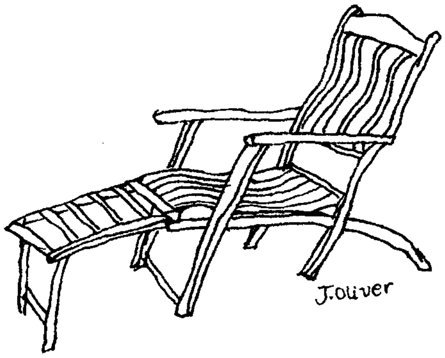
Boeing and the French were "a bad fit," according to Dean Thornton, a Boeing vice-president, who is in charge of the 767 program. He concedes that Boeing was telling the Europeans, in effect, that their resources added to Boeing's knowledge and experience would make a good marriage. One Boeing executive stated the company's attitude more bluntly than his colleagues would have wished. "We've got the smarts," he said. "They've got the money." He was actually referring to the Italians, with whom Boeing had just made an agreement to develop a new airplane called the Q.S.H. (for "quiet short-haul" airplane). That was in 1971 and 1972, when noise reduction had become a consideration. A large force of Italian engineers worked in Seattle on the project. It was a learning experience, for which the teacher, Boeing, was paid—and paid very well—by Italy's state-owned aircraft company, Aeritalia. In 1971, Boeing was in the midst of the 747 crisis, and the Italian money helped keep some of its design teams intact. While Aeritalia was negotiating with Boeing on the new airplane, it had been strongly encouraged by the French and the Germans to join the Airbus program; they, like Boeing, wanted access to Italian resources, but also to Aeritalia's manufacturing capacity. The Italians, after a serious debate in the government and the industry, elected to join Boeing in what was supposed to be an equal partnership. Each company was to have a half share in the new airplane. But the arrangement collapsed, because Boeing, as T. Wilson puts it, "decided not to build its half." The agreement was one from which either party could withdraw. The Italians, however, felt badly used. "They got very sore," Wilson says. Whatever Boeing's motives may have been, the results of the Italian affair speak for themselves. Aeritalia was discouraged from joining the Airbus program but never acquired Boeing as a partner in a new airplane. Given Boeing's attitude toward partnerships, it seems unlikely that the arrangement with Aeritalia was ever destined to go very far. What the Italians eventually got was a contract from Boeing to make the trailing edge of the wing and some tail sections of the 767; it amounts to less than ten per cent of the work on the airplane. Aeritalia had gone from being an equal partner to being a small frog in Boeing's great pond. And Boeing had won an early round in the competition with Europe. But the Europeans felt that they, too, benefitted from the experience, because they learned from it—as they learned from Britain's sour experience with Pan Am over the Rolls-Royce deal. Most of Europe's aircraft companies are state-controlled, and governments know and appreciate hardball. The Italian affair sharpened their wariness of Boeing and ultimately worked against its interests. Europeans who had dealt directly with Boeing had felt that they were being patronized. In 1978—an epochal year in the aircraft business—Boeing had an important political setback in Europe. The event, as Boullioun himself says, was at least partly traceable to Europe's mistrust of the company.

By 1976, the Boeing-Aeritalia short-haul airplane had long since been superseded in Seattle by something that Boeing called the 7X7; the "X" stood for experimental. "The design boys wanted a specific number," Wilson said earlier. "I said no. A number would imply we know what the hell we're going to build, and we don't. So the 7X7 is whatever we're going to do next." Boeing had learned caution, if not humility, from its 747 experience. It was unwilling to settle on a design before the market was clearly ready for it. The 7X7 was shown to the airlines in many guises—one with four engines, one with three, one with two. Although the two-engine version had the advantage of greater economy, most of the carriers were still reluctant to fly a fully loaded plane of medium-to-long range across the Rocky Mountains on two engines. The three-engine version dominated Boeing's thinking until 1976, when Delta and one or two other airlines indicated that a twin might be acceptable. At that point, Boeing split its design people into two teams, one working on the trijet version, the other on the twin. In both versions, the airplane was thought of as having two aisles and two hundred seats. According to a Boeing sales executive, "The hole in the market was right there—halfway between the 727 and the L-1011": an airplane of roughly two hundred seats intended for flights of eight hundred miles or more and of more than two hours' duration.

Another "hole," which was demonstrably larger, lay in the hundred-and-fifty-seat range—a single-aisle airplane intended for flights of four hundred to eight hundred miles and lasting less than two hours. That sort of airplane would best suit the largest number of flights in the United States, just as the nearly obsolete 727 has done for many years. That it still does not exist tells a great deal about the aircraft industry. A third Boeing design team had actually been at work on such an airplane, which would be smaller and cheaper than the 7X7. It was called the 7N7. The idea was to put two improved engines and a new wing on the narrow body of the 727. There would be about a hundred and fifty-five seats. If it was accepted by the airlines as the 727's replacement, it was sure to be enormously successful. In Seattle, however, the bigger 7X7 had priority. During 1977, Boeing at last decided that it should have two engines, not three. One reason was better economy, another some signs of movement in Europe's Airbus program. A few orders for the Airbus were placed that year, and Lufthansa said publicly that it wanted a new, smaller version. Boeing, too, was going to build that airplane.

Boeing was in touch with the major airlines about both airplanes, but its target for the 7X7 was United, the largest domestic airline. Boeing felt sure that if United bought it, American, Delta, T.W.A., and possibly others would do the same. They would have to, Boeing reasoned, just as they had had to buy the 747 after Pan Am placed a big order for it. Capturing United was basic to Boeing's strategy. In Seattle, it was said that Richard Ferris, United's chairman, was dazzled by the low seat-mile costs of the smaller 7N7 and asked Boeing to design something that combined the customer appeal of two aisles with the superior economy of a single-aisle airplane. (A narrow-bodied airplane, because it creates less drag, costs a bit less to operate than a wide-body.) According to Ferris, United told Boeing and also Airbus Industrie that it wanted an airplane of a hundred and eighty-five to a hundred and ninety seats that could fly non-stop between Cleveland and the West Coast and between Denver and the East Coast. United also asked both suppliers if they would help in financing the purchase of the new airplanes. Both answered yes.

After being told by Ferris to return to the drawing board, Boeing changed the 7X7 design, mainly by narrowing the fuselage slightly. The two aisles were retained, but eight-abreast seating yielded to seven abreast. The idea for the change came not from the design team but from Wilson and Edward Wells, the retired Boeing engineer whom Wilson still turns to for technical guidance. At first glance, the altered design seemed a poor one. Its apparent defect was having the additional width, hence drag, of a wide-body while gaining only one row of seats over the narrow-bodied airplanes, which seat six abreast. But a close look showed the Wilson-Wells body design to be a distinct improvement, partly because the slightly reduced width meant less drag, and partly because it turned out that a seven-abreast design would not require nearly as much tapering of the front and rear sections of the body, and so would permit a more efficient use of the airplane's interior space. Travellers, it was thought, were likely to find a double-aisle, seven-abreast layout more agreeable than the Airbus's more conventional eight-abreast interior. Even on a crowded flight, the two-three-two layout of seat rows would offer most passengers either an aisle or a window seat. But at a time when the tendency was to wedge as many people as possible into an airplane it was far from certain that Boeing's comfort-oriented design would be well received by the airlines. American and Delta offered no resistance, but Ferris was for a time wholly negative. Wilson discussed the design with him, and he recalls that Ferris said, "I don't want to hear any more about seven abreast." Wilson says that he later met again with Ferris, in Chicago, with the data that pointed up the advantages of reduced drag and less waste space. Ferris, after examining the material, said, "You have just disabused me." All the Boeing people who were in the room remember those words.



The meeting between Wilson and Ferris was in February of 1978. Over the next five months, there began the head-to-head competition between Boeing and Airbus Industrie which is now carried on in nearly all parts of the world. United was to decide on a new airplane at a board meeting in July. The choice was between Boeing's 767—the commercial designation of the 7X7—and Europe's new, smaller Airbus, the A310. While Boeing was remodelling the 767, the design of the A310 had also been refined and improved. Except in their width and their wing design, the rival airplanes were very much alike. Each manufacturer claimed that its product would cost less to operate than the other's. But the airlines didn't detect any real difference in operating costs. Both airplanes were judged impressive. Roger Béteille says that each was improved by the stiff competition for United's order.

The broader political struggle between Boeing and the Europeans got under way during these same months. It set off a series of tremors in

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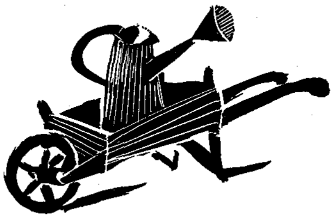
various European capitals from which the dust still hasn't settled. The issue was whether Britain would cast its lot with Boeing or Airbus Industrie—with Europe or America, as governments saw it. As Boeing saw it, the situation was this: Britain's two chief airplane-makers, the British Aircraft Corporation and Hawker Siddeley, had been merged into a large and strong company called British Aerospace. Hawker Siddeley's main activity at the time was making the wing for the Airbus; the fortunes of the Airbus were a bit brighter than they had been. Eastern Air Lines had leased four of the airplanes to test on its route system during the peak winter season. If they did well, there seemed a reasonable chance that Eastern might buy several A300 Airbuses. Eastern was then probably the most debt-ridden of the big carriers, and was at least as much in need of new airplanes as any of them. Airbus Industrie needed a large sale just as much, and could be counted on to offer terms that even a distressed airline like Eastern might be able to manage.



Boeing's interest lay in selling Eastern its airplanes and, if possible, keeping Airbus Industrie out of the American market. Tying up Britain's assets would deny them to Airbus Industrie and advance Boeing's interest. Boeing's strategy depended on its lower-priority airplane, the 7N7, which by then had been formally dubbed the 757. Most of the big airlines of the world were rather leery of the 757, because, unlike the 767, it wasn't really new. It had the same fuselage as Boeing's other narrow-bodied airplanes; some carriers considered it little more than a warmed-over 727 with two engines instead of three. Delta, United, and various others felt that a brand-new airplane of a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty seats would offer far better economy than the 757. Only two airlines looked favorably on the 757: Eastern and British Airways. In Boeing's strategy, they would be the launch customers for the 757. Rolls-Royce would be invited to supply the engines for the two launch customers, and would thereby get a jump on its American competitors. British Aerospace would be asked to build the wing. Boeing reckoned that Prime Minister James Callaghan's government would be strongly attracted to the proposition, because Britain's three major state-owned companies would be joining forces on the same airplane—a Boeing airplane. For the first time, these companies would be working together for the good of Britain. In London, there was broad and powerful support for the Boeing scheme. Rolls-Royce was especially drawn to it. Above all, the new management, led by Sir Kenneth Keith, who had become chairman of the company after the Heath government nationalized it, wanted to acquire the leading role on a Boeing airplane. Whereas the old management's supreme goal had been to mate a Rolls-Royce engine with a new American airplane, as it had eventually done with the L-1011, the new management's field of vision was limited strictly to Boeing. British Airways liked Boeing's plan, and supported Rolls-Royce's strenuous efforts to sell it to the government. The main alternatives to the 757 were Airbus Industrie's A310 and Boeing's other new airplane, the 767. British Airways had decided to buy a narrow-bodied airplane, and had thus ruled out the 767 and the A310.

For British Aerospace, the largest of the three companies, the logic of Boeing's proposition was tempting but did not accurately reflect the situation. On the plus side, the chance of success with a Boeing airplane had to be considered good; Boeing dominated the field and seemed to be in full control of the huge American market. Also, a partnership would mean exposure to the methods by which Boeing made airplanes so efficiently. But Boeing wasn't offering a partnership. It wanted British Aerospace as a subcontractor, responsible for the detailed design work on the 757's wing and for its fabrication. Negotiations between the two companies had been under way for some time. British Aerospace worried that it was being asked to shoulder most of the risk, since the only really new part of the 757 was the wing, and the greatest costs in the aircraft business lie in the production of parts that labor forces haven't learned to build efficiently. The 757's fuselage would cost little to make, for it was the same one that Boeing had been fabricating since it launched the 707, more than two decades earlier. A British Aerospace executive says, "We felt that

Boeing was taking no risk, building its same old fuselage, whereas we were supposed to do all the clever bits and take on all the risk."

For Boeing, the idea made excellent sense for practical as well as for the larger, political reasons. Boeing feels that it must cover all parts of the market with its family of airplanes. For a private company to perform so herculean a task, besides being utterly remarkable, is a heavy strain on all its resources. Boeing couldn't take on two two-billion-dollar airplane programs at the same time; one of the two had to be austere and less than wholly new, and that was to be the 757. Sharing the risks of building it with British Aerospace or some other subcontractor would lighten the burden on Boeing's engineers. If Boeing had offered a partnership in the 757, British Aerospace probably could not have refused. And it might have been very much tempted by the offer of a major role in building the authentically new 767, which clearly had good commercial prospects. But Boeing had given the main subcontracting jobs on the 767—modest ones—to Aeritalia and the Japanese. In resisting a link with the 757, British Aerospace was bucking a strong pro-Boeing current in London. And Boeing had in Sir Kenneth Keith an exceptionally adroit and determined advocate. Although he was a prominent Tory, his influence with Callaghan exceeded that of the leaders of the other companies. Rolls-Royce worried that without all three aboard the 757 Boeing might discard the British altogether and adopt a new strategy. But since the government was making the decisions, Rolls-Royce felt reasonably secure.

The government's position was awkward. Colossal sums of money were involved in the proposals to develop new engines, build new wings, and buy new airplanes. Keith, for example, was seeking well over a billion dollars for new projects, about half of it earmarked for the 757 engine. And then there was the dark cloud over British productivity. The government had figures showing that it took Rolls-Royce about thirty months to make an engine but took G.E. only eighteen or nineteen months. Yet Rolls-Royce had twice as many people involved in producing engines as G.E. had. British Aerospace's efficiency didn't look any better. (The output of British Aerospace workers is considered to be about half that of their American counter-

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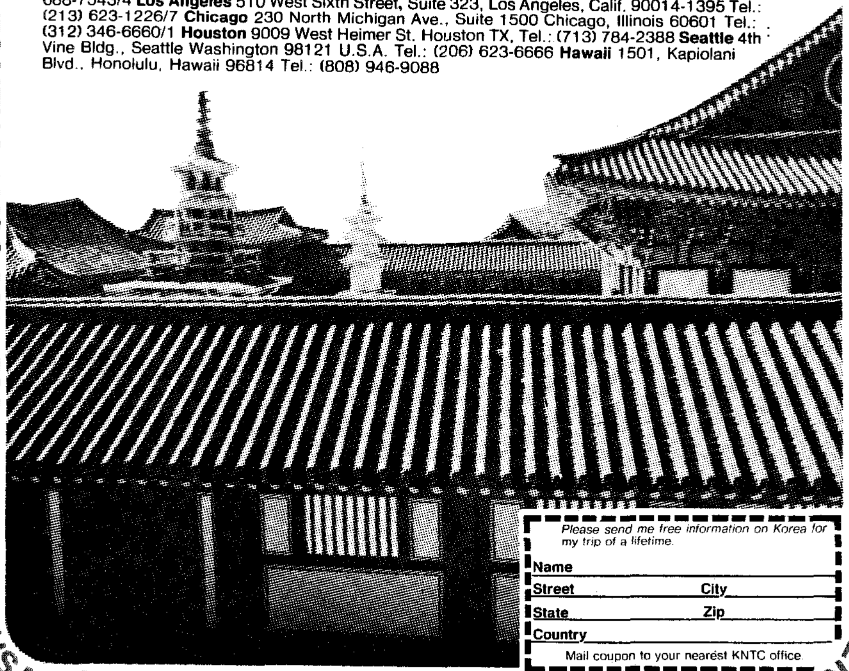

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parts.) And large factions in the government felt that an infusion of Boeing's efficiency would be among the major benefits of collaboration on the 757. Actually, the government was caught in a dilemma. Most of the key ministries favored the Boeing package, but British Aerospace, which was profitably making wings for Airbuses, strongly preferred achieving full membership in Airbus Industrie to having a subcontracting role with Boeing. The French and German governments wanted British Aerospace as a partner in the group. By then, of course, Britain was a member of the European Economic Community. Hard political logic argued for pooling the Community's major commercial-aircraft resources. Aligning Britain's main asset with Boeing would go down badly in Bonn and Paris. But in Whitehall only the Foreign Office argued the political case.

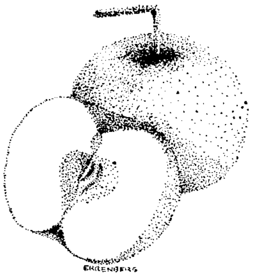
Heads of government, especially in Britain, promise to devote most of their time to bread-and-butter issues, but they find themselves spending the larger part of it on external problems—crises, potential crises, and the conventional business of foreign policy. The aircraft-related decisions that Prime Minister Callaghan faced four years ago mixed basic foreign-policy problems with bread-and-butter issues. "The situation was intensely political," he recalls. "Had we not gone into Airbus, it would have been interpreted as a political act. Giscard would have used it against us and Schmidt drawn a similar conclusion. On the other hand, we wanted Anglo-American coöperation. American industry can offer us something. Britain had an important dowry to bestow on a suitor. The question was who would pay the right price for this dowry. Heads of government must interest themselves in this industry. There is a lot of politics in it." The negotiations in which Callaghan's decisions were made were the most brutal, and the most revealing, that the aircraft industry has experienced. He had to avoid, among other things, an acrimonious rerun in the Cabinet of the debate over Europe versus America. The entire affair was too sensitive to be handled in the normal fashion. Callaghan decided to handle it personally. "Because of the size and importance of the issues involved and their political significance in Britain and Europe, I took the situation in hand in order to insure a coördinated policy," he says. "The interests of ministers seemed likely to pull in different directions."

Callaghan assembled a group of Whitehall mandarins under the direction of Sir Kenneth Berrill, the senior policy planner for the British government. Berrill reported directly to him. Callaghan also organized a Ministerial Committee, which met nine times in 1978. At first, Callaghan and the Berrill group were impressed by the argument of Rolls-Royce and most of the ministries about the importance of a Boeing connection, the certain success of the 757, and the equally certain failure of the Airbus. They then began to wonder whether the three companies really had to take the same path—whether the choice between America and Europe might not be avoided. Why not, they wondered, make an American connection for Rolls-Royce and steer British Aerospace into partnership with Europe? In fact, why not do better and build a European-American partnership around a new airplane? The outline of such a solution seemed to lie in a proposal from McDonnell Douglas for a wholly new airplane of about a hundred and eighty seats. For British Airways, it had the advantage over Boeing's 757 of offering the latest technology. British Aerospace was also strongly attracted to the idea, feeling that McDonnell Douglas, unlike Boeing, would agree to a partnership. And what Callaghan wanted most was British Aerospace in the Airbus group and the group strengthened by an American connection. A European-American partnership, he felt, could compete on equal terms with Boeing.

The problem with Britain's grand design was the probability that McDonnell Douglas, in the end, wouldn't go along. Keith argued vigorously—and correctly—that whatever the other McDonnells might propose or agree to, Mr. Mac would refuse to build a new airliner, or even part of one. Keith was strongly opposed to any deviation from the path to Boeing. The Foreign Office was just as strongly opposed to any solution that didn't put Britain's European ties ahead of other interests. Keith and the Foreign Office held the extreme positions in this rancorous debate. The

Foreign Office people distrusted him and Boeing, believing that the more modern 767 would always have the first claim on the company's resources, and that there might not be enough left over for the 757. Keith, they felt, was as anti-French as he was pro-Boeing. Keith considered the Foreign Office a nuisance. However, one of his allies was Britain's Ambassador to Washington, Peter Jay, who was also Callaghan's son-in-law. Jay felt strongly that British Aerospace would benefit far more from exposure to Boeing's efficiency than from aligning itself with other subsidized companies in Western Europe. His views were balanced by the equally strongly held opinion of the then Ambassador to Paris, Sir Nicholas Henderson (who later succeeded Jay in Washington), that the only place for British Aerospace was Europe. Jay and Henderson played active roles—Jay especially. The Foreign Secretary, David Owen, remembers that Jay returned to London "quite frequently" and felt strongly that British industry needed a dose of American efficiency.

The Foreign Office worried that Europe was starting to turn on a French-German axis; Britain's influence seemed to be declining. The worry deepened in mid-July of 1978, when the French President, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and the German Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, announced that the new, smaller Airbus, the A310, would definitely go forward. The British were not consulted, although by then, nine years after their withdrawal from the Airbus program, they had started talks with the French and the Germans about reëntering it. These talks were being managed by Callaghan and Giscard; Schmidt, too, became directly involved. Callaghan says, "The French for a while pretended they did not want British Aerospace's participation, but I believed that was bluff on their part. They needed us. Helmut Schmidt was dragged into the affair by Giscard and me—by our differences with each other." Giscard's position was clear and firm. The British would not be admitted unless British Airways bought the Airbus. And if British Airways did not buy it British Aerospace would not be given the contract to build the wing for the A310. Callaghan argued that he couldn't tell British Airways which airplane to buy, because, although it was a government-owned company, it retained the legal right to choose its own equipment. British Airways, like Rolls-Royce, leaned toward America, not Europe. Moreover, it had a tendency to "buy smaller" than competitive airlines. The French naturally argued that the 757 would compete against the Airbus. The British answered that it would not, because it was to be a smaller aircraft, with one aisle, not two. The truly competitive airplane, Boeing's 767, would not involve the British at all.



The French were deeply suspicious; they neither understood nor, for a time, accepted the idea that Callaghan couldn't bend British Airways to his will. Jean François-Poncet, Giscard's chief of staff and later Foreign Minister, repeatedly called the situation "bizarre." In vain did British officials and diplomats reason that even to try to force the hand of British Airways would create an immense row—that the airline's management and the unions would vigorously oppose any such move, and would be backed by Rolls-Royce. Actually, the French civil servants who would normally have managed the negotiations did understand Callaghan's problem, and they would have yielded sooner or later. Giscard, however, took a hard line, and wouldn't budge from it. Henderson says, "It was a difficult negotiation, and could have gone the other way." Callaghan says, "The French insisted on a U.K. buy. They stuck on that right to the end." The British expected help from Schmidt, who wanted them in, but they were disappointed. He was unwilling to put pressure on Giscard—his relations with whom had acquired top priority—in order to help Britain. That, at least, was how it appeared to the British. They knew they had his support, but it was characterized in official documents as "not robust." British diplomats complain that they and the Germans are usually shoulder to shoulder except in arguments with the French.

Both the Europeans and Boeing began applying pressure to Britain. Boeing first set a deadline—May 15, 1978—for an answer from British Aerospace. Next, it opened discussions with other potential builders of the 757's wing; these were the Grumman Corporation, the General Dynamics Cor-

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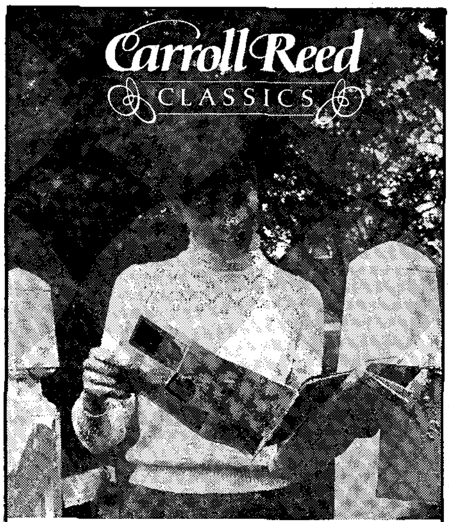

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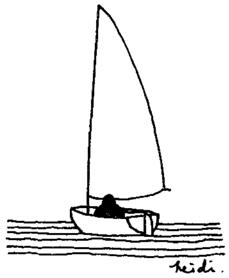
poration, and the Rockwell International Corporation. The French and the Germans, meanwhile, began a joint study to see if a supplier of wings for the Airbus could be found on the Continent. In that atmosphere, Callaghan decided to come to America, with Berrill and others, to see if he could put together an arrangement that would satisfy all three of his companies and Britain's political interests as well. It was arranged that he would meet the senior people from Boeing and McDonnell Douglas at the British Embassy in Washington over the weekend of June 24th. But before seeing them he was to have lunch with Frank Borman, of Eastern Air Lines. Callaghan needed two assurances from Borman: first, that Eastern would buy the 757 if British Airways did; second, that Eastern would buy it with Rolls-Royce's engine. Callaghan had another reason for meeting with Borman. This former pilot and astronaut was presumed to know as much about airplanes as anyone, and Callaghan wanted his evaluation of the Airbus. After testing four Airbuses in Eastern's fleet for several months, Borman had just bought twenty-three of them and taken options for several more.

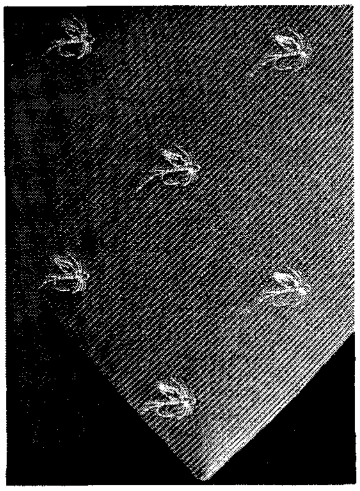


The atmosphere that Callaghan and Berrill found when they arrived in Washington was strongly conditioned by Borman's bold move, which had alarmed America's aircraft industry and those who watched it—especially those in Washington. For the first time, McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed could see Europe as a major threat to their position in the commercial business. Boeing, too, was upset and worried; United's board was meeting in July to choose between the 767 and the A310 Airbus, and similar battles over orders from American and Delta were imminent. Boeing's interest in separating British Aerospace from Airbus Industrie was reinforced. Nearly two years earlier, Western Air Lines had nearly bought Airbuses; heavy last-minute pressure on Western's board and chairman had turned the company away from the non-American-made airplane. (Western bought DC-10s instead.) However, Borman says that his board "was enthusiastic" about the purchase of Airbuses. Probably this was mainly because Eastern could not have bought the new airplanes it urgently needed except on the remarkably generous terms that the Europeans offered. The board would not have approved the purchase of new equipment on more conventional terms, because of the company's shaky finances. The Carter Administration, although it was concerned about the transaction, made no serious effort to prevent it. Borman recalls telephoning the Secretary of Commerce, Juanita Kreps, and being assured that the Administration "didn't want to interfere with your business." The situation was probably more complicated than that, and Borman, a tough man, must have made it clear on many fronts that pressure to "buy American" wouldn't work. He especially recalls an angry phone call from Charles M. Forsyth, executive vice-president of Douglas Aircraft. At one point, Borman asked Forsyth what kind of car he drove. Borman's best answer to the "buy American" argument lay in the heavy American content of the Airbus. Engines account for roughly a third of an airliner's value, and the engines for most Airbuses are made by General Electric, the others by Pratt & Whitney. A large share of the various components are also American-made.

From Callaghan's point of view, his lunch with Borman went very well. Borman convinced the British that he was ready to buy the 757 and—equally important—was capable of paying for it. And he assured them that he would also buy Rolls-Royce's engine. "Borman said, 'I'll give my personal assurance to you, but I won't give it to Rolls-Royce,' " Callaghan recalls. "That satisfied me, although I did not understand the distinction he was making." Since Rolls-Royce is government-owned, an assurance to Callaghan was an assurance to his company. Borman explains, "I told him what I wouldn't tell Rolls-Royce because I wanted to negotiate with Rolls-Royce. I needed an assurance from him that the engine would be built—that Rolls-Royce would have the necessary financial support. He needed an assurance from me that we'd buy it. It was simple—we both needed assurances."

The experts around Callaghan had wondered whether Borman's interest in the 757 was genuine. Boeing had intended the 757 as the replacement for the 727, and had decided on its size accordingly. But British Airways wanted a new airplane that would be smaller than the 767 or the A310 yet larger than the 757 as it was then being offered. Specifically, British Airways wanted a narrow body and about a hundred and eighty seats—just the sort of airplane that McDonnell Douglas had been offering to build for American and European airlines. But McDonnell Douglas had a credibility problem, arising from Mr. Mac's presumed aversion to the airliner business. Boeing decided to exploit that problem. It expanded the 757 from a hundred and fifty-five seats to a hundred and eighty-five—matching it with the proposed McDonnell Douglas airplane—in order to sew up the British Airways order. However, British Airways was probably the only big airline that wanted this in-between-size airplane. Everything depended on Eastern's agreeing to the alteration. A senior Boeing sales executive says, "Borman had been pushing for a hundred-and-fifty-five-seater. But he got persuaded by Wilkinson"—Kenneth G. Wilkinson, then the engineering director of British Airways—"and finally agreed to go along. He probably assumed he'd grow into it." Boeing's Joseph Sutter says, "It took several meetings to convince Borman."

The British dined that evening with Boeing's leaders, T. Wilson and Tex Boullioun. Although Callaghan and Berrill were reassured about Borman's intentions, they were suspicious of Boeing's. They wondered whether Boeing was serious about building the enlarged 757 or whether its proposal to British Airways and Rolls-Royce was a tactic aimed at sabotaging the partnership between Europe and British Aerospace. If Boeing was serious, it was taking enormous commercial risks. A larger 757 seemed to make no sense other than to accommodate the singular preference of British Airways. The market for the 757 was where it had always been—in the hundred-and-fifty-seat range. Stretching the design meant that the 757 would carry nearly as many passengers as its sibling the 767. A wealthy airline such as Delta might be able to afford both, but there were few wealthy airlines. Boeing might claim that they were fish and fowl—the 757 cheaper to operate, the 767 better suited to the middle and longer distances. But a smaller 757 would be cheaper still to operate—and so more attractive to airlines—and would be no threat to the 767. Boeing,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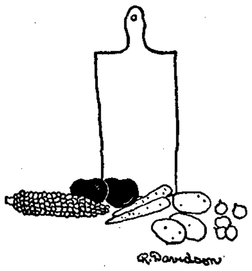
amazingly, was proposing to bet considerably more than its net worth on two airplanes with nearly the same passenger capacity. The British wondered whether Boeing was on the verge of competing against itself or whether, in the words of a diplomat, "Boeing was stringing everyone along by half launching paper airplanes." The British were compelled to question Boeing's motives and intentions.

There was tension on both sides. Boeing's leaders were looking ahead three weeks to United's board meeting, at which the airline was to choose between the 767 and the A310. The fate of Boeing's first new airplane since the 747, and the only one started by T. Wilson, was tied to that decision. The 757's prospects were bound up in the meeting with the British. The French tried to add to the pressure on Callaghan: in a statement that coincided with the meetings in Washington, Giscard's Minister of Transportation, the late Joël le Theule, announced that British Airways would have to buy the Airbus if the European negotiations were to succeed. The meetings did not go especially well from either Boeing's or Callaghan's point of view. Boeing managed to set aside Britain's fear that "the 757 wasn't real," as one of Callaghan's advisers put it. Callaghan says, "T. Wilson did provide strong assurances that Boeing would go ahead with the 757. He said that the 767 would come first but that the 757 would be built and would come ahead of any competitive airplane." But on the harder issue of British Aerospace's participation the parties got nowhere. Callaghan says, "Wilson dangled larger future projects before us, but the more he said, the less interested I became, because I felt that Boeing wanted to swallow us. Wilson seemed to want British Aerospace as a subcontractor, not a collaborator." Boullioun also did a good deal of talking, according to the British. He is a likable man who doesn't mince words, and his recollection of the meeting is much like Callaghan's. On why the link with British Aerospace wasn't made, he says, "They never trusted me. It was always 'What haven't you told us?' They were worried that we would drain their talent and take control of them. They thought this deal would make second-class citizens of them."



It was on the partnership issue that the Boeing proposition fell apart. "British Aerospace wanted to be a full party to the sales and marketing of the 757," Boullioun says. "But we have the strongest capability, and we are not prepared to set up an approval organization. If someone out there is on the verge of selling an airplane, we can't refer it all to an organization. In a competitive situation, you don't have that kind of time. Somebody has to be in charge." Another issue was the cost to British Aerospace of building the wing and the price that Boeing would pay for it. British Aerospace's assessment of the cost of the work was roughly fifty per cent higher than Boeing's calculation. After seeing all the paperwork, Boeing concluded that Britain's engineering costs (per man-hour) were three times as high as its own, and tooling costs twice as high. A letter to Boeing from British Aerospace dated June 23rd, the day of Callaghan's arrival in Washington, says, "The first hurdle to be overcome is the question of production costs. . . . It would not be possible for us to match Boeing in-house costs." The letter goes on to say that "a gap of about thirty per cent between us . . . would be hard to overcome except by a modest increase in the price of the aircraft."

Boeing's remarkable efficiency was partly responsible for the failure of its grand political design. "It's hard even for American firms to be competitive with Boeing on a wing," Boullioun says. "We've built so many of them. But we didn't realize how much better we were on wings until we began negotiating with the British." According to another Boeing executive, the American companies with an interest in building the 757 wing turned in estimates that showed their costs to be about twenty-five per cent higher than Boeing's. So Boeing built the 757 wing itself. The British are sure that if agreement had been reached on the partnership issue the problem of costs would have been solved. But Boeing, besides yielding nothing on the larger issue, talked down to them, they say. Callaghan apparently told one of his staff that he had been dealt with like the head of some underdeveloped country.

Callaghan met the following evening over dinner with Sanford McDonnell, who was then the president nd is now the chairman of McDonnell Douglas, and John C. Brizendine, he president of the Douglas Aircraft Company. A deal with them, he knew, vould be popular with British Aerospace, which felt far less intimidated y McDonnell Douglas than by Boeing. It was Callaghan's preferred solution. "We wanted French, U.K., German, and American elements in ne enterprise," he says. "But it roved to be too difficult to achieve all hat in one jump." The French might vell have gone along with uch an arrangement, and he Germans certainly vould have. Sanford McDonnell and Brizendine trongly favored it in principle. Callaghan suggested fifty-fifty arrangement, vith McDonnell Douglas utting up half the funds, he European partners the other half. McDonnell hesitated, presumably because it wasn't likely that Mr. Mac, is uncle, would approve so large commitment. One of the British roup at the dinner says that McDonnell did commit his company to a ne-third share. Callaghan, however, vas not impressed. He says, "Sandy McDonnell put forward an attractive oncept, but it was never as hard as Boeing's offer. It was never really put orward as a concrete proposition on vhich you could build a negotiation."

Callaghan left Washington without aving closed the door on any of British Aerospace's options but feeling hat the European card was the one to lay. The problem was playing it. As close adviser of his puts it, "for the French, a British Airways purchase of he Airbus was like King Charles' ead: they had to have it." They insisted as well that the A310 was competitive with Boeing's 757. On August 2nd, Britain's Cabinet approved he purchase of nineteen 757s for British Airways. The low point in elations with the French was reached n August 31st, when the order was nnounced. For a short time, the atmosphere was very bad, and then, bruptly, it improved, mainly because he search for another supplier of wings ad failed to turn up a good alternative to British Aerospace; that meant nore leverage for Callaghan. Also, he Germans were at last asserting heir interest in having Britain as a isk-sharing partner in the group. Help appeared from an unexpected ource when, by coincidence, Sir Freddie Laker, the head of Laker Airways, ordered Airbuses during this tense period—an event that offered the impression of a "British buy," even though Laker Airways was a private company. And the French were told that if British Airways should ever want an Airbus (which was most unlikely) the government would expect it to buy the A310. Gradually, the French gave ground. Callaghan wrote letters to Giscard and Schmidt, and on October 16th he told his ministers that the French, although they still wanted the British Airways order, would not insist on it. That issue and some lesser ones were settled on essentially British terms. Whitehall rejoiced. After years of losing political struggles with France, Britain had won one. "For once, we were kicking the goals," a former senior official recalls. He and others feel that Giscard's heavy personal involvement in the affair complicated it and harmed France's case. A French official concedes that the British did very well in the negotiations, but he contends that once Callaghan had taken command on the British side Giscard had to do likewise. A residue of ill will continues to affect relations between those ministries of both governments which deal with Airbus Industrie. It does not seem to disturb the company's operations, however. The French and German partners work harmoniously with British Aerospace, which is pleased to have a twenty-percent share in the company and all its projects, and a major role in its decisions.

Callaghan takes great satisfaction from the entire episode, feeling keenly that he did the right thing in helping each of the three companies to go its own way. "Rolls-Royce was the national asset we had to preserve, and this meant that establishing it in the U.S. market was the central consideration," he says. And because he saw the need for an Anglo-French-German partnership he struggled to achieve it. David Owen says, "Jim became rather more European during all this." Callaghan himself concludes, "On this occasion, unlike many others in politics, I felt that we got it just right—that we were wholly successful." One is tempted to agree that this tangled affair, which preëmpted so much of the attention of Western Europe's major political leaders, did end in the best possible way. British Airways probably has no regrets over hav-

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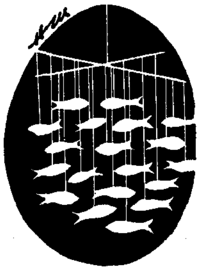
ing selected the 757. And British Aerospace, as it turned out, tied itself to Europe at precisely the moment when Airbuses began to sell briskly. Indeed, among the three companies only British Aerospace is a clear and strong beneficiary of the outcome that Callaghan arranged. The company's steady progress led Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government to denationalize it recently by selling about half its shares to the public. These were bought up in less than a day. Since then, the reborn private company's stock has risen, and its prospects are considered good.

A question mark hovers over Rolls-Royce, which has lost large sums and is certainly not a candidate for denationalization. In competing against the stronger American engine-makers, Rolls-Royce cannot afford to guess wrong, or even partly wrong. It is far from clear that investing heavily in an engine for the 757 was sensible. For almost two and a half years after the big decisions were made, Boeing didn't book a single order of any significance for the 757. The 757 itself may prosper—unless, that is, the smaller, hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane becomes available (that can't happen before 1986, though, about three years after the 757 enters service)—but most of the big airlines that buy the 757 are likely to select Pratt & Whitney's slightly more advanced engine over Rolls-Royce's. A faction within Rolls-Royce was always leery of the 757 project, and favored building instead a smaller engine, tailored to the smaller-airplane market. That is the kind of engine that Rolls-Royce and the Japanese are now working on together. With an earlier start, they might have gained a competitive advantage. Its Boeing-at-any-price strategy probably got Rolls-Royce into trouble.



Although Boeing's political strategy didn't succeed, its new top-of-the-line airplane—the 767—got off to a good start. United chose it over the A310 at the board meeting in July of 1978, and a few months later American and Delta also ordered it. Actually, Delta's management had decided against buying a European airplane, so Boeing didn't have to work hard for that order. Boeing thinks that the two other carriers also intended to buy the 767 but promoted the competition in order to drive the price down. But both American and United say that th competition was serious and intense—that each was very favorably impresse by the A310 and also by the financia arrangements the Europeans offered Albert V. Casey, American's chair man, says, "It was a close call." H adds, however, that American was at tracted to the 767's seven-abreast seat ing, and didn't want to compet against it. United's Richard Ferri says, "Boeing won it. We had pre pared the board for a French airplane if the French had won it. Don't for get, we had a French airplane once—the Caravelle. Of course, the competi tion worked to our advantage. My jo is to use one supplier against th other." United's order was wort nearly two billion dollars to Boeing.

Next came T.W.A., and Boein people do not suggest that the compe tition for that order was other tha deadly serious. T.W.A.'s managemen was leaning toward the Airbus Agreement on the central issue financial terms, had been reached, an even solemnized, with handshakes an champagne. The decision was to b made during a meeting of T.W.A.' board in December of 1979. Its presi dent, C. E. Meyer, recalls a visit fro Tex Boullioun on the Wednesday be fore the board meeting. Boullioun ha a new proposal, in the form of a wage that the 767 would consume less fue than the A310 on typical T.W.A flights. "We didn't think the A31 could do as well as was claimed, an we made a bet with T.W.A that our airplane would d better," Boullioun says. "I we lose the bet, we pay penalty."

An airline can never b certain how efficiently an air plane will perform until it i in service. Some of T.W.A.' people felt that the A31 would be slightly more fuel efficient than the 767. Boullioun, b agreeing to pay a penalty if his airplan didn't outperform the competition's removed all the uncertainty. It was tempting proposal, and became, i Meyer's words, "an important part o the decision." Boullioun also brough Boeing's financing into line with Air bus Industrie's proposal; that mean helping T.W.A. to buy the airplanes Meyer says that well over fifty per cen of the funds to cover the purchase wil come from Boeing and Pratt & Whit ney. "It was a terrific deal fo T.W.A.," he says.

Boeing feels that it has had to do fa

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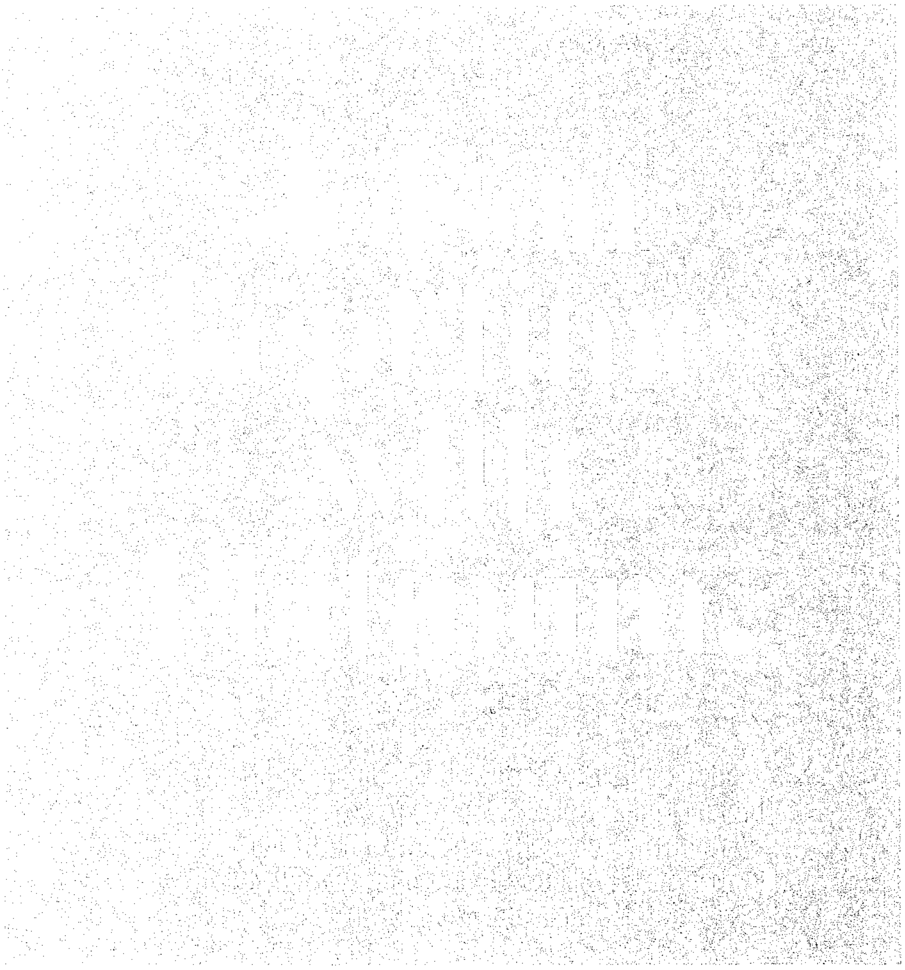
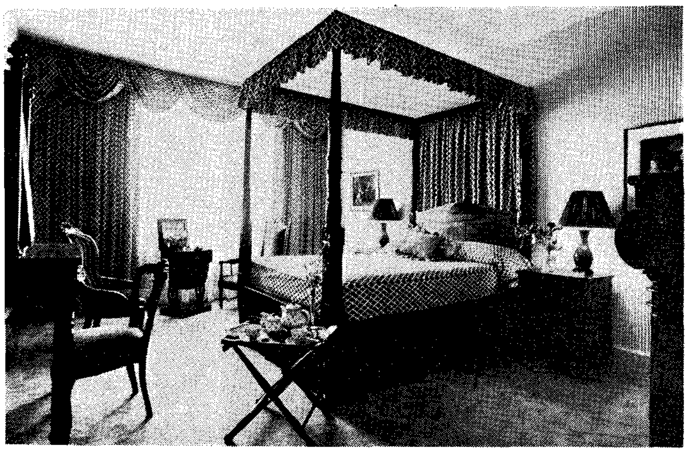
too much to protect its domestic market from the Europeans. One of its executives says, "We lost one million per airplane on the United deal, although we would probably have given away half a million of that in normal concessions. United used Airbus against us. As for T.W.A., we won the deal, but I won't tell you how much money we lost in winning it." Success in the airplane business doesn't come easily or without penalty. The business is, to repeat an industry euphemism, "a sporty game." And for Boeing the costs of being sporty—of selling its airplanes on competitive financial terms—are rising all the time, as the major domestic airlines become weaker and the competition from abroad grows stronger. Therein lies the significance of the decisions made four years ago by Callaghan, his fellow-Europeans, and Boeing. They drew lines that lock Europe and Boeing in direct competition. The pattern is likely to last for a generation, and it probably won't change much, except to make room for the Japanese.

THE amount of risk contained in a new airplane program defies instant comprehension. George W. Ball has watched the drama as a lawyer, as Under-Secretary of State, and now as the senior managing director at Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb. He says, "There are no historic precedents or current parallels for the magnitude of financial exposure risked by an American airframe company."

T. Wilson says that he "didn't stew and fret about going ahead with the 767 and the 757 at the same time." Perhaps he didn't. Boeing probably felt less threatened at the time those decisions were made. Also, after working on the 767 concept for six years Wilson and the other Boeing executives felt reasonably sure of what they were doing when they launched it. And it does appear that they built a sensible airplane, even though it hasn't sold nearly as well in the world market as they had hoped it would. As for the 757, by making it so large they may have proved that Boeing can still survive its mistakes in a business where one mistake can be fatal. A 1980 order from Delta for sixty 757s, costing more than three billion dollars, may have given the airplane the credibility it seemed to lack, and some chance of commercial success.

Boeing must now decide whether to build a third new airplane—one that could do real harm to the 757. This is





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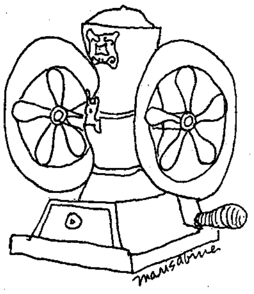
the same hundred-and-fifty-seat replacement for the 727 that Boeing should have launched four years ago. If it had done so then, the company would have been spared its current dilemma. Boeing can't really afford to take it on but is reluctant to concede what could be the largest slice of the airliner market to a competitor. Most of the major airlines have proclaimed a need for such an airplane. Delta's present chief executive, David C. Garrett, Jr., wants one in service by 1987. Delta, he said last year, will buy a hundred of the airplanes at a price of about fifty million dollars each. Delta has given Boeing and the other suppliers detailed specifications. Garrett, in short, has made a commitment of five billion dollars to the hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane. Ferris topped him some days later by saying that United would order a hundred and fifty of the new airplanes, at a cost of about nine billion dollars. And Borman has said that Eastern intends to order about a hundred of them over a period of years. Other airlines, including T.W.A. and Air France, are very much interested in them.

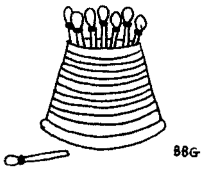


The new airplane may inspire the most dramatic and costly spectacle in the history of an industry that has had more than its share of such spectacles. For now, the airlines and the manufacturers are fencing with each other. Taken at face value, the various pronouncements from airlines assure a huge market for the hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane—a market large enough to absorb eighteen hundred airplanes, or about the number of 727s to be replaced. The major suppliers aren't convinced, however. Each is busy designing the airplane, and Airbus Industrie and McDonnell Douglas have even issued statements intended to portray themselves as poised to launch it. But they are also trying to find out how many airlines will be able to match bold talk with hard cash when the time comes. Although no one doubts the genuineness of Delta's commitment to the project, the intentions of the other carriers are viewed skeptically by the manufacturers and the banks. Since deregulation of the airline industry began, in 1978, United's policies have caused experts to wonder if its management knows what it is doing. United has been the most active of the major carriers in abandoning old routes and acquiring new ones, but its exploitation of the new freedom does not seem to have helped the company. United is still the largest of the carriers (and one of the richest), but it will probably lose that distinction to Delta in the years ahead. As for Eastern, people wonder how many of the new airplanes Borman will ever actually be able to order. He says that to buy them "Eastern will have to achieve a profit goal of five cents on each dollar of revenue," and adds, "We haven't done that yet, but if we don't achieve that goal within three years we'll have to consider scaling down our operations." T.W.A. needs new airplanes more urgently than any of the other airlines, but it can't afford them. Instead, it is casting off its oldest and most inefficient airplanes without replacing them—a step that is also eliminating several thousand jobs and many routes. T.W.A. is becoming a much smaller airline.

Naturally, the prospective customers hope to see the major suppliers competing for their orders. Borman speaks for all the airlines in saying that "a three-way competition for the new plane would be healthy for everyone involved." That sort of remark comes easily to airline executives; the suppliers know better. If two or three of them pursue the airframe market and the same number of engine-builders are also involved in a struggle for the engine business, everyone may lose heavily. Robert Carlson, of Pratt & Whitney, takes a harshly realistic line. "Competition is wonderful," he said in a recent speech, "but masochistic industrial self-destruction is quite another thing . . . and this industry may be poising itself to do just that if it convinces itself the hundred-and-fifty-seat chocolate cake provides adequate sustenance for all." Like Boeing, Pratt & Whitney would prefer to avoid this struggle, because it is doing so many other things. Yet Carlson did not say that Pratt & Whitney would stand aside, and it probably won't.

The most absorbing part of the spectacle is the search for partners. None of the major suppliers will take on the new airplane without having one or more partners. Never has the hunt for partners been so intense, or the problem of who has control so intractable. Airbus Industrie is already a collection of partners, but it may add others for help with a new airplane; the company held talks with General Dynamics in 1981, but nothing came of them. McDonnell Douglas acquired a Dutch partner—Fokker B.V. The Dutch government was willing to finance a one-third share in the airplane, which was called the MDF-100, but the arrangement collapsed in February of 1982. Earlier, McDonnell Douglas and Airbus Industrie had talked briefly, but in the fashion of rival powers with a history of failed negotiations and with a declining interest in an alliance. Airbus Industrie, now the stronger of the two, wants considerably more than a controlling share in any partnership, but McDonnell Douglas insists on at least a fifty-per-cent share. McDonnell Douglas, though, still lacks credibility. It is suspected that, whatever else happens, the MDF-100 will never be built, and Borman says publicly what others in the industry say privately: for McDonnell Douglas not to compete for the hundred-and-fifty-seat-airplane market will amount to its withdrawing from the commercial-aircraft business altogether.

The talk from Airbus people about the new airplane—their version is called the A320—seems more convincing, though some would argue not much more so. The member governments, especially France's, seem to be prepared to do whatever is required if the company can find two or three big launch customers. Air France, which is state-owned, says that it has ordered twenty-five of the new airplanes and taken an option for another twenty-five; one of its executives may have put matters in their true light by saying, "It would have to fly backward for us not to buy it."



The Europeans still hope to penetrate America's airline market. A public-relations campaign aimed at impressing people here with the amount of American-made equipment in Airbuses hasn't succeeded. Collaboration with an American company would help a good deal more. An obvious American partner for the Europeans in their new venture would have been Lockheed; it couldn't have presumed to seek a major share of the work—probably no more than the Airbus people would have been willing to grant. But talks between the two sides went nowhere. Lockheed was on the verge of withdrawing from the commercial-airplane business, and the Airbus people seemed to think that Lockheed lacked the financial base for even a modest role in the A320. There could be another reason for the ambivalence of the Europeans: with Lockheed gone, their interest in acquiring an American connection may be outweighed by their interest in accelerating the departure of McDonnell Douglas as well from the commercial business. They may also feel capable of penetrating the American market in the near future wholly on their own.

A new airplane program resembles a high-stakes poker game as much as anything else. And the stakes in the hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane may become the highest ever. If this particular game has a wild card, it is Japan. Each of the three major suppliers has had serious negotiations with the Japanese government and Japanese industry. The Americans and the Europeans would like to discourage each other from forming a Japanese partnership. No one doubts Japan's determination to buy into the great commercial-aircraft game, for the commercial aircraft represents a frontier in technology that Japan has yet to cross. Crossing it—mastering the combination of high technologies—would bring large benefits to other advanced industries in Japan and help its economy generally.

The Europeans could probably build the new airplane without Japan's help, but McDonnell Douglas or Boeing probably could not—not, at least, if either intends to build it over the next five years. The anti-trust laws prevent these American companies from building a new airplane jointly. Japan is the only other source of the industrial skills that would be required of a major partner. Naturally, the Japanese are well aware of what they have to offer, and they insist on having a major role in any new airplane program they may join. They are among the world's most tenacious and successful negotiators—the best, some would say. None of the big suppliers want to yield much, if any, authority or control over the original design work of the airframe. Partnership negotiations usually bog down on that issue. Still, if the new airplane is to be built Japan and one of the American companies will make concessions and let themselves be pushed together by their larger interests. The American company is likely to be Boeing. For

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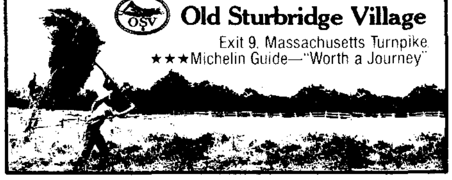

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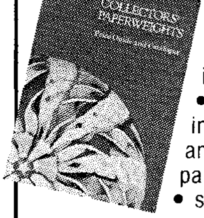

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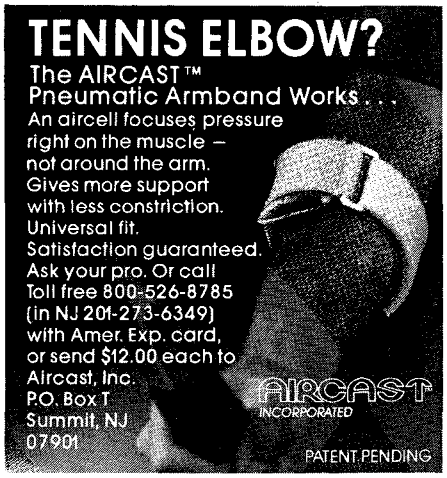

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the Japanese, geography favors a link with America's West Coast. Also, they would rather work with one American partner than with a European consortium, however well managed it might be. Perhaps most important, they want to learn the airplane business in all its aspects—design, assembly, marketing, and product support. Some companies do some of these things as well as Boeing, but not one does all of them as well.

Three Japanese companies have done a small part of the work on the 767, and the experience has allowed them and Boeing to learn a good deal about each other. Boeing has found out that in some of the key industrial skills—especially management and quality control—the Japanese have no equal in America or Europe. And the Japanese know that only Boeing can match their productivity. A Japanese partnership with Boeing could be very useful: it could assure America's continuing ability to do much more than hold its own in the world market, the fastest-growing part of which is in Asia—especially East Asia. The Japanese may see the same advantage for themselves in a continuing partnership. They may also recognize that the process of making, selling, and looking after airliners is a far cry from the automobile and consumer-electronics businesses.

FOR Boeing, as stubbornly independent and self-confident a company as America has, the idea of a partnership with Japan is double-edged. Avoiding it could mean surrendering heavy advantages to a competitor. Accepting it would mean helping Japan learn all the skills required to compete against Boeing on the next airplane. The partnership might endure if each side saw a large advantage in working with instead of against the other. However, the American aircraft companies think that the Japanese, after mastering this difficult trade, will proceed alone.

Japan has a proved technique for becoming a major and potentially dominant force in a high-technology industry. The Ministry of International Trade and Industry, which is known as MITI, selects a few large companies to enter the new field, and it finances most of what they do in the early stages. Technology is bought from abroad or learned in joint ventures promoted by MITI. In time, the companies become at least as highly skilled and as competitive as their Western counterparts, some of whic have probably helped them. MITI pu three of Japan's industrial giants—Mitsubishi, Kawasaki, and Fuji—int the commercial-airframe busines a few years ago. Mitsubishi is Japan's largest industrial, banking, an trading conglomerate. The total sale of its various parts, of which ther are twenty-eight, came to a hundre and twenty-three billion dollars i Japan's 1981 fiscal year; its bankin assets are estimated at a hundre and three billion dollars. The part reinforce one another in various ways and the performance of the whol is carefully monitored by MITI. Tw of the three members of the airfram group—Mitsubishi and Kawasaki—are also in the trio that is developing the new engine with Rolls-Royce. For an American analogy one would have to imagine a government agency, probably the Department of Commerce, putting togethe a coalition of Boeing, McDonnel Douglas, Lockheed, General Electric and Pratt & Whitney to develop airframes and engines. This government agency would already hav learned a great deal about the aircraft business and acquired a sense o where the opportunities lay. Tha doesn't sound like the Department o Commerce.

Japan's economy, the most potent i the world, operates according to a strategic design. The efforts by MITI to put the aircraft industry on the path to equivalence with the dominant Western companies is part of an industrial strategy carefully worked out with other government agencies. The companies are independent, and manage their own operations. The government—especially MITI—looks after their needs and relates their activities to national priorities. In a book called "Japan as Number One," Ezra F. Vogel, a Harvard expert on Japan, says:

> MITI's aim is not to reduce competition among Japanese companies but to create the strongest possible companies with the greatest competitive potential. Perhaps the nearest American analogy is the National Football League or the National Basketball Association. League officials establish rules about size of team, recruitment, and rules of play that result in relatively equally matched teams of great competitive abilities. They do not interfere in internal team activity or tell a coach how to run his team, although they do try to provide information that would enable the coach to improve. . . . MITI officials are so persistent in their efforts to look after the welfare of Japanese industry that they are dubbed by their countrymen as

yōiku mama, overanxious mothers who hover over their children and push them to tudy.

A better system for making world-class competitors of small or new industries couldn't be devised. And it is especially well suited to Japan's budding aircraft industry. The punitive early costs and risks are cushioned by MITI, which arranges financing on easy terms and relieves the companies of many other burdens. There are no problems with the banks; they take their guidance from the government. The hardheaded care and benevolence with which MITI treats the companies s matched by the companies in their relations with their employees. Before becoming involved in the actual work of his company, a young engineer is usually trained in many different departments and may be sent abroad for additional training; he may spend six or more years in such training. By then, he is a loyal, dedicated, and omnicompetent company man. Company labor forces are encouraged to feel comparable loyalty and dedication: workers have guaranteed lifetime jobs; they are paid as individuals, rather than as holders of particular jobs; and they have various other incentives, including bonuses that reflect the company's productivity and its profits. When they strike, they normally don't stop working but instead protest briefly by wearing armbands and singing songs. Ezra Vogel writes:

> The large modern Japanese company is committed to the whole individual, not simply to the task-related part of the individual. Alfred Sloan once boasted that General Motors continued to pay dividends to stockholders right through the depression even though it had to lay off workers. A Japanese business leader would never say such a thing and, if he did anything remotely resembling it, he would try to hide it, for valuing profits above his employees would destroy his relationship with his workers. The primary commitment of a Japanese firm is not to its stockholders but to its employees.

Japan's strategy is tied to the fortunes of its high-technology industries. The brilliant success of the country's computer manufacturers is being matched by its semiconductor industry. American companies once held a wide lead in the technology of making the tiny chips that modern computers are built around, and had this business to themselves. Now the Japanese have drawn even in the technology, and, as with other items, the quality control of their production is considered higher. Recently, the American companies in this business

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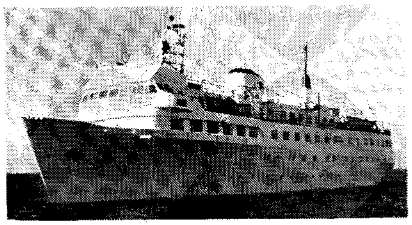

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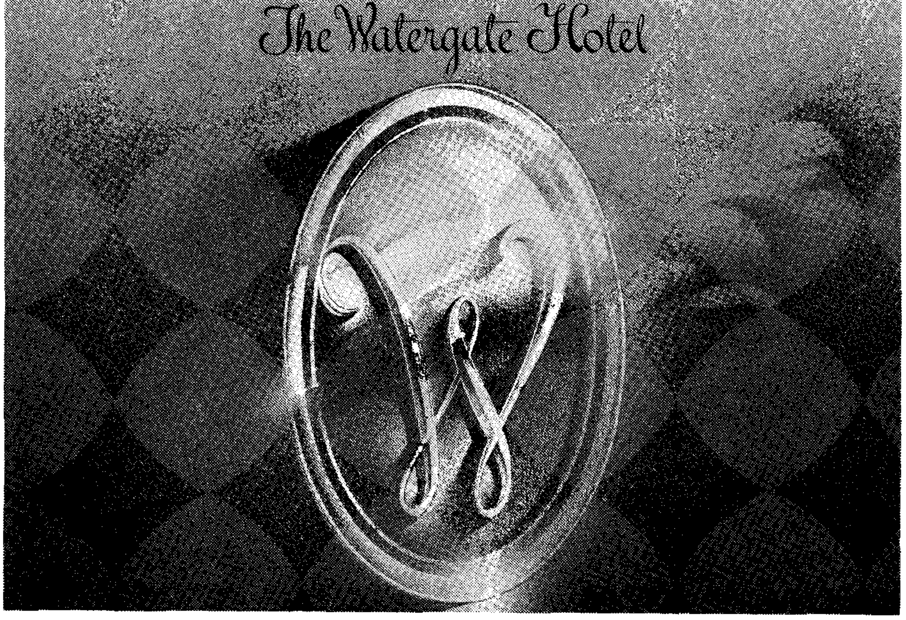

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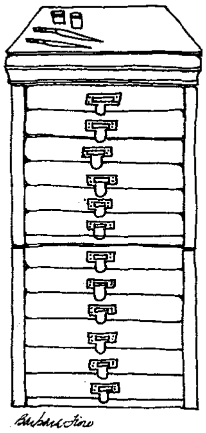
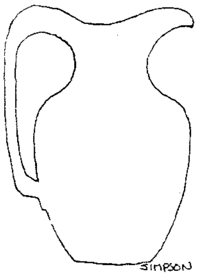
have had trouble raising the capital they need to keep up with technological change and competition from Japan. Their Japanese competitors have no such difficulties. MITI, after putting five companies in the field, found ample and reliable financing for them.

As if to add insult to injury, the Japanese say they are working on a fifth-generation computer—one that will rely less on semiconductors than on a new kind of circuitry. This device "would be able to hear and talk—at first in a special language and ultimately in natural human language," according to an article in the *Wall Street Journal*. "Unlike today's computers, which store and process 'data,' the fifth-generation computer will have 'knowledge' with which to solve problems. Say the word 'elephant' to it and it will conjure up an image of a large, gray animal living in Africa or India, just as would the human brain. Tell it you'd like your payroll processed, and it will first write its own computer program to perform the task, and then do it." The article quotes an I.B.M. spokesman in Tokyo as saying, "It's way beyond what anybody else is talking about." MITI has made the successful development of this astonishing machine a major national goal for the early nineteen-nineties. Another of Japan's targets of opportunity is the booming business in computer-aided tools. Among these so-called "smart" tools are the electronic robots that have improved efficiency in the automobile industry. The Japanese are making and using more of the ultra-sophisticated tools than any other country. They are also selling them at a multibillion-dollar clip to Western Europe and the United States. European makers of machine tools are unable to compete for their own markets, and American companies cannot seem to produce the new devices fast enough to keep up with the Japanese. General Motors is starting to buy robots from Japan.



Japan sees its high-technology industries as the key to future growth and prosperity. Its other industries rely on them. They stimulate foreign commerce, the profits from which help to pay Japan's enormous energy costs. Also, as it becomes more difficult to compete against South Korea, Singapore, Taiwan, and Hong Kong in products at the upper-middle and lower levels of technology, the pressure on the Japanese to invest more heavily at the high end increases. They are impressed by the potential of the jet airliner, both because it blends so many high technologies and because it earns so much foreign capital for America. They don't seem to be intimidated by the risks and uncertainties of the airliner business—or, indeed, of any business. Any high-technology venture is fair game. For example, several of the big conglomerates, including Mitsubishi, are now in the space business, building satellites and rockets. So far, the scale is modest—annual sales are less than five hundred million dollars—but the feeling is that Japan must not stand aside from any activity, however farfetched, that could yield "spinoff" economic benefits. The government even has tentative plans for a mini-shuttle, which would have most of the functions of America's space shuttle Columbia. Yoshihide Hiraiwa, the senior manager of Mitsubishi Electric, told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter in July of 1981 that when the space business became more commercial Japan would compete well, because it made high-quality products. "If Japan had manufactured the Columbia, the tiles would never have fallen off," he said.

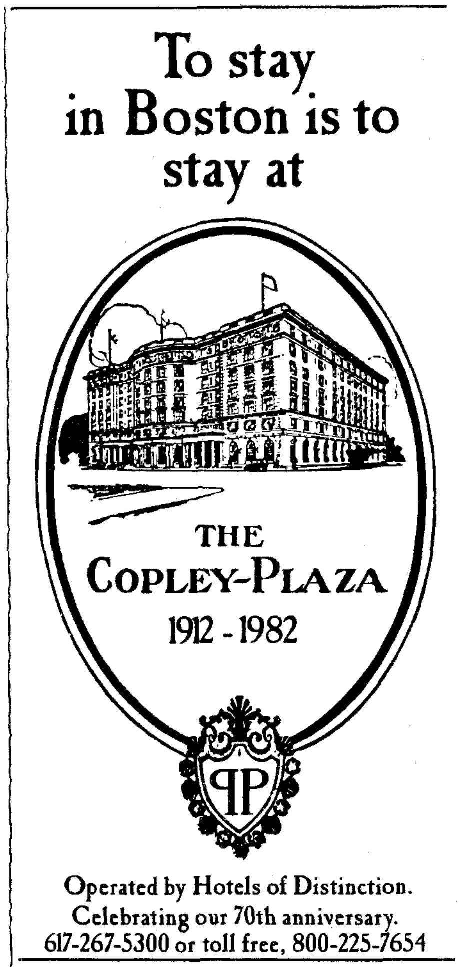
America's economy has the advantages of exceptional diversity, scale, and balance. Its inherent strengths are still impressive. American industry invests heavily in research and development. In many fields, there are American companies competing effectively against all comers. Yet it isn't enough. In the large sense, American industry has been resting on its oars, at least compared with much of East Asia and Western Europe. American productivity has declined to a degree that suggests, according to some diagnosticians, that the British disease—high costs and low productivity—has arrived. The quality control of American manufacturing compares unfavorably with Japan's and much of Western Europe's. American workers lack the incentives that push Japanese labor forces to raise productivity and protect the integrity of every unit coming off the line. Some American companies do take whatever risks they consider necessary to remain competitive. American companies in general, however, have become less bold and less willing to be innovative. And for even the boldest and most competitive of them—Boeing, for example—the challenge from foreign technology is increasing. Frank Borman, who became an authority on flight-control systems while he was an astronaut, says that Airbus Industrie is already at least one generation ahead of American aircraft companies in cockpit technology.



Management in America has acquired a more bureaucratized style—a trend that brings with it a reluctance to take a large view and look beyond the next meeting of the board. According to one senior corporate executive, a man of wisdom and broad experience, to avoid looking ahead is to avoid seeing things that could threaten one's job security. Akio Morita, the co-founder and chairman of Japan's Sony Corporation, recently told an American audience that the lack of emphasis on long-range planning is a basic cause of the decline of American industry. The Reagan Administration contends that America's malaise will disappear once the economy rebounds and the government removes itself from the affairs of business. The idea is that as the rate of inflation falls and the federal budget comes into better balance growth will resume and American companies will regain their competitive edge—provided, that is, that government doesn't disrupt the normal flow of free-market forces. This opinion had become fashionable in Washington before the arrival of the Reagan Administration, and it has since become solemn dogma. An editorial in the Washington *Post* in the summer of 1981 said that the Reagan Administration saw large economic questions "as metaphors for morality." According to the Secretary of the Treasury, Donald T. Regan, this Administration offers "the last chance to restore individual initiative" and "the last chance to get government off our backs." Regan made this comment during a speech in which he paid generous tribute to a distant predecessor, Andrew Mellon, citing many passages from a book published by Mellon in 1924. Among other things, Mellon said, "If the spirit of business adventure is killed, this country will cease to hold the foremost position in the world."

One flaw in merely "reprivatizing," as some of Regan's associates call the current trend, is that the other countries that matter won't play the game. Western Europe and Japan function differently. Only the United States is exalting the free market into a kind of sanctuary, where the presence of government in a supporting role is judged disruptive and a threat to the ecology of commerce. Remove the shackles from business, the argument runs, and then watch America recover its undisputed position as No. 1 and model for the economies of other countries. Deregulation is considered a step on the road back. Relaxing pollution control and clean-air standards is another.

These are negative steps, designed to give back to American companies the flexibility they once had. These days, however, they have to compete in their own home market, as well as abroad, against companies that benefit from strong and affirmative government support. The world has moved on since the time of Andrew Mellon, when the American market was indeed a sanctuary, and a well-protected one, and foreigners weren't much of a threat anyway. Export policy had a low priority in the federal government, because prosperity grew from the huge domestic market. Now, of course, that market is fair game for foreign cars, foreign consumer electronics, an array of foreign high-technology products, foreign textiles, and many other things. The domestic and foreign markets overlap a good deal. They are not yet a single arena, but there is a trend in that direction. The trend was created by the export policies of other countries and the high quality of their goods. But in Washington export policy is still a low-priority matter. The Reagan Administration isn't fond of the Export-Import Bank, or Ex-Im, feeling that its function—providing low-interest loans to promote sales of American products abroad—collides with sound doctrine. In a fully free market, all companies everywhere would obtain their financing from commercial banks. An Administration budget document says the President "believes that American business should be required to compete in the market unfettered by unnecessary government restrictions but unaided by special government privileges." Also, the Administration wonders why the government should help companies that sell products abroad and not help companies that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don't. It seems discriminatory, and in a sense it is. One of Reagan's early proposals was that Ex-Im's budget be slashed. Congress surprised everyone by rejecting the idea, but the Administration is trying again to scale back Ex-Im. One Republican senator, John Heinz III, of Pennsylvania, characterizes this effort as "the economic equivalent of unilateral disarmament."

This performance has fascinated the other big exporting countries. To them, a fully free market is an illusion. Their own versions of the Ex-Im Bank have considerable status and play a major role in sustaining exports. That role doesn't change. Officials in those countries do not understand why Washington's policy toward Ex-Im changes with each Administration. A lending institution, they believe, needs continuity above all else; major exporters must feel that they can rely from one year to the next on a continuous flow of low-cost financing of their products. Clipping the wings of Ex-Im won't set an example for other countries but will harm the interests of America's leading exporters. In other countries, those interests are equated with the national interest.

Just as Europe and Japan tried to emulate America's economic style in the period following the Second World War, some industries here are ready to adopt the techniques of others, especially those of the Japanese. A few are doing so. Internal reform and emulation of the successful should help, but they will probably not help enough. Companies that have never had to think far ahead are not likely to begin now simply because the Japanese are said to rely on long-range planning. Big American corporations with too little knowledge of how to operate in other countries are not likely to acquire a more worldly style —or, at least, not soon. Boldness is probably not a transferable quality, if only because American companies, unlike Japanese companies, cannot rely on their government to spare them the worst consequences of the risks they might take.

WAR, the saying goes, is too important to be left to the generals. Similarly, the country's current and future trading position and its place within the special realm of high-technology products shouldn't be left just to the companies, many of which, however well they are led, won't be able to compete effectively. Pursuing the chimera of a free market will do little good and may do harm. American industry needs instead what it is least likely to get: constructive support from the government. Japan's experience probably cannot be drawn upon successfully unless the process begins where the Japanese begin—with a coherent industrial strategy. Many economists, bureaucrats, and other professionally involved people agree that this is so. The first priority, they think, should be helping high-technology industries in much the way that the Japanese help theirs, and for the same reasons. Rather than complain about the help that other governments give their industries, the argument goes, we should help our own; the other countries, after all, aren't going to change their ways.

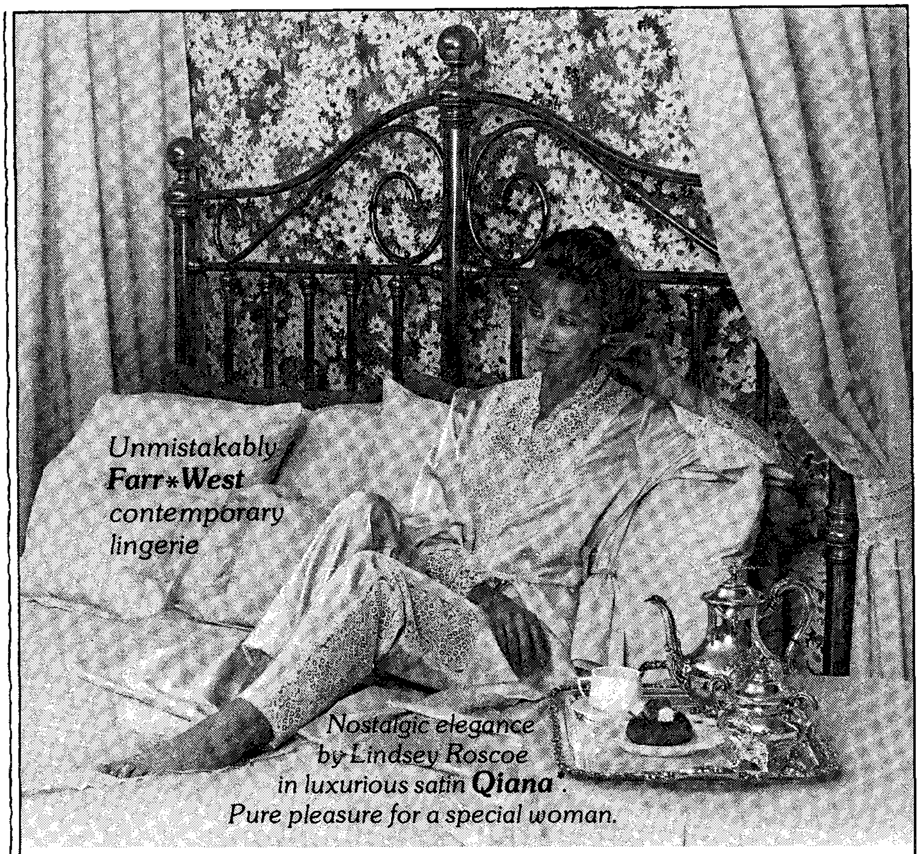
As the strategy is envisioned, it need not be expensive; it isn't a question of throwing money at industry. There is already considerable government involvement in the economy. The idea is to rationalize it—to fit the government's activity more closely to industry's needs. Tax incentives could be used more effectively. The government could subsidize the advanced training of engineers in some industries. In Japan, the companies do that; American companies cannot afford to. Ezra Vogel notes that Japanese companies "operate in a climate of much greater security than the typical American firm," and explains, "A company receives advice from well-informed bureaucrats, banks, affiliated trading companies, and other companies in its group. It is backed by banks and ultimately the government, which when necessary will assist it in obtaining special resources and facilities . . . If a large reliable company should encounter economic difficulty, it will not go out of business, because it is backed by banks, and behind the banks are various government institutions."

Japanese companies are not free of official constraint. There are, for example, strict rules governing auto emissions; and the smoke-emission standards for new plants are the most rigid in the world. Japan spends more on its anti-pollution program than other countries do, and the government discourages pollution by penalizing companies that create it. For many reasons, most of them obvious, Japan's system is not a blueprint for others; it is largely untransferable. The point is that some of what the Japanese and the Europeans do to protect their high industrial achievers is instructive, and is worth considering. The purpose is not to help weak companies survive but, rather, to help strong and well-managed assets thrive by offering them support and direction where appropriate. Providing these seems more sensible, and would probably be cheaper, than contriving rescues of companies, such as Chrysler, that stumble and fall behind.

The commercial-airplane business is close to the center of this kind of thinking, largely because of its uniqueness. Its risks and uncertainties are unique. It produces the country's leading export. The appalling weakness of the domestic airplane market gives the business still another singular quality, and one that unavoidably hurts it. The political importance of the business is probably unequalled. It is a business that America has dominated, as it once dominated the automobile business, but the airliner business now confronts threats that nobody expected a few years ago. In that sense, it also resembles the semiconductor business. And the airplane, like the semiconductor chip, is closely linked to economic growth, because of the technologies it embodies.

The uncertainty clouding the prospects for a hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane is a metaphor for the aircraft and airline industries. The airlines need the airplane, but most of them can't pay for it. Passenger traffic and earnings are in a deep slump, and prospects for a significant upturn aren't good. Unless the economy rebounds strongly, and steady growth develops, the hundred-and-fifty-seat airplane may not be available in this decade. The situation is harshly ironic. Soon the carriers (or those which don't cancel their orders or postpone deliveries) will take deliveries of new airplanes—mostly 767s and 757s—that may be too large to be operated profitably at present. And if they can't be operated profitably the airlines will become still weaker, and still less able to buy the one airplane that could become a money-maker if they had it. Moreover, none of the American suppliers, either of engines or of airframes, will take the plunge without assurances of big orders. The state-supported European companies, on the other hand, may do it.

LITTLE, if anything, of significance that has occurred in the wide-body era figured in the plans that America's commercial-aircraft and airline industries were making in the nineteen-sixties. The bright prophecies



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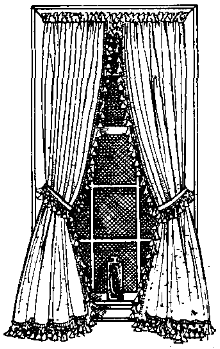

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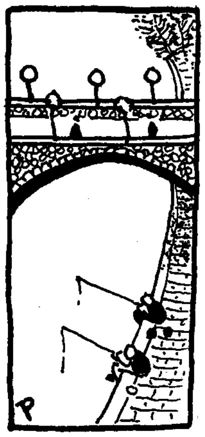
of that decade were mocked by successive reversals, a few serious shocks, and generally hard going. With very few exceptions, the major companies have had a thin time since 1970, and their current prospects range from uncertain to poor. The fortunes of these companies depend partly on their own actions and partly on forces that they cannot influence. Curiously, they have behaved as if capricious economic trends and the uncongenial policies of foreign governments were problems for other industries but not for theirs. (The same could be said of the automobile industry.) The boldness of the aircraft suppliers was matched by their innocence of the world and its uncertainties. This unworldliness harmed their interests.



Any lingering hope of good times was dissolved by the dramatic rise in fuel prices. The oil crisis shocked the airlines and the airplane manufacturers, even though events had clearly foreshadowed it. The two industries, despite their special vulnerability, ignored the politics of oil in their planning. There is no obvious explanation for this. Perhaps the routine difficulties of their arduous businesses cause the airline and aircraft companies to look away from fundamental change in the ways of the world, even when it affects them. Perhaps that tendency is common to big business in this country. The automobile industry was equally vulnerable to the oil crisis and equally unconcerned about the possibility of such a thing.

Instead of concentrating on revenue, the airlines further enfeebled themselves by battling each other for supremacy in various markets. And the government, by liberating them, encouraged this bad habit. The regional carriers have prospered under deregulation, but their role is a modest one. About eighty-five per cent of the passenger miles in America are flown by the major airlines, and the intense competition among them has been harmful to everyone's interests, not least the public's. We may very well see another of this country's big assets—its air-transport system—enter a serious decline. Some of the analysts in investment banks hope that the air controllers' strike of last August will cause a permanent reduction in the number of flights, thereby restricting the competition and actually strengthening the industry. Delta Air Lines which has always done well (although it, too, lost money in the first quarter of 1982), understands what has happened to the industry, and is worried Delta's management saw nothing wrong with the law that used to regulate the airlines—only with the way in which it was sometimes enforced Delta is a curiosity. It resembles a Japanese company in many respects One is that its executives tend to build their careers within the company. Richard Maurer, Delta's vice-chairman and secretary, told me not long ago that Delta had forty-nine corporate officers who had an average tenure of twenty-six years with the company. "They have grown up together in the company, and each knows the others' strengths and weaknesses," he said. It is a system of interchangeable managers. He added "Everyone is comfortable, even if it's not the way the business schools say it should be done."

Another similarity to the Japanese style arises from Delta's exceptionally close relationship with its employees none of whom except the pilots and flight dispatchers belong to unions. Its employee-benefit plan, according to *Business Week*, "is one of the most generous in U.S. industry." Still another similarity is the company's unwavering adherence to its long-range plans, which cover fifteen years; in its planning Delta is probably unique among big American airlines. Other carriers, including Japan Air Lines, visit Atlanta, Delta's base of operations, to absorb Delta's techniques. The investment bankers say that a large part of Borman's success in turning Eastern around can be attributed to his good sense in emulating Delta—his great rival and the world's most profitable airline.

Among the big domestic airlines, only Delta and possibly Northwest can be said to have held their own and prospered in recent years. The others, by buying too many of the jumbo airplanes they insisted on having, did much damage to themselves and their suppliers. Pan Am has never recovered from the effects of its foolish overcommitment to the 747. Today, it is one of the most endangered airlines, and it may not survive, though pressure to rescue the country's oldest and most illustrious flag carrier will probably develop. The pressure will probably be resisted. Pan Am has made too many mistakes and done too little to overcome them.

As the airlines become ever more sorely pressed, they may look abroad for financial deals that will enable them to buy new airplanes. No American supplier—and Boeing may be the only one left—will be able to finance a major part of each customer's purchase of its airplanes. Nor will American lenders be able to match the low-cost financing that Airbus Industrie can offer. Large questions arise. If the airlines resemble a public utility—and they do—shouldn't the government restore some order and coherence to their operations? And if it's clear that the airline industry's problems are weakening America's aircraft manufacturers what, if anything, should the government do about that? Where does its role begin and end? Boeing's crisis did not require federal intervention, but it could have. Lockheed's did. In Britain, Rolls-Royce is still government property, and has lost considerable sums. The lesson of Lockheed's and Rolls-Royce's combined experience is that the present and future costs to society of losing such companies outweigh the inconveniences of protecting them. Their crises dramatized the destructive effects of commercial-airplane programs that run into trouble. A single unsuccessful airplane—the Convair—forced General Dynamics out of the business. A few mistakes forced Douglas to merge with McDonnell. Boeing, as T. Wilson says, "would have gone up the creek if Pratt & Whitney hadn't fixed that engine"—the JT9D. Lockheed staggered through with government help, but it has fallen out of the commercial business on the wings of the L-1011, a brilliant but unsuccessful airplane.

All these companies contributed to their own difficulties. Each of them either reached too far or gambled too heavily, or did both. But no one succeeds in the passenger-airplane business without being bold. A few fiercely competitive companies perform a high-wire act. What, exactly, could be done to give the American manufacturers of airliners the support they may need is a question with no obvious or easy answer. George Ball and a few others have suggested government-sponsored competitions that would allow American companies to bid for a contract to build an airplane that fitted the needs of the airlines. The govern-

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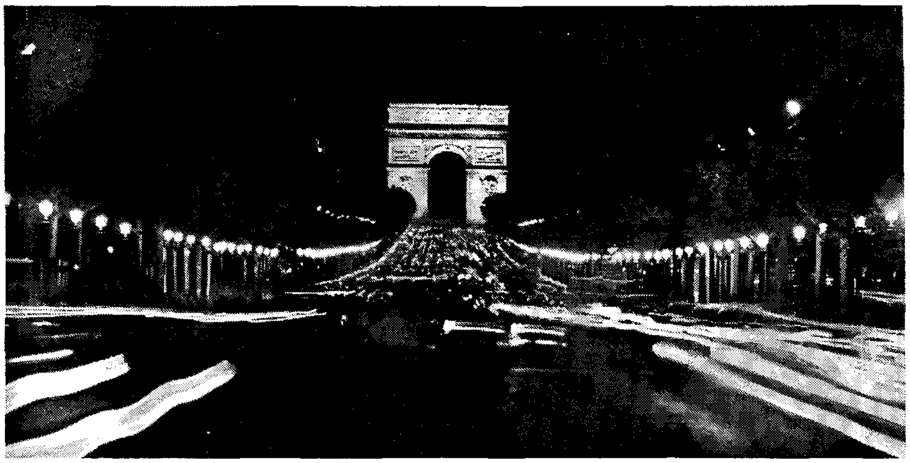

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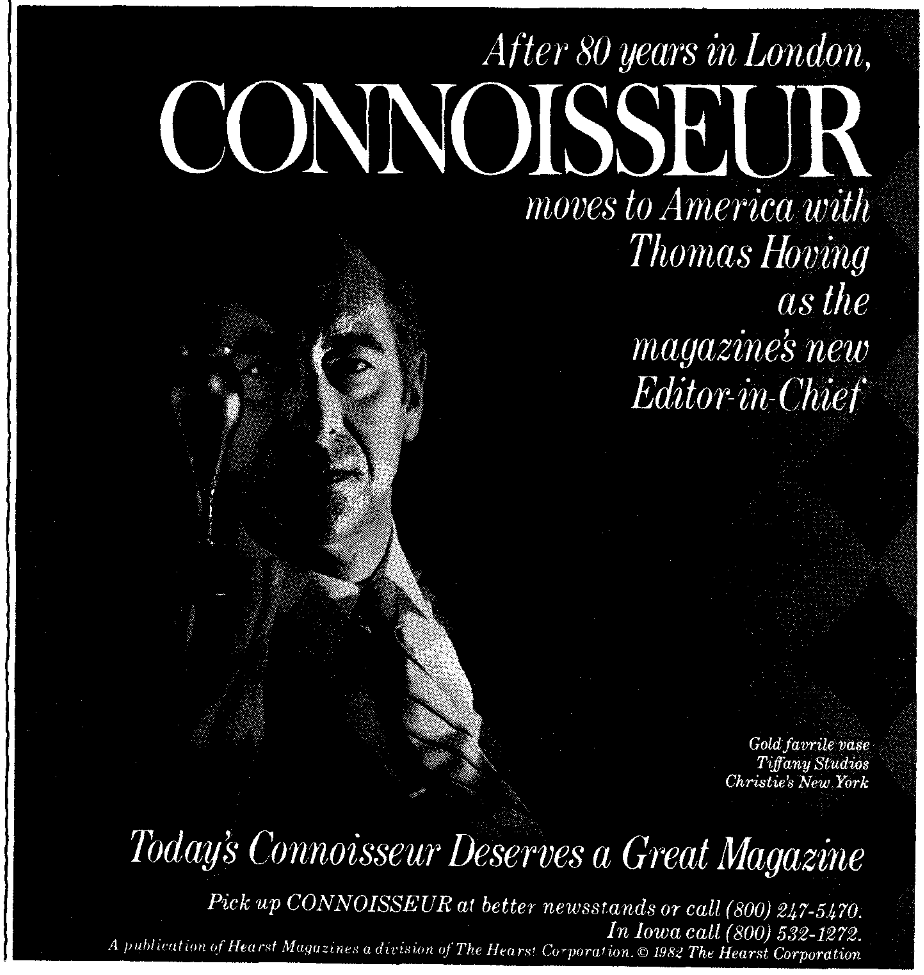

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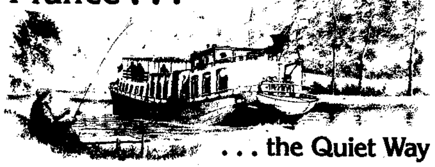

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ment would pay a large part of the development costs, as it did for the S.S.T. before it was cancelled. This practice would prevent the ruinous waste that is caused when competing American suppliers actually build rival airplanes. The winner of the design competition, by being spared a sizable part of the costs of developing the airplane, could compete more reliably against stiffening international competition.

The airlines would strenuously oppose any proposal that neutralized their habit of driving down the price of competing airplanes. (The sight of two suppliers—Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas—drifting away from the commercial business hasn't affected the thinking of most airlines.) Also, securing the agreement of the big airlines on the specifications for any new airplane would be difficult, if not impossible. The airlines argue that competition improves the product, and they have a point. The dilemma lies in the risk that the competition will destroy one of the contenders or seriously diminish both of them.

Although the idea of sponsoring design competitions may be impractical or premature, the aircraft industry should have more federal help. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration spends roughly six billion dollars annually, of which only about fifty million dollars is used in ways that help in the design and manufacture of airliners and the engines for them. One of its senior officials says, "The first 'A' in 'NASA' is so small you can hardly see it." Years ago, the research on our military airplanes could be used to lighten the costs of making airliners; that is no longer the case. In Europe, the heavy costs of developing a new airplane are for the most part absorbed by governments. The French and German governments have together spent well over a billion dollars in developing the A310, and Britain's government has also been a major contributor to it. The A310 will be Airbus Industrie's most competitive airplane in the years directly ahead.

SELF-INTEREST is the normal standard of a nation's foreign policy, and most governments apply the same standard to their industry and export policies. In the United States, there is certainly nothing new or sinister about federal help of various kinds for various industries. To cite a few examples, the oil companies have their depreciation allowance, agriculture has its price-support system, and the combined housing and construction businesses have an array of immense subsidies. One wonders when, or if, the fortunes of the airliner—that imposing example of American flair and excellence—may begin to benefit more from government support. Among the risks in not giving airliners a stronger base from which to compete is a political one. If Congress and the public, aroused by a shrill and angry industry, should come to believe that foreign aircraft companies were bounding ahead of America's, pressure to exclude their products from the American market could take control. The governments that owned these companies would, of course, respond by excluding American airplanes from their markets. In Europe, considerable national pride is invested in airliners, and they have symbolic importance. Protectionism applied to this kind of product would have political weight and would affect many other things adversely. Clearly, it is to be avoided.

A worried but skeptical part of the gallery watching this situation doubts whether federal help of any significance will come. To help with the costs of developing a new generation of airliners, for example, would require the government to provide funds over a period of five to eight years. One Administration might take up such a project, and its successor might drop it. The politics of large-scale spending for new military systems might also rule out help for the commercial side of the aircraft business.

Skeptics doubt whether the federal government can strengthen any of the country's key industries by giving them timely support and guidance, and they find the idea of an industrial strategy especially unrealistic. They are probably more right than wrong. The society is very much swayed by trends now—is apparently addicted to change for its own sake. It is selecting its Presidents in part by rejecting what their immediate predecessors seemed to stand for. Both Carter and Reagan are examples of this tendency. New Administrations arrive committed to changing Washington's habits and undoing past practices and policies. For that reason, and perhaps others, continuity in government policy has declined sharply. In most of Western Europe and Japan, governments change regularly, but the policies that govern the economies and their planned growth usually change very little, and slowly. These policies are developed by skilled bureaucracies that do have continuity; governments come and go, but the senior bureaucrats remain and confidently make plans for the years ahead. In America, most senior bureaucrats leave with the Administration that selected them. Also, bureaucracy in Washington is more of a muddle than in most other places: a muddle of parts—most of them competing parts. And it must reckon with Congress, an anarchy of individuals, committees, and committee fragments. Together, these can and often do bring down the best-laid plans of sensible leadership. In Washington, it is often difficult for any Administration to take a sensible step except when a situation becomes urgent enough to permit the bypassing of Congress and a fractious bureaucracy.

The skeptics like to say that business doesn't know much about government and government doesn't know much about business. (Perhaps only the thousands of lawyers in Washington understand both sides.) Doubtless the apostles of the free market accept that proposition as the right and natural order of things. They might add that a failure by American industry to stay abreast of the competition in a few areas won't cause the world's strongest and most resilient economy to unravel. But to slip behind other countries in the design, fabrication, and marketing of some high-technology products would damage the economy—gradually, perhaps, but fundamentally. In time, the slippage could induce the sort of decline that characterizes Britain's economy, especially as it compares with the economies of West Germany and France. The American economy could reach the stage where it had as many weaknesses as strengths. A trend in that direction, if not reversed, would invite decay and, with it, a suggestion of being second class.

—John Newhouse

(This is the last part of a four-part article.)

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9:05 7 "The Charge Of The Light Brigade" (1936)nspired by a poem by Lord Tennysod, Sondra Locke. A man becomes an outlaw when a ruthless band of Union soldiers destroys his Southern farm and kills his wife and son. 'PG'

—*TV listing in the Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) News-Gazette.*

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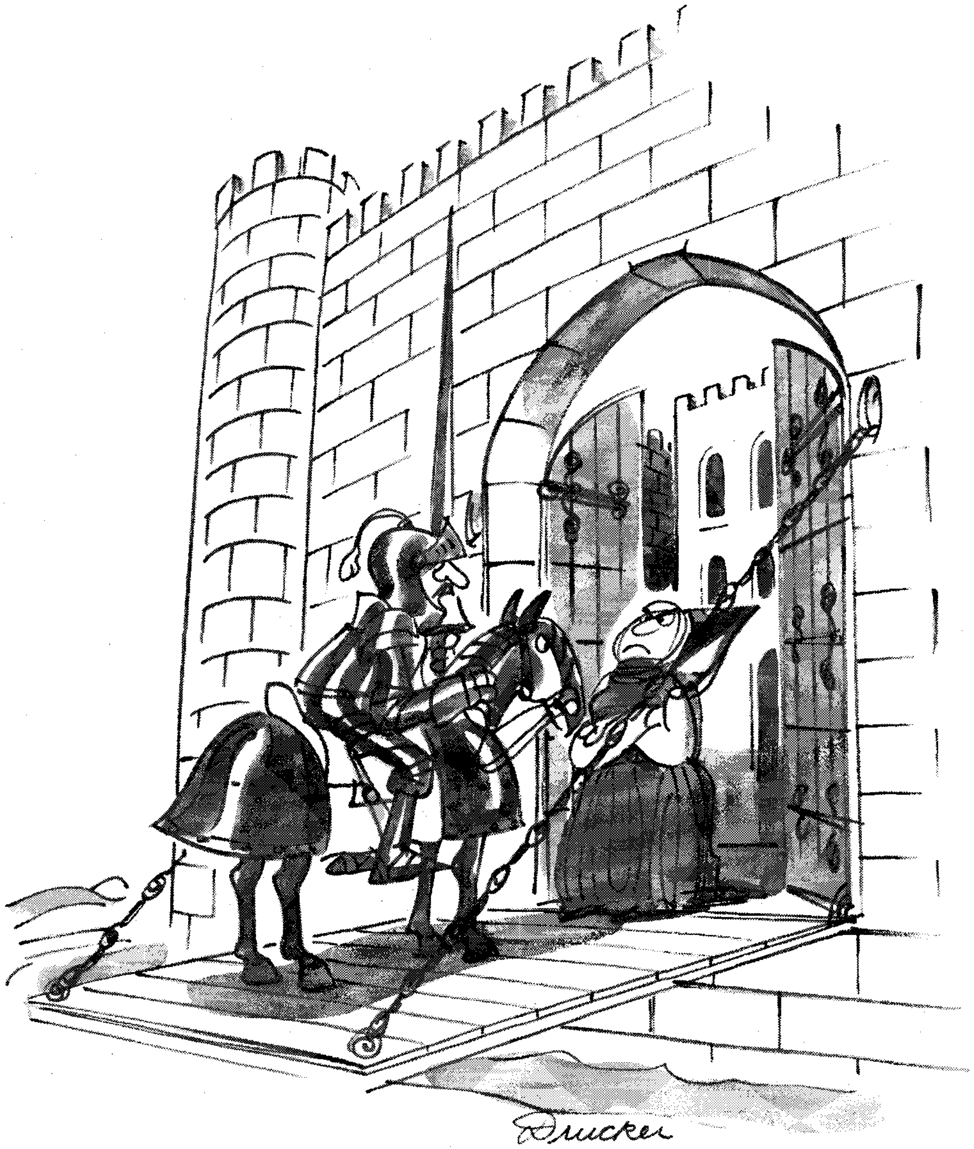
THE THEATRE

Nowheresville

IF we were to believe a new musical comedy entitled "Play Me a Country Song" (which closed after one performance at the Virginia Theatre, formerly the ANTA), a very peculiar country indeed lies somewhere on the far side of the Appalachians; in its northern portion is to be found Denver, in its southern portion Phoenix. The men who dwell there wear cowboy hats and boots with high heels; when they meet a woman they admire, they address her as "little lady," and when they get into trouble they hug one another in a virile fashion and say, "Hang in there, good buddy." Much of their time is spent singing songs of a sentimentality so extreme that the words threaten to turn into fudge even as we listen to them. The sex of the performers made scarcely any difference—the songs could be sung equally well by little ladies and good buddies. The lyrics bore without embarrassment the patina of age and hard use, not only in their hand-me-down conventionality (one waited for "love" to rhyme with "dove," and one was not disappointed) but also in their all-purpose titles, such as "Sail Away," "Just Thought I'd Call," "Only a Fool," "Big City," and "All of My Dreams." Did I say fudge? Slush would be closer to the mark.

The plot of "Play Me a Country Song" revolves about a mysterious, long-awaited character called Woody, after whom a ramshackle all-night truck stop has been named. Woody is said to be off travelling; from time to time cryptic picture postcards bearing his signature arrive at the truck stop, but nobody has ever encountered him face to face. An interstate highway has recently been constructed in the vicinity, so Woody's has lost its reason for being; Fred, the present proprietor, is giving a party that purports to celebrate both the closing of the restaurant and Woody's imminent return. In the tradition of "Grand Hotel," "Dinner at Eight," and the like, a calculatedly diverse assortment of characters is attending the party. We make the acquaintance of a woman whose husband has walked out on her, of a waitress woebegonely in love with Fred, and of a rodeo star whose pickup truck has just broken down. The star seeks a lift to Denver with a woman who drives an eighteen-wheeled rig and is herself in love with a man about to rejoin his wife and children. Et cetera, et cetera. There are twelve characters in all, and not one of them said a single interesting or amusing thing all evening long; even their fugitive high spirits had the stamp of an anticipated gloom upon them.

It is possible that at a state fair somewhere between Denver and Phoenix this sorry little nonentity of a musical might have found a natural home; certainly it didn't belong on, or near, Broadway. Let the record show that the book was by Jay Broad, that the music and lyrics were by John R. Briggs and Harry Manfredini, that the setting was by David Chapman, that the costumes were by Carol Oditz, and that the lighting was by Marc B. Weiss. The choreography, which had its lively moments, was the handiwork of Margo Sappington, and the direction was by Jerry Adler. Of the performers, my favorite was Candace Tovar, who played the driver of the eighteen-wheeled rig; she has charm, energy, and the sweetest of smiles, and we could use more truck drivers like her on Tenth Avenue. —BRENDAN GILL



"I don't want to fight with you, Ma'am. I came to fight with your husband."

•

The address was given by Eric A. Grinnell, a Princeton University graduate and headmaster of The Academy at Charlemont. Grinnell, who taught history for seven years at Mohawk before leaving in 1981, urged the group to take an active part in using freedom of speech, freedom of the press and the electoral process to fight the "increasing level of tolerance" building in America today.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Recorder.*

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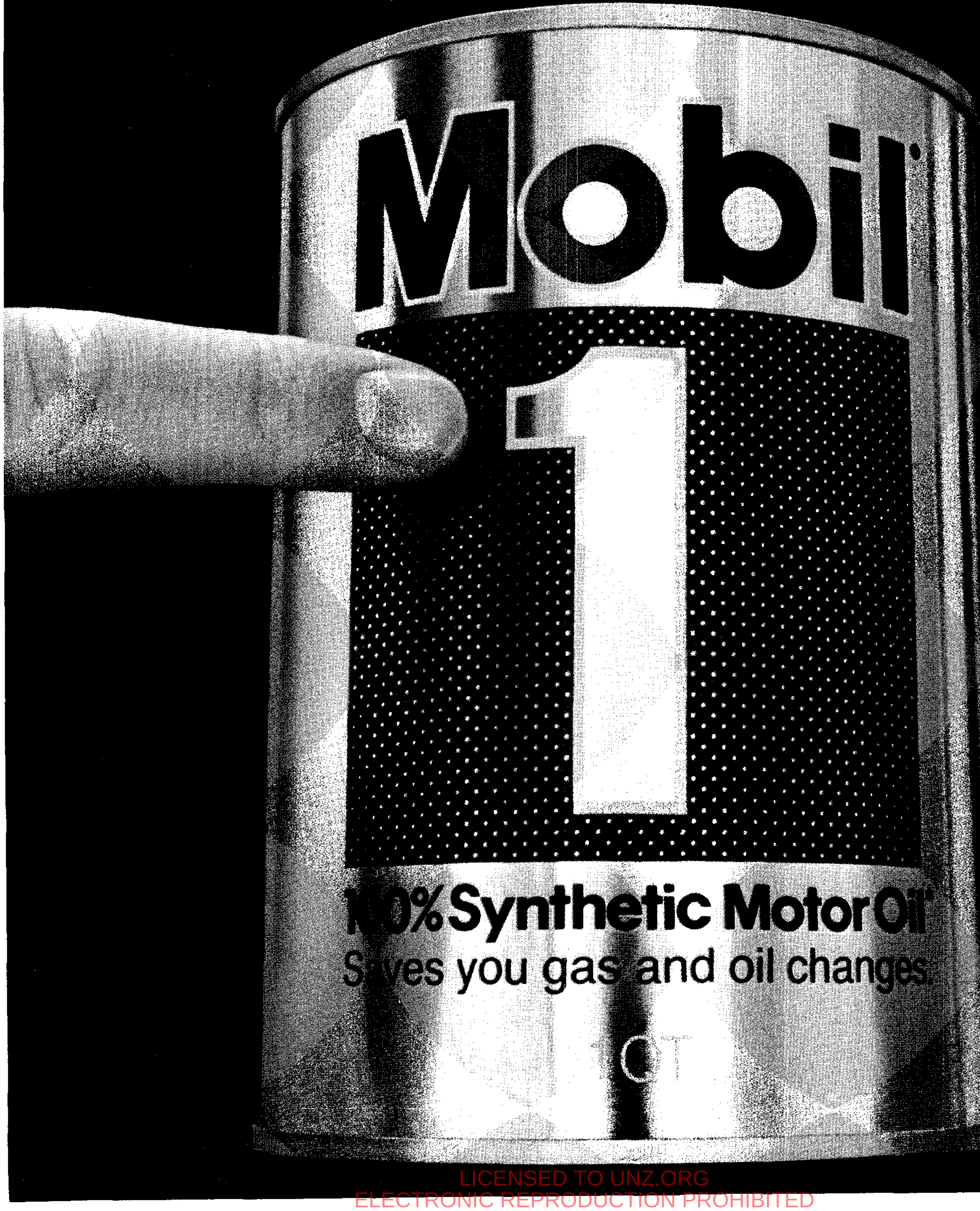

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Small Screen

PUBLIC TELEVISION has recently been showing a series of productions of Monteverdi's three surviving operas, arranged and conducted by Nikolaus Harnoncourt, directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, and filmed from stagings of the Zurich Opera. The series has been widely shown in Europe, and it seems reasonable to assume that some part of it has been seen by more people than have ever, in the preceding three hundred and seventy-five years, seen any performance of any Monteverdi opera. It would be unfortunate if the series fixed in our minds an unalterable notion of what Monteverdi's operas are like, for in many respects the interpretations were eccentric and extravagant. But in the enforced intimacy of television the operas came across as convincing and often powerful; they had a greater impact than would perhaps be possible in an opera house. Many critics disliked the stage versions of these productions; reviewing the last two operas of the cycle when they were given at the Edinburgh Festival, Andrew Porter wrote in these pages that "the shows did Monteverdi no service and were deplorable in almost every way." Critics particularly disliked the needless inventiveness and perversities of Ponnelle's direction and the idiosyncratic musical elaborations of Harnoncourt's scoring. Both these factors seemed less significant on television. Ponnelle's own camera direction of his staging concentrated to a large extent not on the showy sideplay of his productions but on the interplay of the characters—their emotions and facial expressions. And because our attention was drawn constantly to the characters and what they were singing—and because that was made so easy to understand by the use of good, accurate subtitles—the irrelevancies of the instrumental background noises seemed less obtrusive.

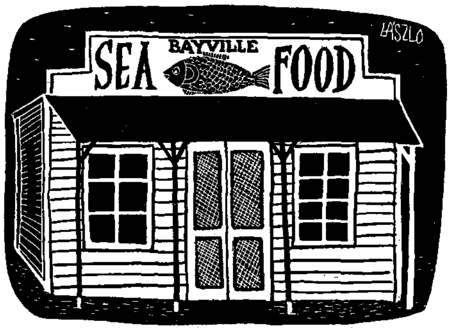
"What could I expect to, uh, pull down?"

Ponnelle chose to stage all three operas—"Orfeo" (1607), "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" (1641), and "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" (1642)—in one theatrical set: a piece of Baroque architecture that looked overgrown with weeds, with an imposing central doorway and steps, side balconies for choruses and onlookers, and corner niches from which gods and others could eavesdrop on the proceedings. The orchestra pit was clearly visible in front of the stage; characters frequently popped up from it to make an entrance, and musicians, in an excess of enthusiastic commitment, would sometimes leap from their chairs to play onstage. In the wonderful obbligati of "Possente spirto," in "Orfeo" (one of the few moments of instrumental virtuosity in this trilogy which Monteverdi, rather than Harnoncourt, composed), musicians wandered about the stage; at a warlike moment in "Ulisse," a quartet of sackbuts (which do not belong in the score at all) flashed their instruments in swordplay. It was misleading to present "Orfeo" in the same style as "Ulisse" and "Poppea," since "Orfeo" is an exceptional work—a *favola in musica* specifically designed to glorify the art of music. Here elaboration and courtly splendor are in place, and Ponnelle's staging was admirably clear. Musica stood framed by orchestra and audience. Nymphs and shepherds were rumbustious (though rather too cynical about the music they were singing). Orfeo and Euridice, bound by a rope that would later become a snake, faced each other in complete stillness. The lovers moved their heads together in restrained embrace; at the moment of separation at the climax of the opera the gesture was repeated, but a black cloth interposed itself between them. We were made too often aware of the bystanding gods by means of crude, quick shots, and I found that the unnatural use of the camera to place the viewer, as it were, in Orfeo's shoes as he looked at Euridice was distracting. The music was, on the whole, superbly sung: a recording of the soundtrack has been issued by Telefunken, and it compares favorably with Harnoncourt's earlier recording (also on Telefunken). The decision to cast Orfeo as a baritone was justified by Philippe Huttenlocher's singing, which was far more dramatic and confident than that of the tenor Lajos Kozma in the first recording. Euridice, sung by Rachel Yakar, was acted by someone else. The soundtrack was recorded separately; throughout the filmed trilogy, the poor matching of voice and action and the absence of normal stage noise were worrying. The orchestral playing—credited to the Monteverdi-Ensemble of the Zurich Opera House, but with no listing of names—was brilliantly sharp and alert.

A further advantage of the filmed "Orfeo" was that it was uncut. "Ulisse" and "Poppea," which Harnoncourt had previously recorded intact for Telefunken, were substantially cut for the staged and filmed versions. (The libretti of the new recordings, reproduced from those of the earlier releases, indicate all the omissions.) The PBS showing of "Ulisse" snipped some more out, omitting the climax of Penelope's great opening monologue; a scene at the start of the second part of the broadcast, which is recorded on the soundtrack, also disappeared. ("Poppea" was the only PBS showing in which Monteverdi's act divisions were respected: the pause followed Act I.) On the whole, however, cuts were made sensibly—Ponnelle and Harnoncourt decided to omit small sections within scenes rather than cut out subplots or characters entirely. Rudolf Ewerhart's fine old recording of "Ulisse," with Maureen Lehane and Gerald English, omits the whole prologue and two important roles. Raymond Leppard's account, on CBS, with Frederica von Stade and Richard Stilwell, tends to recompose the music to suit the conductor's ideas of dramatic viability. Harnoncourt does respect Monteverdi's structure. The worst loss in his "Ulisse" was in the part of Telemaco: he was never reunited with his mother, and simply turned up at court; he recognized his father without the help of the splendid original scene of supernatural intervention.

In Ponnelle's conception of "Ulisse," Penelope, sung by Trudeliese Schmidt, was so obsessively introverted—her long white hair almost covering her face—that she rarely expressed emotion. Werner Hollweg's Ulisse, however, was noble, forthright, yet sensitive—a complete success. Penelope's suitors were justifiably contemptible; for once, they displayed the "gioventute superba" of the text, and they sang "Amor è un'armonia" beautifully. There was too much clowning: Eumete danced around with a shaggy dog, which Telemaco had to hold when he first saw his father. Iro's suicide scene was repulsively overdone. The gods, Renate Lenhart's bright Fortuna apart, were a dismal crowd, and Harnoncourt repeated an affectation from his first recording: he had the part of Human Frailty transposed down an octave and played by the singer of Ulisse. And yet the central tale of the opera, the reuniting of Ulisse and Penelope, was cogently, movingly told. Ponnelle allowed his Penelope a sudden gulp of recognition (accentuated by his favorite cinematic trick, a zoom from a general scene right into a face) when Ulisse appeared in disguise; I thought it a miscalculation, though it gave Penelope's later protestations of uncertainty an ironic, almost desperate character. In the pit, Harnoncourt's recorders warbled away, and his shawms tooted, and his sackbuts growled; the worst one could say of them was that they were unnecessary. Sometimes, when they struck up as the music shifted from free recitative into metrical song, they obstructed the singer's natural declamation. But Harnoncourt—and television—managed to keep the text in the forefront of our attention, and the music moved well, without the lush ponderousness that affects Mr. Leppard's often beautiful rendering. In the final duet, the camera shifted upward from Penelope and Ulisse in their ever-closer embrace, as if tastefully averting its eye from the consummation of the story.

In "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," which celebrates the triumph of love in amoral circumstances, Ponnelle had no such scruples. Several characters had to engage in singing while almost kissing, a task difficult enough even without a camera six inches away; at the end of the opera Nero and Poppea sank to the floor in a narrowing spotlight that excluded all else (but Poppea still held on to her empress's crown, which had engaged much of her attention earlier in the duet). One of Nero's and Poppea's most powerful love scenes was played as a pair of separate fantasies, he at the front of the stage, she wafting around at the back: he lifted up his crown; we saw her through it, straining toward it. This was all absurdly artificial; Ponnelle seemed intent on making his anti-hero and anti-heroine into poseurs—an effeminate drip and an ambitious minx. There was far more natural, unforced sexuality in the scene for the young page and girl, as there was in the scenes for Eurimaco and Melanto in "Ulisse." These scenes, too, were left generally unadorned by Harnoncourt (though a jazzy pair of theorbos did invade the stage in "Poppea"); the deft interplay of continuo instruments provided all the accompaniment that was needed, and the harpsichords were placed well forward in the recorded balance. Ponnelle fudged the most important issue of "Poppea," which is that the relationship of Nero and Poppea, like that of Don Giovanni and Zerlina, is so powerfully instinctual that we can be convinced for a few moments that it is beyond moral judgment. Yet he created many convincing scenes in the opera: Matti Salminen's gray-bearded, sonorous Seneca, magnificently sung, was an authoritative figure (though cuts obliged him to start two speeches in mid-sentence, and it was a pity that the irruption of Drusilla destroyed the seriousness of his disciples' farewell madrigal); Alexander Oliver's travesty nurse, Arnalta, was sung with straight, edgy tone, and was generally played straight until her last scene. Miss Schmidt, who turned from Penelope in "Ulisse" to the great role of Octavia in "Poppea," fell victim to one of Ponnelle's worst diseases—his desire to attribute to a character a motivation diametrically opposed to that offered by the words and the music. When her nurse suggested that she take a lover, and produced a soldier with bulging muscles to order, Octavia gloated over the idea for some while before rejecting it—an unjustifiable gloss on the situation.



The musical realization of this "Poppea" was compromised by the decision to cast Nero as a male singer, Eric Tappy. In his earlier recording, Harnoncourt used Elisabeth Söderström in the role (partnering Helen Donath, as Poppea), and he emphasized in his liner notes the importance of Nero's high voice in all his duets. Mr. Tappy sang adequately, though without much character, but his voice never intertwined with that of Miss Yakar, as Poppea, and she affected a swooping, pseudo-expressive style that was rarely pleasant to listen to. (A far more effective account of these roles was given in a New York concert performance of "Poppea," in Tully Hall in May, by Ann Monoyios, as Poppea, and Johana Arnold, as Nero. James Richman's realization of the score for Concert Royal proved, too, that extra instrumental writing is redundant: flexible continuo playing and stylish string ritornellos do all that is necessary. In one important respect, this performance was less communicative than the filmed production: no libretti were provided.) A glorious contribution to Harnoncourt's performance came from the boy treble Wilhelm Wiedl, whose cherubic Amor watched over the unfolding of the plot with attentive care; his voice, well known from Telefunken's Bach-cantata series, has never sounded more fully in command. The constant quarrelling presence of Fortuna and Virtù was less appropriate, though Ponnelle allowed us to forget them for much of the time. In the end, despite all one's reservations, Ponnelle and Harnoncourt succeeded in renewing admiration for Monteverdi's achievement: to see the three surviving operas in successive weeks was in itself a rare privilege, and one that only accentuated the appalling—and probably irrevocable—loss of all the operas that Monteverdi wrote between "Orfeo" and "Ulisse."

THE arts are, perhaps temporarily, in the ascendant on television. Next season, PBS's Great Performances series will include films of the Boulez-Chereau "Ring" cycle. The three main commercial channels continue to treat music with a cynical commercialism best typified by ABC's recent "Pavarotti & Friends," but ABC and CBS have decided that on their new cable channels arts programming will attract interest. In the southern part of Manhattan, Hearst/ABC's ARTS channel and CBS Cable are both available. Elsewhere in the country, Bravo, an independent cable service, may be seen. ARTS has recently imported first-rate productions of Britten's "Peter Grimes" and Verdi's "Luisa Miller" from Covent Garden; CBS Cable has shown "La Bohème," conducted by Kara-

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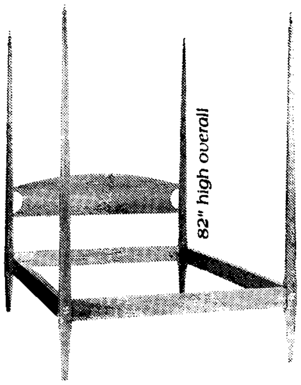

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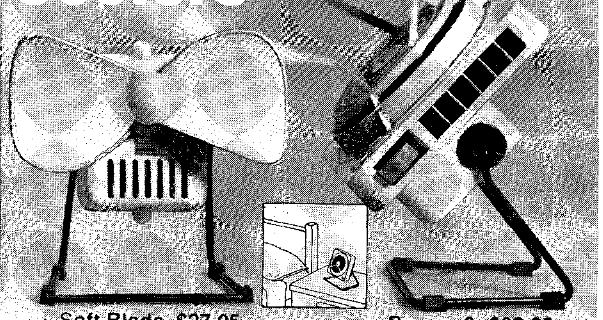

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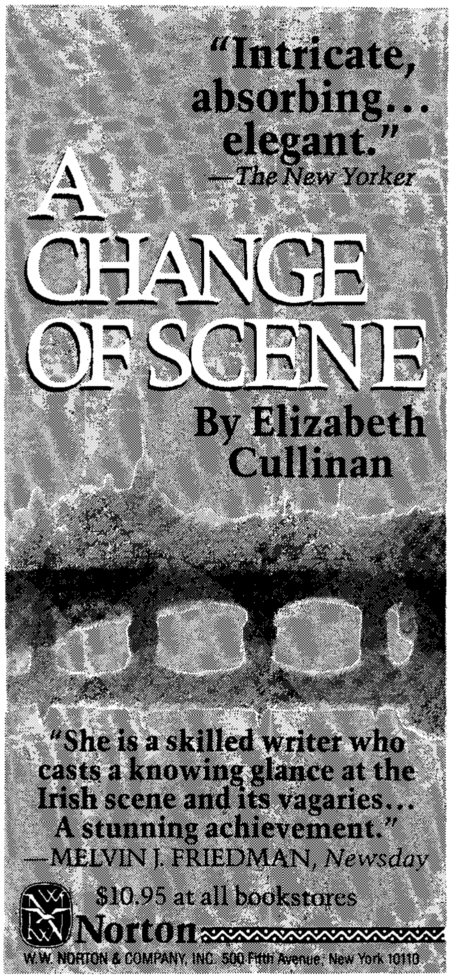
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jan. Bravo has co-produced "Aida" with an Italian television station, and, most adventurously, has itself recorded exceptionally good student productions of two rare operas, Martinů's "The Greek Passion" and Janáček's "The Excursion of Mr. Brouček," both from the Indiana University School of Music. These channels generally do too little for American music and performers, but both ARTS and Bravo are showing documentaries on piano competitions in this country—ARTS a three-part saga on the Van Cliburn, Bravo an hour's program on the International American Music Competition, at Carnegie Hall. Both are well made and full of interest, if only intermittently revealing about the awful business of playing in and judging such events. The ARTS format allows extended extracts from the music to be heard (a welcome contrast to the dreadful PBS broadcast from the Van Cliburn finals, which seemed to consist entirely of cadences followed by everlasting applause), but the narration is doggedly chronological, and gives only tantalizing glimpses of the jury's complex computerized marking system. In each round, it focusses on pianists who did not make it through. The Bravo documentary, directed by Allan Miller, is much more imaginative: it is varied in its treatment of the personalities, and has an acute eye for the amusements and absurdities of any such occasion. Unfortunately, hardly any of the musical extracts are identified, and that contradicts the whole proselytizing spirit of the competition. (Apparently, the finalists' complete performances will be shown separately.) Neither documentary did anything to allay my doubts about the validity of such competitions and their mathematical grading of equally fine pianists. Arthur Rubinstein made the best comment on that, when he was on the jury of a piano competition. Asked to give each pianist a mark between zero and twenty, he gave every pianist either zero or twenty. When the chairman of the jury queried the marks, Rubinstein shrugged and said, "Well, either they can play the piano or they can't."

—NICHOLAS KENYON

FURTHER EVENTS

Hall of Song

MENDELSSOHN'S D-major Te Deum, written in 1826, when the composer was seventeen, is not an early work: thirteen symphonies, several operas, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, and much else had preceded it. It is a large-scale setting in twelve movements—the last a reprise of the first—for double choir, double solo quartet, and continuo. The continuo bass line is often independent of the voices. Mendelssohn composed it for the Berlin Singakademie, which he and his sister Fanny had joined in 1820; it was published only in 1977; and it had its American première last month in Merkin Hall, given by the Pro Arte Chorale, conducted by Roger Nierenberg. The program note went too far in describing the Te Deum as "an intricate filigree of sound that seems to vanish into some other dimension of being the moment it is sung—like the alleluias of an angel." It is, rather, an effortlessly assured, substantial, and well-sustained essay in the Handelian manner, neither flighty nor ethereal. The themes, like those of Handel's "Utrecht" and "Dettingen" Te Deums, are conventional. The part writing in the fugal sections is exemplary. Some smooth, sweet chromaticisms—in, for example, the "Te ergo quaesumus," for solo quartet—make the identity of the composer apparent. The "Dignare, Domine," which looks to Bach rather than Handel, is a remarkable movement: the four male soloists and the continuo weave a sombre five-part texture; the other soloists steal in with a four-note motif on "miserere," spanning a ninth; the two choruses take it up voice by voice; and at the climax the first sopranos expand the motif to span a thirteenth. The Pro Arte was in good form—firm and rhythmical, bright and full but not forced in the big D-major cries of praise. In the principal solo quartet, the tenor, Mark Bleeke, was outstanding; the soprano, Diane Durand, etched her line with a rather bitter tone not unattractive in itself but too unusual to blend easily. The other quartet was drawn from the choral ranks. The concert began with motets by Alessandro Scarlatti, Giacomo Antonio Perti, and Monteverdi, followed by an attractive group of Elgar choral songs.

JANE BRYDEN'S Merkin Hall recital, the previous day, had been a mixed affair. She sang in five languages, and pronounced them all clearly, but was eloquent only in the Spanish of Luigi Dallapiccola's "Four Machado Songs" and in the English of Andrew Imbrie's "Roethke Songs" (which had their New York première). In an inoductory Dowland group, accompaied on the lute by Stanley Charkey, er tone was pallid and her rhythms ere too strict. The words did not ome to life. Cantatas by Rameau "L'Impatience") and Handel ("Nel olce dell'obblio"), accompanied by arpsichord and gamba, with a Baoque flute in the Handel, were similrly constrained. Then, in the Imbrie ycle, Miss Bryden suddenly broke ee. High notes that she had hitherto ounded warily now poured out exuerantly. Her combination of chaste mbre and passionate expressiveness as well matched to the work. The ocal lines seemed more singable, more atural, less angular than they had at e work's première, in San Francisco st year. This is a strong, refined, and oving composition. Miss Bryden rought the same qualities to the lowing "Machado" cycle. A final Iugo Wolf group had moments of ue animation, but some passages ounded merely studied. Miss Bryden's latform demeanor was awkward, alost gawky; her musical style lacked omething of ease, grace, and confience. Perhaps Peter Sellars, who diected her fine-drawn, communicative ngelica in Handel's "Orlando," for e American Repertory Theatre, in ambridge, should work with her on ong presentation. The voice is not ig, but, after a nervous start, it ran weet and true. Her musicianship is een. At this recital, she hardly eemed to be making the most of her onsiderable gifts. The alert pianist in e Imbrie, Dallapiccola, and Wolf ongs was Robert Merfeld.

—ANDREW PORTER

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a political flyer*]

BOUT MARK DAYTON

Mark Dayton grew up in Orono, served s president of his High School student ody, and was an All-Conference football layer and an All-State hockey goalie.

He graduated from Yale University. He aught public school in New York City nd worked for a social service agency in oston. These experiences showed him rsthand what can happen in places that o not share Minnesota's standards and alues.

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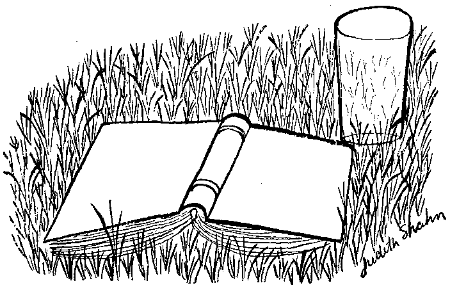
BOOKS

Poets and Politics

"ROMANTICS, REBELS, AND REACTIONARIES: ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ITS BACKGROUND, 1760-1830," by Marilyn Butler (Oxford; $17.95), is a crisp history of several generations of English writers of diverse styles and political opinions who attacked one another in print and insulted one another when they met but nevertheless, around 1860, were lumped into a single movement and collectively dubbed "the Romantics." Mrs. Butler, who teaches English at Oxford, starts in the middle of the eighteenth century because she finds that many of the literary and artistic styles that were later called "romantic" evolved in this era—the era of the Enlightenment. In the mid-eighteenth century, young writers and painters began to regard the work of their immediate predecessors as frivolous, materialistic, conformist, and hypocritical. The new generation favored sincerity, simplicity, and purity, and tried to convey these qualities in styles that revived (or invented) Celtic, neoclassic, or Gothic motifs. Others found relief from the complexities of the present in sympathetic concern for humble folk. Gray celebrated the hamlet's "rude forefathers" in his "Elegy" at the same time that middle- and upper-class amateurs were collecting folk songs and ballads; the songs' direct language attracted writers in search of ways to state universal truths to wide audiences. In England, as elsewhere, reform was respectable, and educated people expected Parliament to abolish the Dissenters' political disabilities and extend the franchise. Both projects were dropped after the French Revolution (the first was achieved in 1828, the second in 1832), when Enlightenment styles were read—and spurned—as revolutionary. Mrs. Butler argues that when "Lyrical Ballads" was published, in 1798, Wordsworth's contributions were misread not because their style seemed new but because during the war with revolutionary France their simple diction and portrayals of the poor suddenly seemed radical or seditious. Similarly, William Blake's unencumbered language and draftsmanship, which, like his religious dissent, had been acceptable in the seventeen-eighties, lost their public in the middle of the seventeen-nineties. When his work returned to favor, in the eighteen-twenties, Blake was regarded solely as a religious mystic, and his politics were ignored or forgotten.

Mrs. Butler does not pretend that the arts of Europe caused the French Revolution, but her work suggests that they served as a distant-early-warning system, picking up the instabilities of all ancien-régime Europe. In England, the years of war intensified the stresses and dislocations caused by technological innovation and modernization, and brought great suffering to the poor, who protested peacefully but also rioted, mutinied, and wrecked machinery. Tory governments treated all forms of protest as revolution, and repressed them. The Tory attacks on traditional English liberties in the name of English tradition included trials for sedition, restrictions on the right of assembly, and suspension of habeas corpus. Anti-intellectual intellectuals, such as Burke and Coleridge, adjured their readers to find their interest, happiness, and field of activity not in public roles but in their homes and families—advice that would have cost England dear had it been taken by those gadabout husbands Nelson and Wellington. Coleridge also popularized a cult of literary introspection and introversion as an alternative to political or social involvement. This period of reaction did no serious harm to English literature. In Mrs. Butler's alignment of sides, the conservatives included such gifted writers as Scott, Austen, De Quincey, and Lamb. She cannot discern any connection between the writers' political sympathies and the quality of their work. This is also true of the next generation, which rebelled against its immediate predecessors and rejected Tory orthodoxies. Byron, Shelley, and Keats were attracted, variously, to paganism, free love, and political commitment in contrast to solitary introversion. Mrs. Butler thinks these newcomers were less optimistic and more aware of the costs of change than the radicals of the seventeen-eighties were. She credits the satirist Thomas Love Peacock with attempting, by precept and example, to annex comedy to the left. Byron, of course, wrote some very funny poetry, and it is hard to say whether our tendency to forget that he was a comic writer is due to the Victorians' deciding that "the Romantics" were serious or to his tragic death.

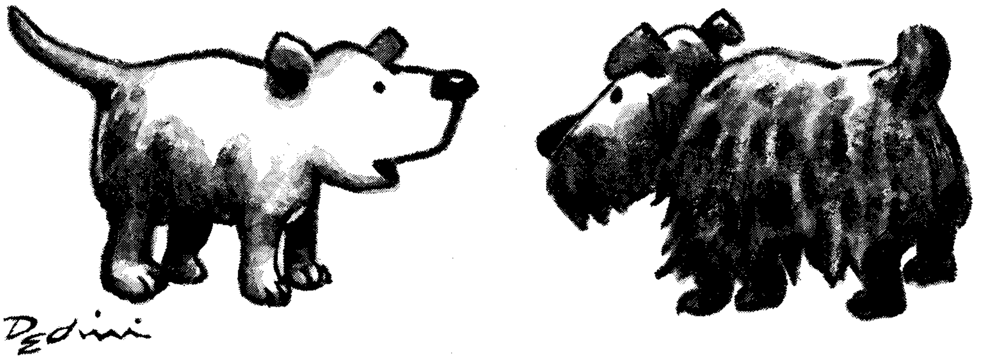


Mrs. Butler has a wide range of critical and human sympathy. She is both shrewd and witty, and she insures that we will reread with keener appreciation the works she discusses. Though she is never insistent on the similarities of this period to our own—old and new lefts and rights quarrelling about war, revolution, and counter-revolution over seven decades—we respond to these writers' perplexities because they remind us of ours.

IN "The Left Bank: Writers, Artists, and Politics from the Popular Front to the Cold War," Herbert R. Lottman picks up Mrs. Butler's story more than a century later, in another country—France (Houghton Mifflin; $15.95). His account of the political differences among Parisian writers and intellectuals from 1930 to 1950 also finds that good writing appeared equally among rightists and leftists. During Mr. Lottman's twenty years, however, political involvement was not artistically fruitful; he notes that French writers did their poorest work while they were politically active, and wrote their enduring books at times when they were "loners"—he cites Céline's "Death on the Installment Plan," Sartre's "Nausea," and Camus's "The Stranger." This may reflect a difference between the authoritarian counter-revolution of the early nineteenth century, which encouraged quiescence, and the totalitarian movements of the twentieth century, which promoted mobilization: Communists and Fascists sponsored congresses, rallies, demonstrations, marches, and junkets to Russia, to Germany, and to both sides in the Spanish Civil War, and involved their supporters in organizational meetings, speechwriting, speechmaking, and the compiling of lacklists. These time-consuming acvities may well have interfered with terary composition.

Mr. Lottman, the author of an exellent biography of Camus, has lived ı Paris for the last twenty-five years nd has been able to interview surviors of the period. Their recollections re surprisingly fresh and intense. He lso gives us a retrospective travelogue f the Left Bank in the days when it as the setting for almost all French ıtellectual activity—publishers' offces and bookshops side by side with partment houses where writers and litors lived and cafés in which they ıet. Though many French intellecıals in the thirties devalued the hird Republic, Mr. Lottman says ıey nonetheless believed that France's terary and intellectual contributions ere of universal importance and that hat they thought and wrote would ıfluence all Western civilization. bout 1950, he tells us, they decidl that France was too small a power r their political ideas to matter much road, and turned either to a literaıre of noncommitment, such as "the ew novel," or to political action on rench matters like Algeria. A ıinker's influence does not correlate ith his country's strength: Kant and merson, say, were citizens of marinal states. Still, it is interesting ıat the phenomenon of literary disenagement from political wars appears ll over the West in the nineteenfties, and that historians of each ountry give a local or national explaation.

In France, Soviet agents—Ilya Ehnburg among them—manipulated ıe left from the first. Otto Abetz, ho became the German Ambassaor to Paris under the Occupation, as busy early on the other side. Mr. ottman's hero is Jean Paulhan, who lited the *Nouvelle Revue Française* efore the war and insisted upon pubshing the best writing he could find, ithout regard to its author's polics. In May, 1940, when the Fasist author Pierre Drieu La Rochelle nnounced that he would no longer ontribute to the *N. R. F.*, because it ublished the Communist Louis Araon, Paulhan told him, "If there are eople who think that the *N. R. F.* beomes Communist when it publishes a oem by Aragon, Fascist with you, adical Socialist with Alain, pacifist ith Giono, and belligerent with enda, well, they are simply foolish." he Germans installed Drieu as the editor of the *N. R. F.*, but Paulhan kept an office at that collaborationist magazine, which he used as a cover and headquarters for his extensive Resistance activities. After the Liberation, Paulhan, with Francois Mauriac, attempted to mitigate the punishments of collaborationist or right-wing writers. Paulhan's taste, tolerance, and courage are attractive, as is his devotion to literature. He has the further advantage of being one of the few figures in this book who never look silly.



"So your bark is worse than your bite. You are not alone. That applies to me, and it applies to most of us."

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Could French intellectuals have influenced Hitler or Stalin? One assumes that Hitler would have been racist and Stalin violent if J. A. de Gobineau (1816-82) and Georges Sorel (1847-1922) had never published a line; yet, in retrospect, the belief of Mr. Lottman's French intellectuals that they could matter is not wrong. For better or for worse, intellectuals circulate ideas, when they do not originate them; they create or reinforce attitudes; and ultimately, if not immediately, they make policies possible. However, political ideas are inherently less partisan or sectarian than, in our own partisanship, we assume. They are like tunes, which can serve as hymns, marches, or dances. The cult of the Goths, for example, was radical in the eighteenth century, when, as Mrs. Butler points out, it was one of several left-wing myths of noble savages; but in the twentieth century the notion that the nobility of the Germanic peoples was threatened by the enfeebling domination of Christianity became associated with the right. Using barbarians to criticize your own civilization is a trick at least as old as Tacitus, and is probably a sign of low morale in a high culture—a condition that may also account for the manias of Mr. Lottman's intellectuals for Russia and Germany. Staying home and keeping out of trouble is not *only* a Tory idea: after Candide attempted to apply Dr. Pangloss's ideology, with what success we all know, he decided to cultivate his garden. Introspection and political activity are not necessarily mutually exclusive: Montaigne engaged in both.

These two books are absorbing histories—case histories, if you like—of the commingling of politics and art which is as old as both. Sometimes we know about a poet's politics (Dante, Milton); sometimes we do not (Shakespeare). Is "King Lear" about family life (right) or politics (left)? Poets often use political concepts as myths or visions: when Shelley asked the West Wind to be "through my lips to unawakened earth the trumpet of a prophecy," he did not pass on revelations about ten-pound copyholders and fifty-pound tenants-at-will and other Englishmen who got the vote in 1832. Yet there is a sort of reciprocity at work, for practical politics, like every human activity, has visionary or imaginative sources. Great art outlasts the issues of its period, and later generations adapt it to their own urgencies: politics, like love or war or landscape, continues to nourish the writer's imagination, and the reader's as well.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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She said that society members went on an unsuccessful search for the orchid in Montville.

"It makes all the searching worthwhile," she said of the patch of orchids at Scott's. "We're forever chasing wild gooses."—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

Ever consider putting that thought to music?

ROBERT BINGHAM (1925–82)

HE was a tall man of swift humor whose generally instant responses reached far into memory and wide for analogy. Not much missed the attention of his remarkably luminous and steady eyes. He carried with him an education from the Boston Latin School, Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College—and a full year under the sky with no shelter as an infantryman in France in the Second World War. Arriving there, he left his rifle on the boat.

One of his lifelong friends, a popular novelist, once asked him why he had given up work as a reporter in order to become an editor.

"I decided that I would rather be a first-rate editor than a second-rate writer," he answered.

The novelist, drawing himself up indignantly, said, "And what is the matter with being a second-rate writer?"

Nothing, of course. But it is given to few people to be a Robert Bingham.

To our considerable good fortune, for nearly twenty years he was a part of *The New Yorker*, primarily as an editor of factual writing. In that time, he addressed millions of words with individual attention, giving each a whisk on the shoulders before sending it into print. He worked closely with many writers and, by their testimony, he may have been the most resonant sounding board any sounder ever had. Adroit as he was in reacting to sentences before him, most of his practice was a subtle form of catalysis done before he saw a manuscript.

Talking on the telephone with a writer in the slough of despond, he would say, "Come, now, it can't be that bad. Nothing could be *that* bad. Why don't you try it on me?"

"But you don't have time to listen to it."

"We'll make time. I'll call you back after I finish this proof."

"Will you?"

"Certainly."

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"In the winter and spring of 1970, I read sixty thousand words to him over the telephone."

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"If you were in his presence, he could edit with the corners of his mouth. Just by angling them down a bit, he could erase something upon which you might otherwise try to insist. If you saw that look, you would be in a hurry to delete the cause of his disdain. In some years, he had a mustache. When he had a mustache, he was a little less effective with that method of editing, but effective nonetheless."

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"I turned in a story that contained a fetid pun. He said we should take that out. He said it was a terrible line. I said, 'A person has a right to make a pun once in a while, and even to be a little coarse.' He said, 'The line is not on the level of the rest of the piece and therefore seems out of place.' I said, 'That may be, but I want it in there.' He said, 'Very well. It's your piece.' Next day, he said, 'I think I ought to tell you I haven't changed my mind about that. It's an unfortunate line.' I said, 'Listen, Bobby. We discussed that. It's funny. I want to use it. If I'm embarrassing anybody, I'm embarrassing myself.' He said, 'O.K. I just work here.' The day after that, I came in and said to him, 'That joke. Let's take that out. I think that ought to come out.' 'Very well,' he said, with no hint of triumph in his eye."

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"As an editor, he wanted to keep his tabula rasa. He was mindful of his presence between writer and reader and he wished to remain invisible while representing each. He deliberately made no move to join the journeys of research. His writers travelled to interesting places. He might have gone too. But he never did, because he would not have been able to see the writer's story from a reader's point of view."

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"Frequently, he wrote me the same note. The note said, 'Mr. ——, my patience is not inexhaustible.' But his patience *was* inexhaustible. When a piece was going to press, he stayed long into the evening while I fumbled with prose under correction. He had pointed out some unarguable flaw. The fabric of the writing needed invisible mending, and I was trying to do it with him in a way satisfactory to him and to the over-all story. He waited because he respected the fact that the writing had taken as much as five months, or even five years, and now he was giving this or that part of it just another five minutes."

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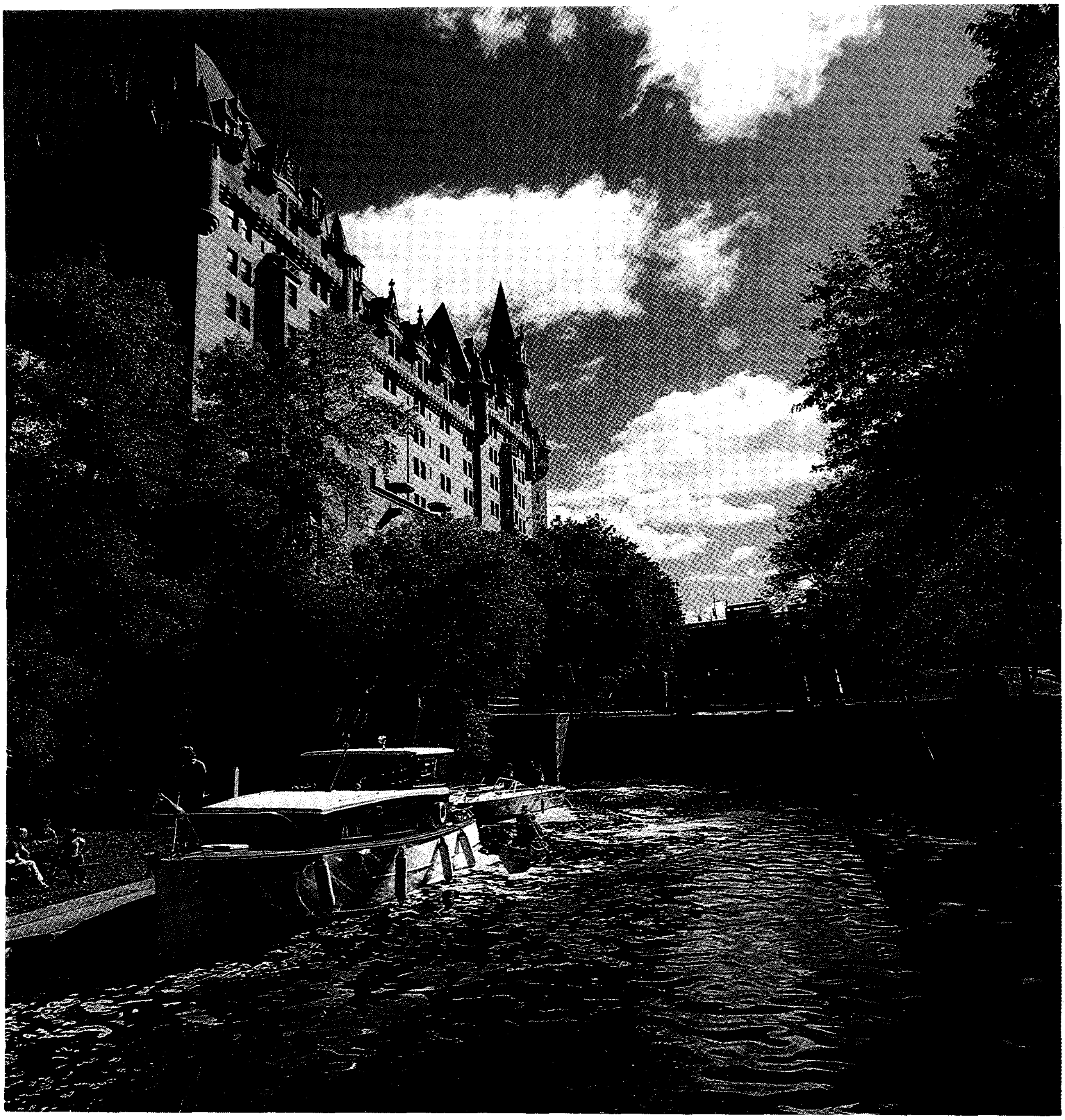
"Edmund Wilson once said that a writer can sometimes be made effective 'only by the intervention of one who is guileless enough and human enough to treat him, not as a monster, nor yet as a mere magical property which is wanted for accomplishing some end, but simply as another man, whose sufferings elicit his sympathy and whose courage and pride he admires.' When writers are said to be gifted, possibly such intervention has been the foremost of the gifts."



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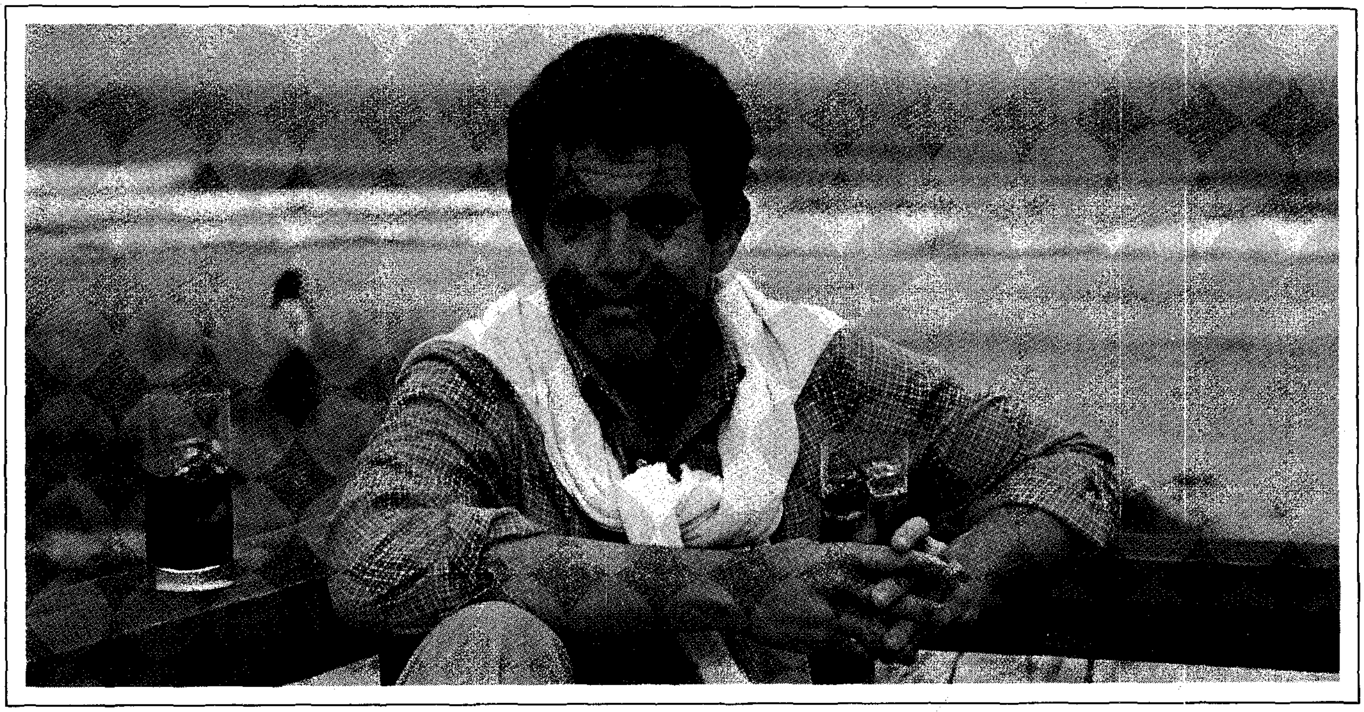


Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

INTERVIEWER: I can see why!

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

INTERVIEWER: How was it?

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?

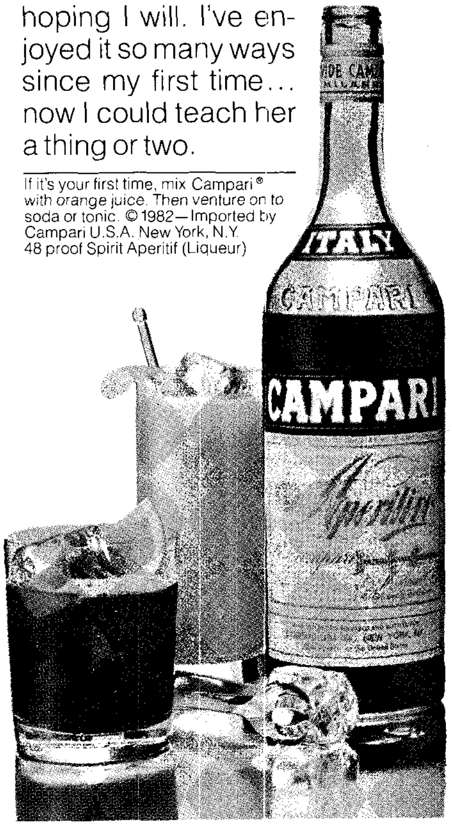
ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

If it's your first time, mix Campari® with orange juice. Then venture on to soda or tonic. © 1982—Imported by Campari U.S.A. New York, N.Y. 48 proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)



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